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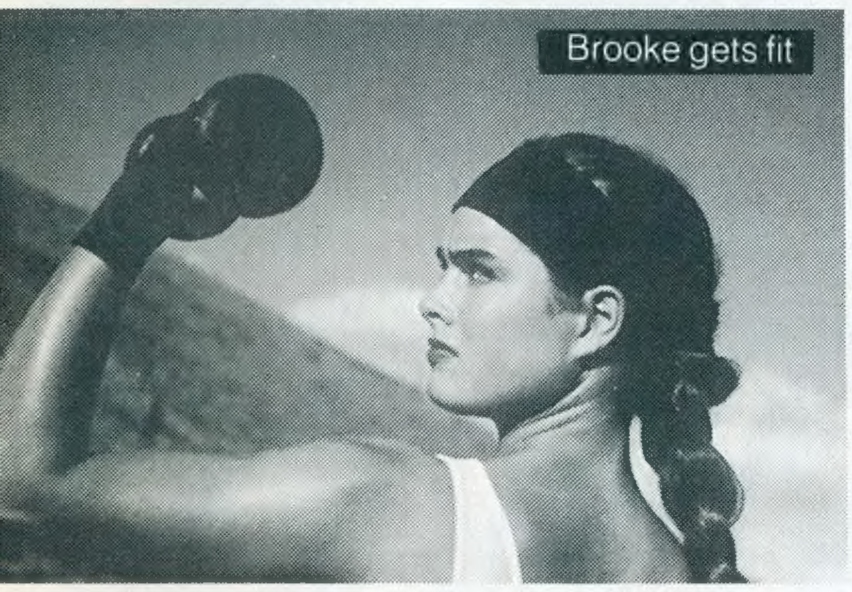

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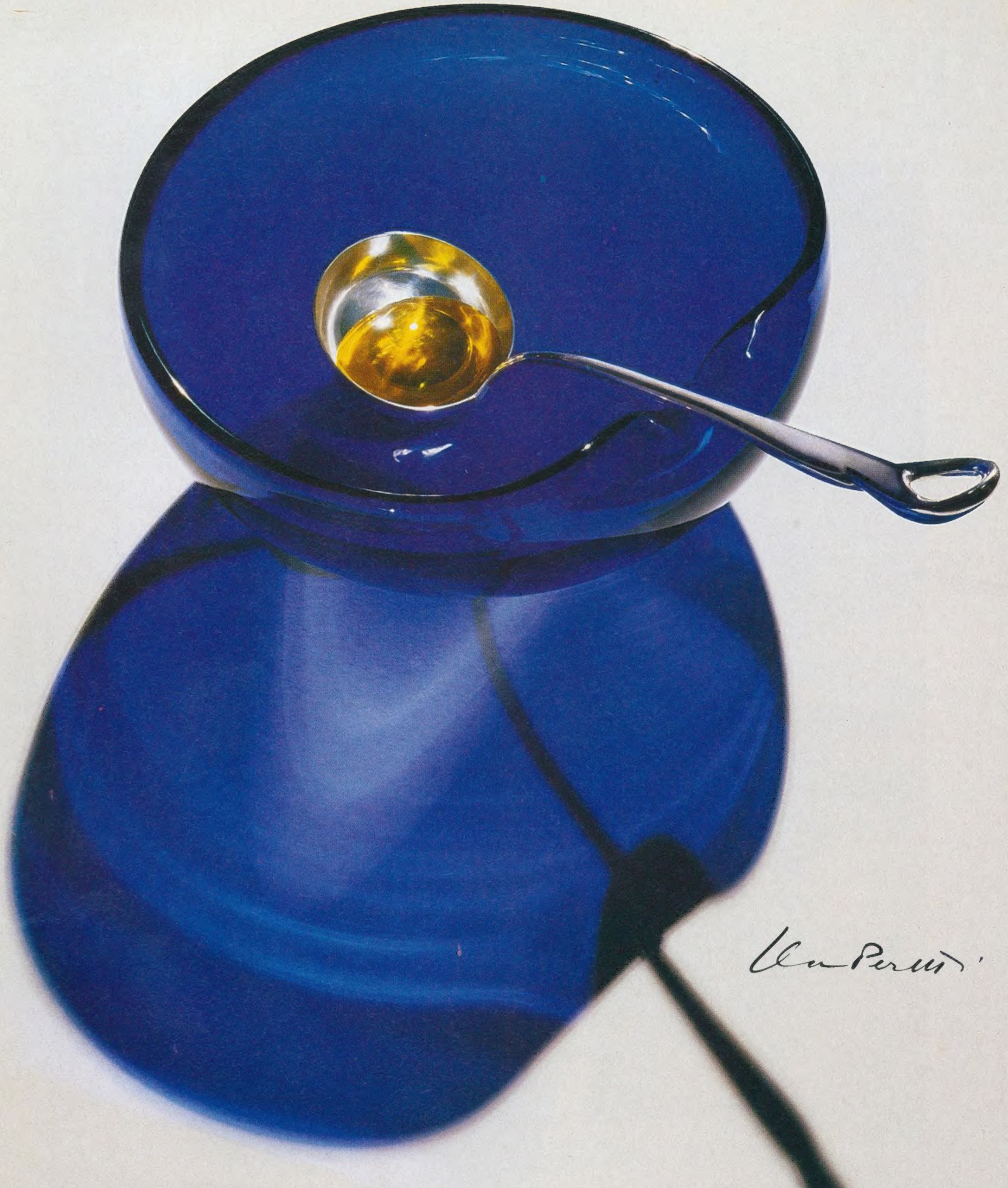

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Fig. I

LADIES' STEEL AND
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The men's steel and gold model (Figure II) *hugs the wrist so smoothly that you'd swear it was made to measure.*

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Fig. II

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Sweaters: Mary Jane Marcasiano
Bracelets: Cara Croninger at Artwear
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BEAUTY NOW

Beauty in this issue: new volume getters . . . makeup style

Healthy

good looks—glowing skin, shiny hair—taken one step further, and heightened for day. The look, achieved here and on our cover on model/actress Brooke Shields, begins with this season's top makeup color choices—browns and pinks—and hair that's layered, textured around the face. (The story behind these natural good looks—Brooke's fitness regime, page 340.) Makeup specifics, from Elizabeth Arden: Cocoa Simply Perfect Mousse blusher; Glossy Pink over Purple Violet lips. Zoran white cotton sweater. Muffler, Lien Cottons. Diamond necklace from Fred Leighton, Ltd. Hair by Didier Malige for Jean Louis David. Makeup, Mary Greenwell. Photograph by Avedon. Details, last pages.

COVER LOOK

2

3

4

News in hair and makeup, the best beauty "turns" of the season begin with fast ways of achieving hair volume—through layering and clever ways with wigs (1). For this issue, stylist Suga of Suga Salon, NYC, wove a hairpiece into the back of the model's hair to add texture, "fill out" hair, while still maintaining a natural hairline. . . . Another strong point this season: the versatility, the freewheeling approach to makeup. It ranges from very natural, with mascara'd lashes and brick-pink (one of the best new colors) on lips to the drama of an all-out evening look (2). What stands out here—everywhere—is the strength of brown: here, brown is "smudged" on lids, up to the browbone, and then, "feathered" into brows for more brow definition. Under it all, the healthiest looking "tan" foundation that works as well on the body as it does on the face, where it's topped by a "blush" of brown on cheeks—an attractive skin-heightening approach at a moment of barer dressing.

To emphasize their more skin-revealing off-the-shoulder necklines, many designers have models' hair pulled up, off the face and neck, as in the very feminine look recreated here (3). Hair by stylist Bruno Weppe for Jean Louis David. The effect: a heightened sense of bareness, achieved with chignons, French twists, high ponytails, or even just by brushing hair up off the nape, holding it in place with gel.

What it all comes down to in the end, what all these looks depend on: healthy-looking skin. Sometimes it starts with just a hint of tan (4) or, even better, a tan look, achieved by using a tinted moisturizer or sunscreen, instead of a base, and a light, translucent powder.

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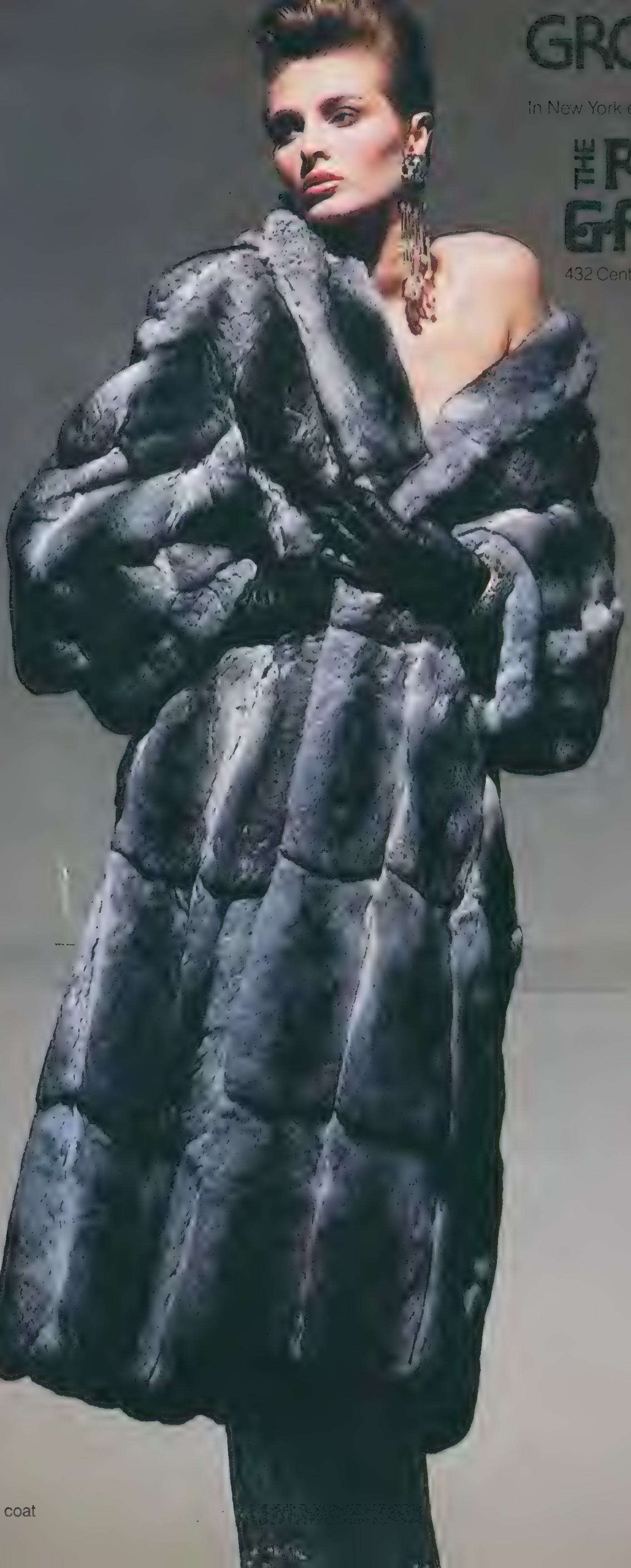

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mind health

Women who work too much . . . memory . . . friendly "ghosts"

BY CAROL TAVRIS

WORK—WHEN LESS IS MORE

To women who have too much to do, "time-management" strategies and "labor-saving" devices seem to be a blessing. What would we do without lap-sized computers, overnight couriers, car phones, and VCRs? We might not be working so hard, according to Marilyn Machlowitz, Ph.D., president of her own NYC management consulting firm.

In a paper presented to the American Psychological Association in August, Machlowitz observes, "So-called time-saving inventions and innovations make it possible to squeeze more tasks into less time." Overnight deliveries and FAX machines make it harder to say "I can't" to a late-afternoon deadline, she notes, and many feel compelled to use all the time saved by shortcuts, turning efficiency into overload.

Machlowitz, herself a "workaholic" before the word was fashionable, recommends that people work smarter, not harder. "The most efficient way of working is not always the most effective way of working," she states. When people try to do several things at once, such as reading the mail while talking on the phone, they often make careless errors in both tasks.

Machlowitz suggests that working smarter can be as simple as hand-delivering a memo instead of sending it through interoffice mail (allowing the sender to establish personal connections) or going out of one's way to collaborate with co-workers on a job (a slower process, but one that boosts visibility). Also, she says, many useful contacts are made by putting in hours away from the office, volunteering for professional or alumni organizations. And time off from the job can renew emotional and intellectual energy—an often neglected way of improving one's ability to work well.

VALIUM, CIGARETTES, AND MEMORY

It seems like every day the science community makes a discovery that forces us to rethink one of our habits, and here comes another blow to two popular drugs, Valium (diazepam) and cigarettes. Both affect that precarious commodity, memory.

Steven P. Mewaldt, Ph.D., at Marshall University in West Virginia, and James V. Hinrichs, Ph.D., and M.M. Ghoneim, M.D., both of the University of Iowa, conducted five experiments on the effects of a single dose of diazepam on people's memories. While under the influence of diazepam, subjects lost as much as 30 percent of their ability to learn and recall new information, but their ability to recall memories formed before they took the drug was not affected. Ominously, the people whose memories had been impaired by diazepam believed that their intellectual performance was unchanged.

Smokers, too, are unaware of their drug's true effect on performance. For several years, George J. Spilich, Ph.D., of Washington College in Maryland, has been studying the effects of cigarette smoking on mental abilities. Smokers often believe that nicotine stimulates them to work better. Spilich finds, instead, that although smoking improves performance on "simple and mindless tasks," such as recognizing numbers, it worsens performance on more complex cognitive tasks, such as problem solving, understanding and recalling written material, and driving. "This negative effect has not been observed," he says, "simply because no one has bothered to look for it."

"SOCIAL GHOSTS": YOUR IMAGINARY CONFIDANTES

In their fantasies and daydreams, many people imagine conversations with those who matter to them: "What would Dad have advised me to do?" they wonder, or "Would Mae West have taken this lying down?" To Mary Gergen, Ph.D., of Pennsylvania State University, these "social ghosts"—real or fictitious people who float through our minds—are far more common than previously supposed. Many clinicians have assumed that such internal dialogues were a sign of immaturity, emotional instability, or mental illness; but in fact, they may be psychologically healthy.

A person's "ghost" could be a family member, close friend, or a famous person. Gergen suggests that these ghosts may originate in the childhood habit of talking to imagined playmates. The functions are similar: they allow the person to "talk out" a problem and come up with solutions. One young woman told Gergen, "When I find myself in a difficult situation, I often think about how [my governess] would rationalize it and what attitude she would take."

Ghosts often act as cheerleaders; many interviewees described the renewed security and hope that they felt after an imagined conversation. Only rarely do ghosts instill feelings of guilt or loneliness. Finally, ghosts keep a beloved relative or friend alive in one's heart and memory.

EDUCATION AND HEALTH—A SURPRISING, CONTROVERSIAL LINK

In a controversial new book, *The Health of Nations: True Causes of Sickness and Well-Being* (Basic), Leonard A. Sagan, M.D., an epidemiologist in Palo Alto, California, argues that many American health problems result more from social and psychological conditions than from faulty or insufficient medical care.

After examining contemporary and historical data from hundreds of countries, Sagan has come to the conclusion that many health problems are related to the decline of the family and social support networks and to the hazardous consequences of "neglect, brutality, loneliness, and ignorance."

Around the world, the relationship between education and health is universally powerful, says Sagan. In fact, he believes that education is essential to health because it gives people critical psychological skills, such as the ability to foresee and cope with stress, and it increases self-esteem, resilience, control, and hopefulness, all of which are related to improved physical and mental health.

Sagan fears that as long as American health policy concentrates narrowly on the technology of treatments and on environmental sources of disease, mortality and illness rates will continue to climb. We would do well to direct our resources instead, he concludes, to the social and psychological changes that would benefit many—starting with better education for all.

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ON THE COUCH

DANCE WITH AN INTIMATE STRANGER

Lovers in trouble have a circular pattern of behavior: each one provokes the other

BY CAROL TAVRIS

Women must find the balance between the 'I' and the 'we' in close relationships,'' says Harriet Goldhor Lerner, Ph.D., a senior staff psychologist at the Menninger Foundation in Kansas and author of *The Dance of Anger: A Woman's Guide to Changing the Patterns of Intimate Relationships* (Harper & Row). ''Women frequently sacrifice the 'I' to protect or rescue others and preserve the bond.''

Dr. Lerner's approach, called ''family systems,'' avoids the ''who's to blame'' habit of thinking that so often dooms couples to endless spirals of argument and lament. Instead, she focuses on the patterns of behavior within a couple that cause recurring problems and conflicts. To break a bad pattern, Lerner suggests trying to change oneself rather than continuing nonproductive efforts to change the other.

Carol Tavris: *What is the family-systems approach in therapy?*
Harriet Lerner: Consider the ''nagging wife'' and the withdrawing husband. Some people might say, ''She's to blame because she gets on the poor man's back, and he has no option but to withdraw.'' Someone else would say, ''No, he became unavailable and distant, and then this poor woman had no option but to try to go after him.'' This is linear thinking—looking for a single cause and effect, finding one person to blame for the behavior of both.

From the family-systems perspective, it doesn't matter who started it. What matters is the circular pattern of behavior: each person provokes the other.

CT: *To solve a problem, would you have to treat the couple, or the whole family?*
HL: Not necessarily. The family-systems perspective teaches people to identify and change their own part in an unhappy pattern. It's a normalizing way of observing conflicts, because we all get stuck in these patterns; they aren't necessarily ''pathological.''

Moreover, family-systems psychologists view the couple as part of a larger network of interlocking relationships. This is very important for women who have such a sense of overresponsibility for all family problems. When something is wrong, it is enormously helpful for women to realize they are just one piece of a much larger picture that may go back generations.

CT: *Suppose a woman is very unhappy with something about her husband—he isn't working, he drinks too much, he's depressed. Can she help him?*
HL: First, she has to drop the fantasy of rescuing him. Suppose the husband has a symptom—he's depressed. The wife becomes focused on him and his problem, trying to help; yet the more she does so, the less motivated and competent to solve it he'll feel.

The wife may not see her own part in the pattern; overfocused people tend to feel self-righteous about their efforts to help the other. But in the course of helping they stop focusing on their own problems, they stop asking the spouse for advice, and the relationship becomes polarized into the competent helper and the incompetent helpee.

CT: *So they become more involved in supporting the pattern. . . .*
HL: Exactly. That is why the first step in breaking the pattern is admitting that what one is doing to change the other person isn't working. Then she can put her energy into identifying her own options. She can leave him; or she can decide to live with him, while specifying what she needs so that she will not feel bitter. ''I can tolerate your not working,'' she might tell him, ''but I can't continue to support you in the old way. So I'm keeping a separate bank account and taking my own vacations,'' and so on.

CT: *How is this different from giving up one's efforts to solve the problem?*
HL: The solution to overinvolvement is not uninvolvement. The middle ground is to be able to express love and concern while acknowledging that the spouse must solve the problem himself and that there are limits to what one is prepared to do. ''Look, I'm scared about your drinking; I don't want to become a widow; I worry about you,'' one might say. ''But I realize that only you can solve this problem. So if you call me at 2:00 A.M. to pick you up because you're drunk again, I won't do it; I'll call the police. From now on, you are responsible for what happens to you when you drink.''

CT: *It must be exhilarating to realize that one can change one's own role in a pattern, that one is not responsible for an alcoholic spouse or a depressed friend.*
HL: Well, it can be exhilarating but also frightening. Giving up one's focus on the other person's problem can lead to a loss of identity and sense of purpose. I find, for example, that many women have never envisioned a life plan. By this I don't mean only career or family goals, but a plan for developing one's interests and abilities. Without that life plan, one will overfocus on others and avoid thinking about one's own areas of competence or incompetence.

CT: *According to the systems view, changing oneself will force others to change too.*
HL: Yes, and they won't want to. They won't say, ''I'm so happy that you're changing.'' If anything, they will raise the ante: they'll call you at 3:00 A.M. instead of 2:00, pleading for help, to see whether in fact you'll really call the police. Any change within a system produces countermoves.

CT: *In many couples, one partner may be more sociable, the other better at filling out tax returns. When does this role-playing, if based on preference and not on gender, become a troubling pattern to be changed?*
HL: It's no one else's job to decide what's right or wrong for a couple. If a pattern is working for a couple, that's fine. As a therapist, I would be worried about what might happen to them under conditions of anxiety and stress, when there is a greater polarization of roles and beliefs.

Consider a couple who has lost a child. Two years later, they are locked into mutual accusations: the ''emotional'' mother is saying, ''We have to mourn; what's the matter with you?'' while the ''practical'' father is saying, ''We have to get on with life; quit moping.'' Of course, the truth is that they have both to mourn and to get on with life; but each is likely to blame the other for being wrong, instead of seeing each other's area of competence.

CT: *Systems theory strikes me as a great remedy for ''mother-blaming.''*
HL: Just as feminism broadened the context for women in society and changed our understanding of women's behavior, systems theory broadens our vision of the role of mothers in the family. It is not enough to stop with ''Mom did it to me,'' even if we ''understand'' that Mom was just a victim of patriarchal culture. The systems approach means that we cannot understand the mother-daughter relationship apart from the father-daughter relationship, the parents' relationship, and other family triangles.

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BEAUTY STYLE

Here, what's happening behind the scenes in the beauty/fitness world: people . . . places . . . trends . . . ideas

BY ANDREA ROBINSON AND DOROTHY SCHEFER

DISHING DIETS

Women are talking about how great Elizabeth Taylor is looking these days, and, of course, gossiping about how she did it. Rumor has it she's had a little "work" done; but in her new book, "Elizabeth Takes Off" (G.P. Putnam's Sons), she reveals her very unconventional method: Taylor says she eats anything she wants, just less of it; and once a week she indulges by eating unlimited portions. Taylor admits her diet "isn't hard," and envious women are left wondering how it could work for them. The answer might lie in Taylor's original choice for her diet-book title: "Eat Your Heart Out."

TRENDY BITS

One result of the season's raised hemlines: a growing number of requests from women for liposuction—a controversial plastic-surgery procedure which suctions fat—on their *knees*. According to a NYC plastic surgeon who does not recommend the procedure, the number of calls to his office requesting the operation is up five to six times. . . . Who's responsible for Madonna's fabulous new body? Her personal trainer is Rob Parr of Up To Parr, Inc., in Los Angeles. (Phone number: 213/820-1362)

Non-Valley Girls

THE BEVERLY HILLS WOMAN—IS SHE DIFFERENT FROM THE REST OF US? GALE HAYMAN, THE CREATOR OF GIORGIO AND, NOW, HER OWN COSMETICS LINE, THINKS SO. SAYS GALE: "SHE'S FREER, FLAMBOYANT, YOUNGER AND AGELESS IN ATTITUDE, SEXIER, MORE CONFIDENT, IS MORE HEALTH-ORIENTED AND THINKS SEASONLESSLY—BUT ADMITS CALIFORNIA WEATHER PERMITS IT."

FAST-TRACK FITNESS

For guests who can't slow down, the new Spa at Williams Island provides, in addition to a diet and exercise program: a personal valet to do laundry, cleaning, errands; a personal driver; a private chef to prepare meals . . . which makes it seem almost worth the $2900 a week it costs.

A taste of training

How does a woman who works with food all day watch her weight? We asked Alice Waters, who runs Chez Panisse in Berkeley, California, and tastes all the dishes served ("and that's plenty," she says): "I skip breakfast, but I never miss lunch, which is usually a lot of salad." Waters exercises with a personal trainer, Shara Switala, twice a week for an hour. "She doesn't let me quit."

EYE "FASHION"

Do plastic-surgery procedures ever go out of style? The answer—incredibly—is yes. According to one NYC plastic surgeon, deep-set eyes with high, winged brows are "out," a relic of the '60s, Jean Shrimpton, and Twiggy. The "modern-looking" eye? It supposedly resembles model Christie Brinkley's, with a narrow, well-defined area between brow and upper lid. . . . In China, women are spending their yen on trying to look like Western counterparts. The most popular form of plastic surgery in China? The "Americanization" of eyes and noses.

A better body image

Fashion industry members—including the Council of Fashion Designers of America, Jones New York, and Hanae Mori USA—have teamed up with the medical community to form an advisory group opposing "the promotion of the overly thin image, a major cause of anorexia and bulimia in U.S. women." The committee—part of Anorexics/Bulimics Anonymous—is enlisting the aid of businesses in the fields of fashion, cosmetics, entertainment, publishing, and advertising to promote a healthier body image for women. For more information: 213/597-7575.

HAIR NEWS

● *One of NYC's best-kept secrets is Raffaele Mollica's custom wigs (with very real-looking hairlines) and hairpieces, ranging in cost from $1200 for a ponytail to $5000 for a wig. Raffaele custom-matches color and style and does fantasy looks, too. And for women who won't let anyone but their own stylist touch their hair, Raffaele will work with the best (and has) to create one of the most attractive heads of hair you've ever had (212/535-6735).*

● *John Sahag of John Sahag salon, NYC, is now booked three to four months in advance for his "dry" cut. After first washing, then drying hair—to see how it falls—Sahag does the cut so he can "observe both the look of the hair and the cut-in-progress." A dry cut, he says, gives the stylist control over volume, layering, detail, and allows the stylist to see hair's movement.*

With today's ever-increasing focus on health and hygiene, some beauty salons continue to rethink procedures. At Diane Young, NYC, for example, electrolysis is now only done with *disposable* needles, preceded by the use of a topical anesthetic to promote comfort, and followed by an antiseptic. "Medical" makeup—a foundation with antibacterial ingredients—is applied afterwards to camouflage redness.

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

Christine Lahti as a true eccentric

The Self Possessed

Housekeeping was a haunting novel; now it's a remarkable film

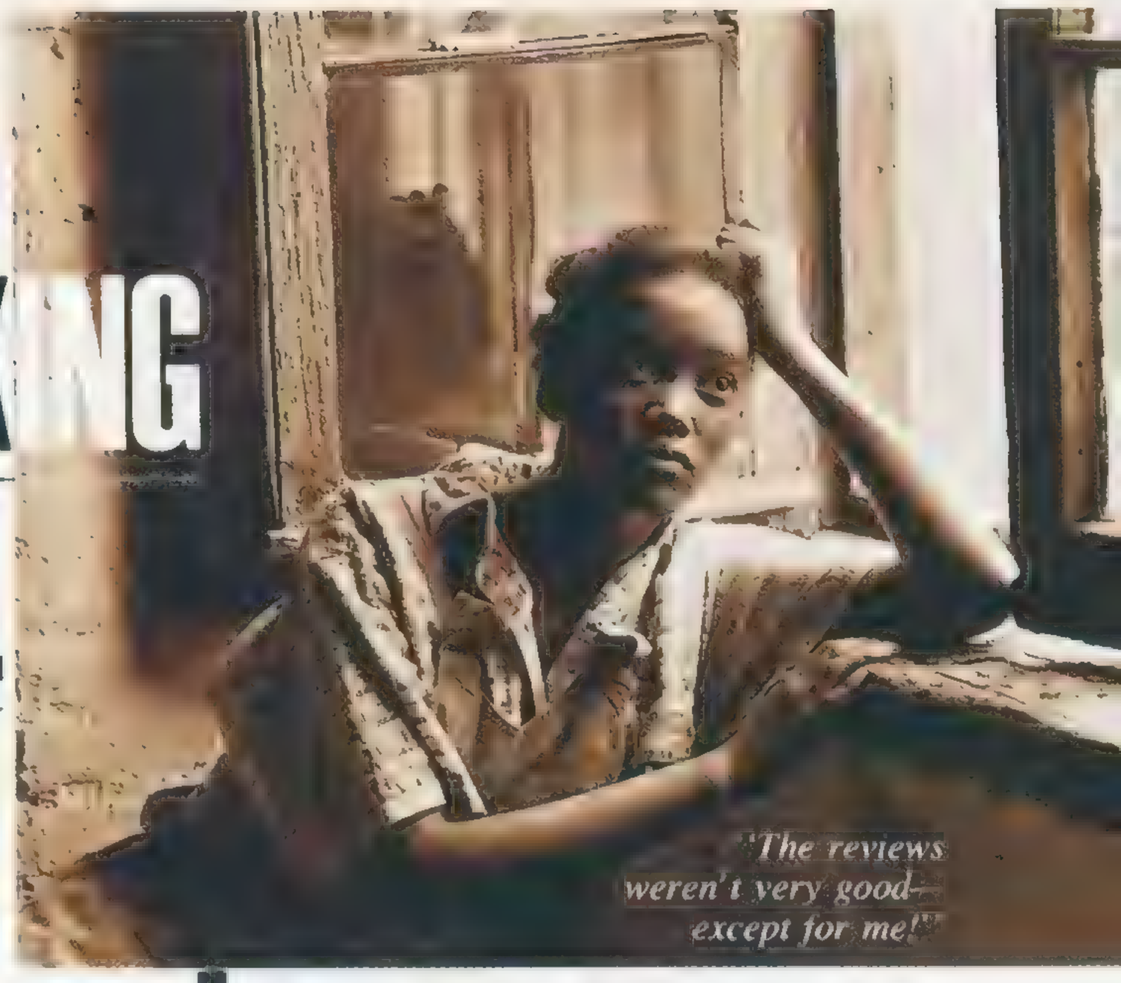
Sylvie (Christine Lahti), the heroine of *Housekeeping*, is a bona fide eccentric, a woman more attuned to the whistle of a train than a human voice, and happier sleeping in freight cars than in a warm bed. When she comes to the tiny Midwestern town of Fingerbone to raise her orphaned nieces, the two girls are delighted. She will love them and tell them all about their dead mother. But Sylvie hasn't spent all those years running for her life, eluding the ghosts of the past, only to bring them back. What does happen, as this odd trio of females—living in a near-shambles of a ménage—work out their destinies is altogether more witty and more exuberantly sorrowful.

This remarkable adaptation of Marilynne Robinson's novel by director Bill Forsyth (*Gregory's Girl*, *Local Hero*) does something very few movies do: it takes three odd, apparently uneventful lives and makes us feel the inner workings of the souls, the forgings of character in the spaces between words. The film is a miracle of empathy between director and novelist, with Forsyth true to both surfaces of the novel—Robinson's lush, precise prose and the pull of death that lies beneath.

Forsyth has the Scotsman's appreciation for the wild beauty of the Minnesota landscape and the ironies of geography—mountains made lonely by their failure to enlarge the minds and spirits of the provincials who live at their feet. What he has done with his cast is even more amazing. As the wandering aunt and social pariah, Lahti gives the performance of her career as a woman who travels light because of some radiant core of self-possession.

And as the young sisters, Andrea Burchill and Sara Walker are uncanny, especially Walker's Ruth, the "different" one. This hunched-over adolescent, older than her sister by a year, taller by a foot, and unbridgeable light-years behind her socially, comes to realize that she and her aunt are not together merely by accident, but have slowly, fumblingly *chosen* each other. When the two join forces near the end of the movie, their flight into uncertainty has a mythic, sacramental quality—the bonding of two female transients who have lost everything, everybody, except their freedom and each other.

—MOLLY HASKELL



"The reviews weren't very good—except for me!"

A STAR IS BORED

Erika Alexander took her first acting class because she was bored

Nobody waited in line to see *My Little Girl* this October, but that unremarkable little film marked the screen debut of an eighteen-year-old gem. Although Erika Alexander's lines are few and her part limited (slum girl imprisoned by foster-care bureaucracy), she is flawlessly believable. Her beautiful heart-shaped face shifts from dark sullenness to transcendent illumination with a subtlety perfect for film.

"The reviews of the Philadelphia premiere weren't very good . . ." Alexander says with a straight face, then explodes, "except for me!" Success keeps getting in the way of her modesty.

Previously, she had spent two summers with Philadelphia's New Freedom Theatre, playing an incest victim and a protective sister, landed a small part in an *ABC Afterschool Special*, and carried a spear in the TV miniseries *George Washington II*. "I played a slave girl. What else could I play?" And now she is appearing in Peter Brook's nine-hour epic, *The Mahabharata*, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Not bad for someone who took her first acting class three summers ago because she was bored.

Though a recent graduate of the Philadelphia School for Girls and barely a freshman at NYU, she has the poise of a celebrity. When she accepts a compliment, her deep, measured "thank you" resounds with sincerity and confidence. A child's exuberance, however, like something gleaned from an old Judy Garland movie, occasionally bursts through her cool: "In acting, you can be anything. One moment you are a surgeon, the next you're a cop—'Drop it, scumbag!'—or a lawyer, an African queen."

—JEFFREY SHERMAN

("*PATA*" *continued on page 74*)

Left BRUNO ENGLER *Right:* CHERYL KORALIK Hair and makeup: Marie Madeleine Savin

RALPH LAUREN

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

(Continued from page 72)

ANARCHY IN THE U.K.

Stephen Frears's roiling take on sex, race, and Mrs. Thatcher

Sammy and Rosie Get Laid, the new film from Stephen Frears (*My Beautiful Laundrette*), is a tour through the underbelly of Margaret Thatcher's capital city with its new breed of polyglot Londoners—hip, racially mixed, rampantly sexual, with revolution on their minds.

Frears and Hanif Kureishi, his screenwriter for *Laundrette*, have taken the socially explosive elements of that film—the wars between the immigrant underclass and the native poor, the uneasy alliance between educated liberals and the *Lumpenproletariat*—and assembled them into scorching fragments that are more pointed and troubling than the earlier film.

Whenever the movie becomes too assaultive, it is saved by gushes of wild humor and by a cast so engaging that they consistently redeem the often confused proceedings. Frances Barber has an exuberant intelligence as Rosie, a sexy British feminist who walks around in a Merry Widow while researching a socio-historical study on kissing; Ayub Khan Din is a melancholy Sammy, the Pakistani-British husband who can't quite keep up with her. As an antiviolent black revolutionary, the silkily attractive Roland Gift moves like a cat who always knows his exact bearings. Indian star Shashi Kapoor is Sammy's world-weary father, a self-proclaimed "cheerful bastard" whose ruthless record in Indian government pursues him to London and into a political maelstrom of which he turns out to be both chief catalyst and prime casualty. —M.H.

Shanghai Surprise

Will Spielberg spoil Miranda Richardson?

In 1985, when Miranda Richardson made her film debut in *Dance with a Stranger*, she was compared to the young Bette Davis. With chill-white hair and dead-crimson lips, she gave Ruth Ellis, the British party girl who murdered her upper-class lover, the palpable electricity of obsession.

Since *Stranger*, Richardson's had the luxury of being choosy about her parts. Now twenty-nine, she's done two plays (she's currently in the London production of Sam Shepard's *Lie of the Mind*) and one film, John McKenzie's *The Innocent*.

She has waited until now to do her first big-budget movie, Steven Spielberg's *Empire of the Sun*. With a script by Tom Stoppard, and co-starring John Malkovich, the film is set in a World War II prison camp in Shanghai. The story is told through the eyes of Jim, a small boy (Christian Bale); his perspective is a strange one, accommodating and distancing reality by turns. Richardson plays Mrs. Victor who, with her husband (Peter Gale), shares a room with the child, who has a crush on her. Mrs. Victor is remote, and resentful of Jim's presence in the room. "In a sense," Richardson says, "she's the sum of the boy's projections."

Richardson has few fears about Spielberg's sugar-coating this movie the way some think he did *The Color Purple*. "You could feel sometimes he was close to making a wrong decision, going for the soft option," she says. "But I don't think it's a glossy film. People say it's the best thing he's done."

—KATHY O'SHAUGHNESSY

Gale and Richardson in "Empire of the Sun"

Homebody Heat

The family triumphs over the libido

According to the revised rules of post-liberation courtship, women are occasionally entitled to make the first move and men are allowed to welcome it. But if the year's hot adult thrillers, *Fatal Attraction*, *Someone To Watch Over Me*, and *No Way Out*, are to be believed, apparently the sight of a sexually aggressive woman on the screen still makes a lot of people nervous.

In *Fatal Attraction*, Michael Douglas, as lawyer and family man, is pictured as preposterously wide-eyed over his supposed first brush with temptation, while Glenn Close, as a worldly New York City book editor, is a Jezebel who craftily woos him to her apartment, and seduces him over the kitchen sink. Even when the seduction is mutual—as in *No Way Out*'s instant conflagration between Kevin Costner and Sean Young, she's the one, it's hinted, who is of dubious morality, not he.

The "libidinous" heroines of all three films—adding *Someone*'s sexy Mimi Rogers to the list—are properly punished: they end up dead or unhappily alone, and two out of their three sadder-but-wiser sexual partners retreat to the bosoms of their families.

Fatal Attraction is a slick boutique of hoary plot devices and contemporary fantasies. Women everywhere can applaud Close's diatribe against the one-night stand as a convenience for men. And men can enjoy the sensation of being the seducee rather than the seducer.

But when Close turns psychotic we're left with yet another monster woman—but a monster with a perverse homing instinct, who will kill and kidnap to have a family of her own.

The real heroine of both *Fatal Attraction* and *Someone To Watch Over Me* is the family. And no wonder—more darling families you've never seen, with children who make Spielberg's film kids look like bad seeds. And the wives! Anne Archer's homebody in *Fatal Attraction* is more warmly sensual than Glenn Close's dress-for-success editor, and *Someone*'s Lorraine Bracco, wife of Tom Berenger's prole detective, is both an adorable toughie and a force for domestic order—like the wife in *Fatal*, she is ultimately the one to wield the weapon and slay the dragon.

The welcome message of all three films is that sex and love do have emotional and psychological consequences. What's ignored are consequences of a viral sort. Much cerebration has been devoted to the question of whether Hollywood will respond to the AIDS crisis by eliminating sex from movies altogether or by providing audiences with models for healthy sexuality. The answer is that movies will do what they've always done—serve up a lavish tray of taboo-shattering delicacies with one hand while admonishing us to restrain ourselves with the other, then laugh all the way to the proverbial bank. —MOLLY HASKELL

("PATA" continued on page 80)

Left: CARRIE BRANOVAN. Hair: Gianni Lonnro/Vincent Lonnro Salon, London. Makeup: Frances Hathaway/Bumble & Bumble

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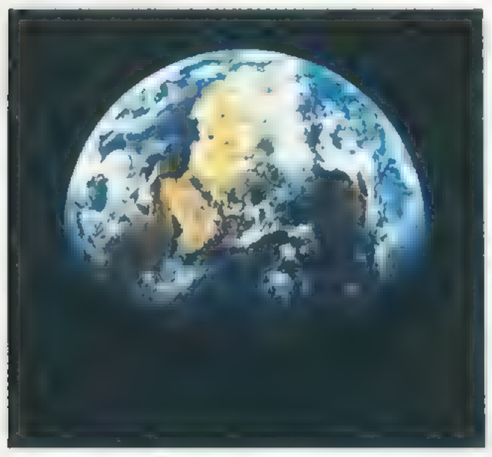

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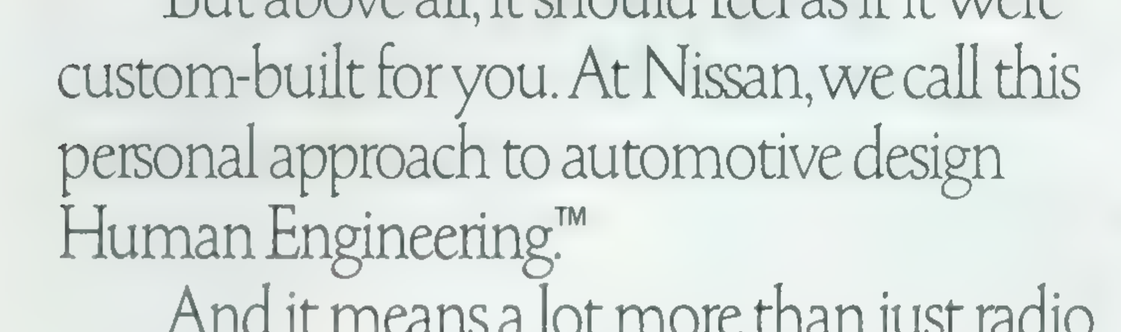

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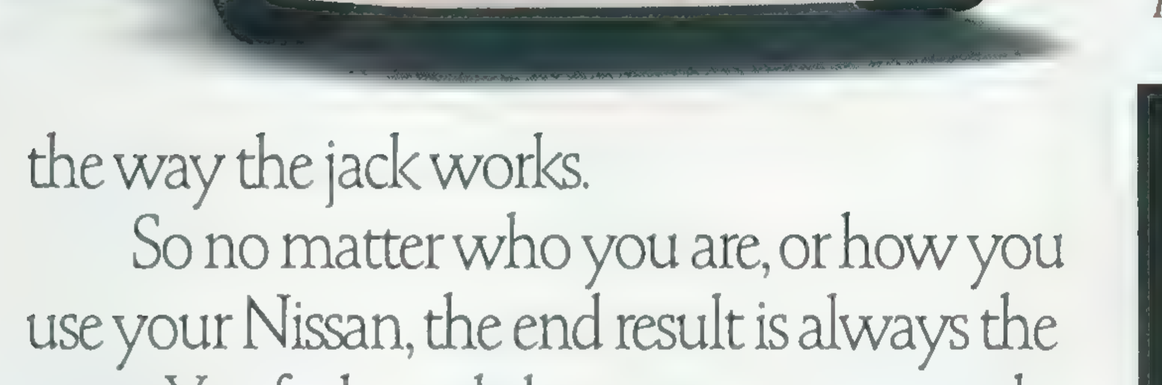

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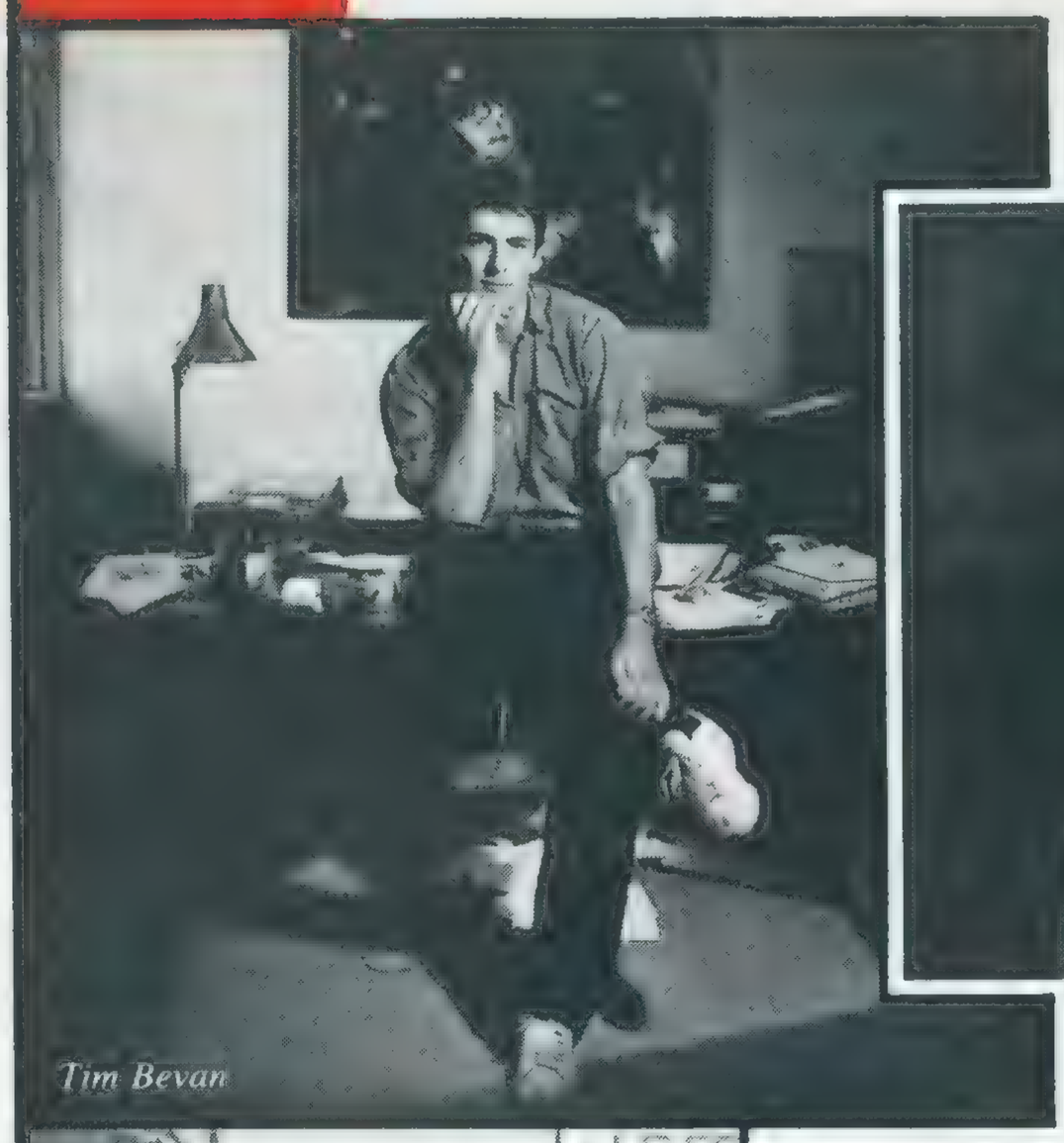
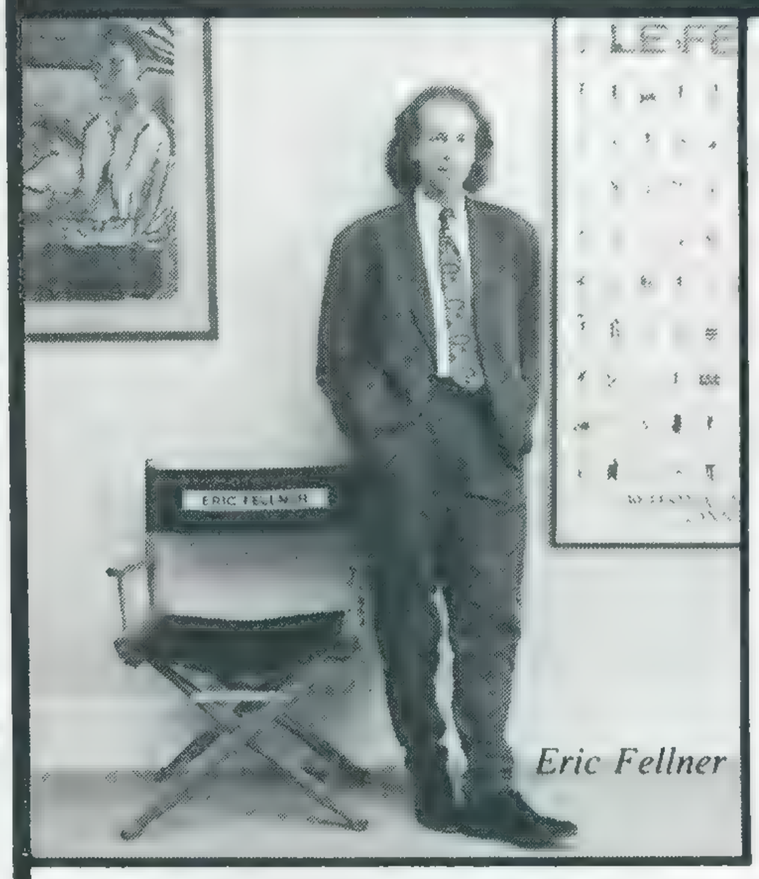
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

(Continued from page 74)



Tim Bevan

Roger Randall-Cutler



Eric Fellner

THE BRIT PACK

Three young producers unhinge the British cinema

Three handsome, expensively educated, very English young men have, in the last two years, transformed the reputation of the British cinema. Producers Eric Fellner, Roger Randall-Cutler, and Tim Bevan—not one of them yet forty—number among their credits some of the best British films of the decade, including *My Beautiful Laundrette*, *Personal Services*, *Sid and Nancy*, and *Dance with a Stranger*. Luck has played its part here, but so have talent, ambition, and a charm that persuades hard-bitten financiers to put up money for the most unlikely projects.

Eric Fellner, twenty-seven, uses words like "sheer masochism" and "nightmare" when talking about putting *Sid and Nancy* together: "I didn't understand distribution agreements; I had no idea about finance. I had to bluff my way through." Having now savored success, however, Fellner has acquired the taste. "I want to make a lot of money," he says, "but not with films like *Beverly Hills Cop II*. A film has to be a critical as well as a commercial success." To that end, he has already recruited Ben Kingsley and Charles Dance to his next production, *Pascali's Island*, based on a novel by British writer Barry Unsworth.

Roger Randall-Cutler, at thirty-eight the oldest of the producers, recognizes that they owe a debt as much to the New World as to the Old. American acceptance of movies rooted in contemporary English society came as a surprise, but it has been the bedrock of their success. "The U.S. treated my *Dance with a Stranger* and similar films as guinea pigs," he says, "but they have done so well, the distributors are eager to take on more of the genre."

Leader to date of this fast-moving pack is Tim Bevan. Only twenty-nine, he has already produced *My Beautiful Laundrette*, *Personal Services*, and the current *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid* (see page 74). As he runs from manic telephone call to emergency meeting, Bevan explains how his company, Working Title, has avoided some disasters that have dogged the British film industry: "The company is a corporate business rather than an art-house workshop; we run it as a profit-sharing enterprise."

Though the competition is fierce among these three, "it's a healthy rivalry," Tim Bevan says, and they remain good friends. (They spend every working day in the same small area of London, and eat together whenever they can.) It's true that they are all after the same scripts, but Eric Fellner dismisses the possibility of poaching: "There's a certain moral code. We can't afford to step on each other's toes." —REBECCA NICOLSON

("PATA" continued on page 86)

Top left and bottom: EAMONN J. McCABE. *Top right:* ALISTAIR THAIN. Groomer: Jolle Bakke

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

(Continued from page 80)

A Procession of Wonders

Evelyn Hofer knows how to wring from everyday moments the secrets of the past

Among the ruins—"Pompeii, 3 Columns," 1987

While travel turns most of us into image junkies—always hungering for the next esthetic fix—photographer Evelyn Hofer approaches new places with a serene, penetrating gaze. For decades now she has traveled through the cities and countryside of Europe, using a tripod and an old-fashioned 4 x 5 inch view camera to home in on architectural details or odd little vistas, with an intensity that turns the ordinary extraordinary. Some of Hofer's finest picture essays have been done in collaboration with writers such as Mary McCarthy (*The Stones of Florence*) and V.S. Pritchett (*London Perceived*, *New York Proclaimed*). Hofer—like the masters of prose she's teamed up with—knows how to wring from everyday moments a sense of history, the secrets of the past.

Her latest project, at The Witkin Gallery in NYC (through January 9), also grows out of an inspired collaboration—this one with the nineteenth-century American Ralph Waldo Emerson. Hofer has made several trips to Italy to retrace the steps of the writer's 1833 tour. It was in Italy that Emerson's eyes were first opened to the beauty of the world, and Hofer's photographs capture the slow-emerging significance of his Italian revelations; you feel the amazed concentration of the Transcendentalist when he wrote, "I. . . feel myself a freeman once more of God's Universe."

Walking through Hofer's show is like watching a measured yet unstoppable procession of natural and man-made wonders: rococo gardens of lemon trees and flowers, the romantic ruins of Pompeii, the profuse architectural splendor of Florence and Rome. Training her camera on the Italy of the present, Hofer has managed to return to the grave, meditative mood of the pioneer landscape photographers of the 1840s and 1850s. Her images are sensuous and melancholy at the same time. Hofer is the perfect Emersonian photographer, giving beauty a philosophic weight. —JED PERL

A POSTMODERN DANDY

Nicolas Moufarrege gave us 'sixties optimism with a bittersweet 'eighties edge

Title Unknown (Reading Music), 1985

The Lebanese-born artist Nicolas Moufarrege, who died at the age of thirty-seven in 1985, was a dandy of modern culture. His work, with its juxtapositions of Fragonard and Picasso, Roy Lichtenstein and Spiderman, sprang from the iconoclastic esthetic of the 'sixties, when people were willingly seduced by everything around them—by Mozart and Diana Ross and the Supremes, by Aubrey Beardsley and Brillo boxes. Moufarrege's ebullient pictures, created on needlepoint canvas with colored and metallic threads, paint, and rhinestones, also epitomize the Arabian-bazaar atmosphere of NYC's East Village scene of the late 'seventies and early 'eighties, a pre-AIDS time when sex was polymorphously perverse and experimentation seemed to know no bounds.

With his 'eighties *fin de siècle* edge, Moufarrege captured the intoxicating mixture of high and low culture that city dwellers imbibe everywhere they turn. As a concocter of bizarre contemporary fictions, Moufarrege had no rival in his own time. He may have been the sole successor to Joseph Cornell, whose collage-box reveries of the 'forties and 'fifties were also responses to the image glut of the modern world. That the Moufarrege exhibition at New York City's Clocktower alternative space this past summer was a memorial show only adds a tragic note to the optimistic youthfulness of his work. —J.P.

("PATA" continued on page 90)

Top: EVELYN HOFER, courtesy The Witkin Gallery, Inc. Bottom: Courtesy Bill Stelling

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

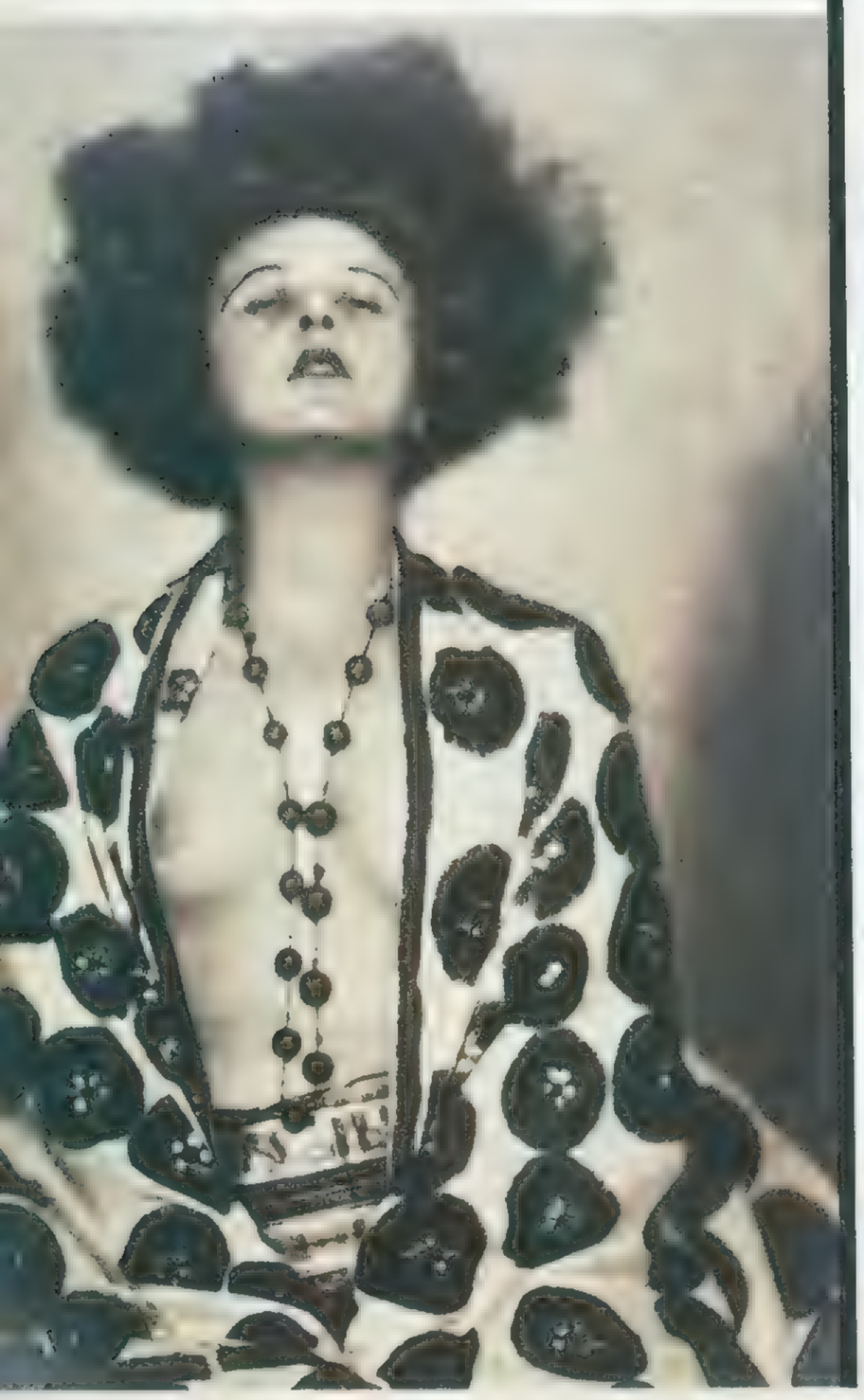
(Continued from page 86)

L'Age D'Ora

Dora Kallmus' photographs of the chic —and the shocking

Dora Kallmus' provocative photographs epitomize all that was sophisticated, chic, and fashionably decadent in the first years of the century. Madame d'Ora, as she called herself, photographed all the beau monde in her native Vienna, and later in Paris between the wars—among her portraits, Pavlova, Mistinguett, Chevalier, and a nude Josephine Baker. Yet she was excluded from the histories of contemporary photography because she remained independent of major developments like the extreme sharp focus. In fact, her work betrayed closer affinities to the coolly sensual paintings of Gustav Klimt (as in "Portrait of Elsie Altman-Loos," 1923, *below*) and Tamara de Lempicka than to the vanguard photography of the time.

Toward the end of her career, D'Ora's vision changed dramatically as she confronted themes of death and decay in shocking still lifes of butchered animals in the slaughterhouses of Paris. An exhibition of the grim and the divine Kallmus is on view at the John and Mable Ringling Museum of Art in Sarasota, Florida, through December 27. —E.W.



SHOOTING STARS Fame's light (and dark) side

"We were faces then," rages the forgotten silent movie queen in *Sunset Boulevard*; and this month a lavish book of photographs, *Lost Hollywood* (Twin Palms), shows that she was right. Compiled by Jack Woody (founder of Twelvetrees Press), these images from 1916-33 reveal an extravagantly posed world, a dreamscape of heightened possibility edged with decadence—lustrously evident, for example, in this 1929 portrait of Norma Shearer *(above left)*.

Opening this month at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, *Masters of Starlight* is another showcase for the great photographers of Hollywood. These pictures, taken between 1913 and 1970, range from the archly glamorous, dramatically lit portraits of Marlene Dietrich by George Hurrell to this playful 1962 shot of Jane Fonda in *Walk on the Wild Side* by Peter Basch (*above right*). And casual photos of James Dean and Liz Taylor during breaks in the filming of *Giant* radiate '50s nostalgia. Taken together, *Lost Hollywood* and *Masters of Starlight* provide a visual distillation of fame—revealing it as something intoxicating but slightly chilly. —D.D.

ART OF SHAME

In 1894, Alfred Dreyfus, a French army captain and a Jew, was wrongly convicted of treason. The ensuing scandal, termed rather mildly The Dreyfus Affair, became a cause célèbre for more than a dozen years. The case divided all France, including the artistic avant-garde, estranging anti-Semites such as Renoir and Degas from former allies Monet, Signac, and Vuillard, who were passionately committed to proving Dreyfus' innocence.

Other artists did battle in the more than fifty Parisian dailies. Many of these sensational illustrations have been brought together in *The Dreyfus Affair: Art, Truth and Justice* at NYC's Jewish Museum (through January 14). One allegory depicts the naked truth as a woman told to cover herself up; in another, Dreyfus is drawn as a monkey on the back of an organ grinder, pictured as staunch defender Emile Zola, whose open letter, "J'Accuse," rallied supporters and denouncers alike. Felix Vallotton's "The Era of the Press," 1898 (*right*), demonstrates the tremendous impact of Zola's letter: every café-sitter has his head buried in his paper.—E.W.

("*PATA*" *continued on page 94*)

Top right: PETER BASCH. *Bottom left:* Setzer-Tschiedl Archive, Vienna. Photo: DOUGLAS BAZ. *Bottom right:* The Jewish Museum

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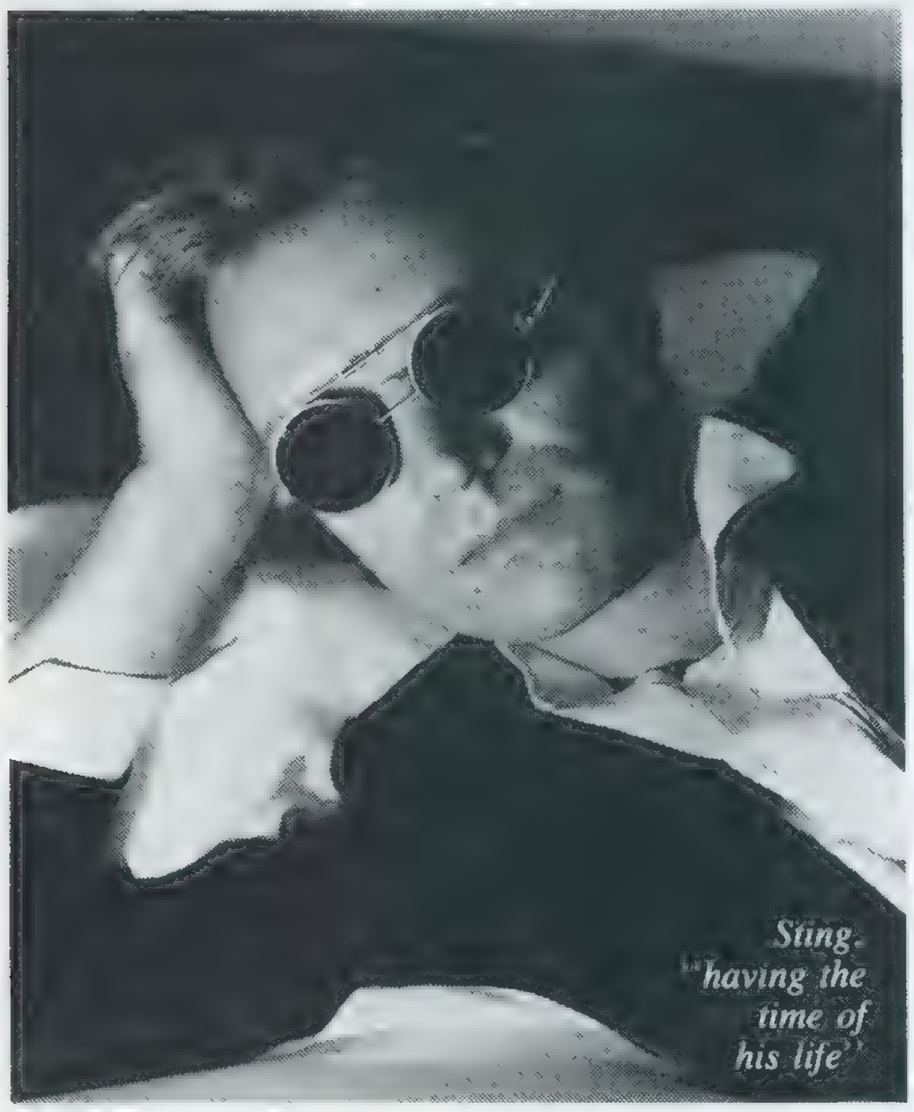
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

(Continued from page 90)

WELL STUNG

His money, conscience, women



Sting, "having the time of his life"

In 1975, Sting formed The Police with Andy Summers and Stewart Copeland; and almost at once, his sophisticated, reggae-influenced tunes, melodic bass lines, and moody, sensual voice expanded the boundaries of pop music. By 1985, after selling millions of records, Sting was bored. He unofficially disbanded The Police and, with a group of black jazz musicians, recorded a successful solo album, *The Dream of the Blue Turtles*. "I always like to sketch a territory for myself that's wider than it was before," he says.

Sting's latest solo album, *Nothing Like The Sun*, features dreamlike ballads and lyrics that reflect his concern with the state of the world. His "wider territory" includes acting in ten movies, with two more on the way. He is Kathleen Turner's lover in Peter Del Monte's *Julia and Julia*. And in *Stormy Monday*, with Melanie Griffith, he plays a nightclub owner with a violent, and a sensitive, side. "I like to be in movies where I can be myself," Sting says. The film was shot in his native Newcastle, where Sting got to use the dialect he abandoned years ago, he says, to make himself "classless."

Now thirty-six and a millionaire, the ex-schoolteacher says, "I think you can have money and a social conscience." He channels most of his political passion into Amnesty International. "It's hard not to cry when someone talks about being tortured for their beliefs."

Sting claims that his relationships with women "are more mature these days," but that his family life is "complicated." It includes two households: one in London with ex-wife Frances Tomelty and their two children, the other in Los Angeles with actress Trudie Styler and their two offspring. "I landed in L.A. the other week with the children and three nannies. It looked like a camel train; I felt like the sheik at the head of the line."

Sting says that he's having the time of his life right now: "I'm very happy to be my age and to be doing what I do. But if my manager tells me I need to get a wig, or wear a corset, or get some tight trousers, that's it—I'll become a schoolteacher again."

—LISA ROBINSON

BEYOND SEX

Regarded as the new Elton John by the British music press, George Michael—writer, arranger, producer, and singer for Wham! —has dominated the charts for the past three years. With frothy hits like "Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go," soulful ballads like "Careless Whisper," and his controversial solo "I Want Your Sex," Michael made funky songs that you could hum, and helped to create the U.K. synthesizer explosion. Now the teeny-bopper screaming has been replaced by respect: Michael, twenty-four, is considered a gifted songwriter as well as a "blue-eyed" soul singer who recently had a number-one duet with Aretha Franklin.

In February, Michael will begin a world tour and has released *Faith*, a solo album whose surprise is its gospel-style gems with sophisticated arrangements and earthy vocals that reveal a more mature Michael. "I didn't want to hide behind the mask of Wham! anymore. It was time for me to show my more serious side."—L. R.

("PATA" continued on page 98)

Top: HELMUT NEWTON/Sygma. *Bottom:* BRIAN ARIS/Outline

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

(Continued from page 94)

Dance Break

In the 1943 movie *Stormy Weather*, Katherine Dunham turns a simple entrance into what, at the time, must have been a heavy sexual number. All legs and billowing chiffon, she sashays forward, pauses, extends her right leg straight up, then turns and exits, clearing a path for her dancers.

Dunham was a pioneer masked as an exotic. Throughout the 'thirties and 'forties, she toured constantly, worked Broadway, and made inroads into a white-dominated Hollywood, always striving to put her choreography—wonderfully composed, frankly sensual movements gleaned from the dances of the Caribbean, South America, and Africa—before audiences that were thought to be "uncomfortable" with blacks. She recalls being pushed to replace some of her dark-skinned women dancers with "light-skinned colored girls." "I was not going to change the composition of my company for a producer's whims," she says.

Today, largely owing to Dunham's contribution, black dance companies are part of our cultural backbone. One of the most vital, the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater, has assured that her works will have a permanent home. On December 2, at NYC's City Center Theater, a gala titled *The Magic of Katherine Dunham* will confirm her choreographic legacy. "I wasn't great as a dancer," she demurs. "The French called me a catalyst, and I was." —L.F.

Left: Katherine Dunham today, and right, c. 1950, with partner Vanoye Aikens in "Floyd's Guitar Blues"

"Katherine Dunham was a pioneer disguised as an exotic"

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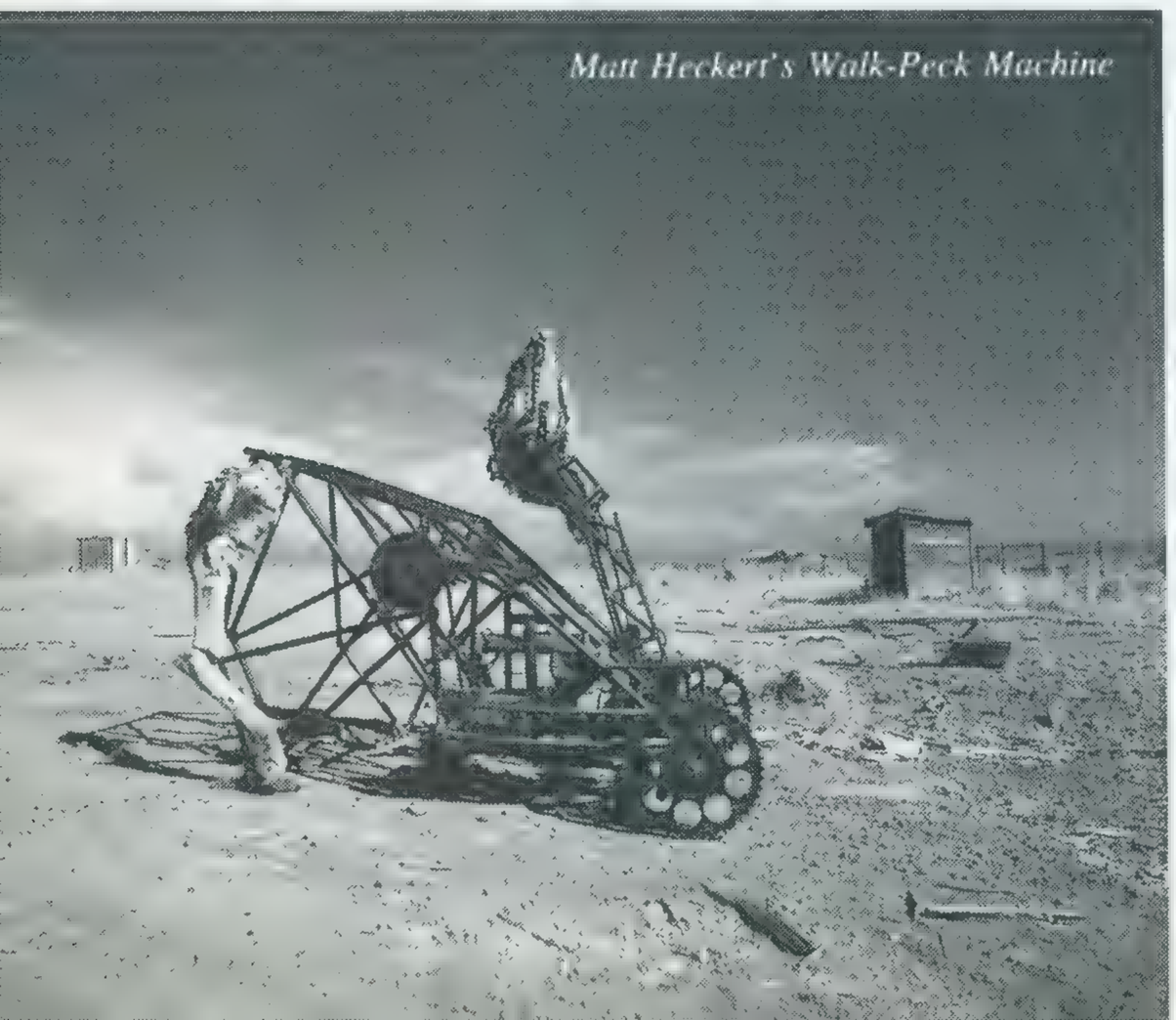

Matt Heckert's Walk-Peck Machine

Survival Research Laboratories is popular because the country has a vitamin deficiency," says Mark Pauline, a square-jawed performance artist whose San Francisco–based group of artist/mechanics, founded in 1978, offers a radical antidote to the blandness and commercialization of the 1980s mainstream. SRL performances (Pauline and his partners Matt Heckert and Eric Werner have produced twenty-nine since 1979) fall somewhere between a high-tech circus and a poignant battle fought by grotesque industrial gladiators—actually, ingenious radio-controlled machines like "The Inspector," a delicate-fingered mechanical version of a dirty old man powered by hydraulics and electricity, and "The Walking Machine," a cruder, more powerful engine of destruction, which comes complete with flamethrower and is occasionally ridden, and operated by Pauline's calico guinea pig, Stu. In the 1985 Los Angeles show *Extremely Cruel Practices: A Series of Events Designed to Instruct Those Interested in Policies That Correct or Punish*, rival machines pulled a pig's dead carcass in opposite directions until it ripped apart and spun out into the audience. "People use their minds to dismiss things, to seek happiness, or to be more insulated from the world," says Pauline. "That's why we stage the action the way we do."

The group's epic pieces—in fact, twisted tributes to the power of a technological society to crush individuality—have drawn sell-out crowds of up to five thousand on the West Coast. With a cult following comprising art students, ex-hippies, people Pauline calls "cyber-punks," and ordinary broad-minded types, SRL is morbid, obsessive, humorous, and surprisingly entertaining, using everything from blood to machinery to stake out the artist's territory. "It's a complicated way to get the freedom to be what you want to be," Pauline says. —SUSAN ZAKIN

("PATA" continued on page 100)

Top right: Katherine Dunham Archive. Top left: ©JACK MITCHELL Bottom: ©Adams/Schrank 1987

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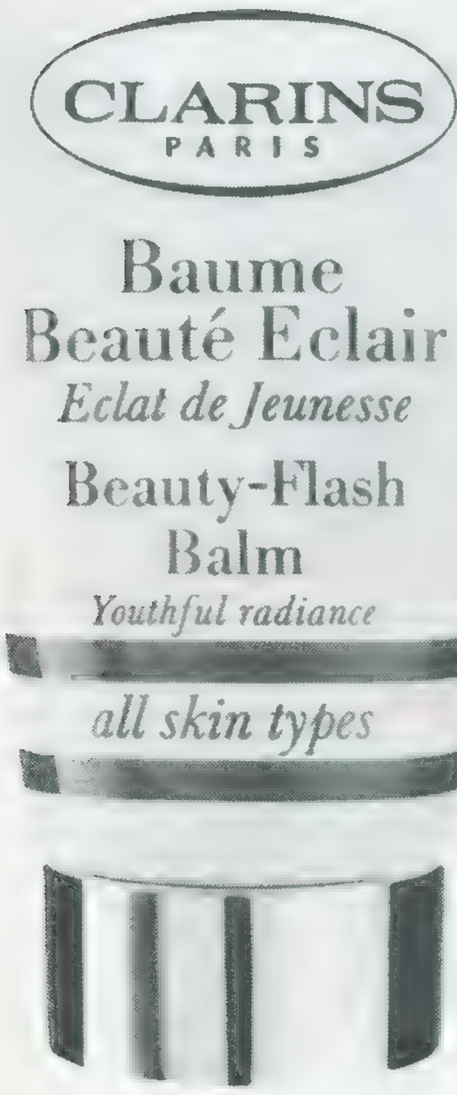

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

(Continued from page 98)

STRIKE UP THE BAND

Celebrating Gershwin

The stars come out for "Shall We Dance?" (1937): from left, Fred Astaire, Hermes Pan, Ginger Rogers, George Gershwin, Mark Sandrich, and Ira Gershwin

It has been said that George Gershwin had a love affair with music, especially his own. He would sit down at any available piano and play his most recent songs. George S. Kaufman once observed: "George's music gets around so much before an opening that the first-night audience thinks it's at a revival." On PBS's two specials (November 27 and December 4), collectively titled *Celebrating Gershwin*, his music sounds so fresh and exhilarating, however, that we think we're at an opening night.

Leonard Bernstein plays a prelude; Baryshnikov dances to some unpublished and, until recently, lost music; Liza Minnelli and Michael Feinstein sing a medley. Michael Tilson Thomas hosts both programs and plays the piano solo in "Rhapsody in Blue." Interspersed throughout are film clips, many of them home movies made in Hollywood, where George and his brother/lyricist, Ira, lived while writing for the movies. But the highlight comes at the finale, when Hollywood's Johnny Green arrives. Green, one of the movies' great composer/conductor/arrangers, conducts from the piano and plays eight Gershwin standards, in his original 1930s dance-band arrangements. Maureen McGovern joins him for "They All Laughed," and for this song alone, she should be crowned the Gershwin Girl. She has a 'thirties look, a bubbly personality, and a gorgeous voice.

Some of Gershwin's "serious" concert music seems a bit dated now, period pieces that don't have the classic quality of, say, Aaron Copland's. But his songs are marvels. This is the fiftieth anniversary year of George Gershwin's death, and a very good time to praise him for being the greatest composer of popular American music.

—ASH DE LORENZO

PBS'S APARTHEID

Documentary as nightmare

Apartheid, a five-part documentary on PBS this month, has a shot of a 1922 demonstration: "Workers of the world unite and fight for a White South Africa," the marchers chant. In South Africa, even the weariest of slogans is employed in the service of racism. *Apartheid*, with its newsreels, photographs, and interviews, provides a lot of that kind of detail. An Afrikaner woman in a beehive hairdo takes target practice. A 1936 British documentary pans across seaside villas in Capetown while the narrator says proudly, "We have seen what the white man has done for himself in South Africa. What has he done for the native? He has put him to work." Cut to black workers swinging pick-axes in unison.

But more important than details, this British documentary lays out the history of South Africa. I suspect that for many Americans, like me, that history is a murky business. The English domination of the Boers, which has left them with a self-pitying, supremacist xenophobia, is not featured in our history books—it's someone else's dirty laundry. But for the first half of this century, "racial problems" in South Africa meant the tension between the Afrikaners and the English speakers. The Africans were simply cheap labor to be handled efficiently. (Making parallels to American appropriation of Indian land and to Nazi Germany's machinery of oppression is unavoidable while watching this series, and I had the unsettling sensation of wondering at the *absence* of genocide. But South Africa has been deprived of this particular solution—the white minority's need for labor is too great.)

The series traces the radicalization of reform movements like the African National Congress and leaders like Mandela and Biko. But, finally, *Apartheid* is not about individuals. It is the story of a long, ugly imperial nightmare.

—CATHLEEN SCHINE

Top: BETTMANN ARCHIVE Bottom: PETER TURNLEY/Black Star

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VOGUE, December, 1987

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Your tattoo is safe with me. Were you able to get a taxi ?

I walked home.

And how was Paris while all the sensible folk were still in bed?

It was grey and drizzling and bloody marvelous. I kept making up poems with your name in them. Also a love song that, for rhyming reasons, ended up being all about your right elbow. I don't think my feet touched the ground once all the way home.

I meant to tell you. I love the way you smell. Most men's colognes make them smell like they take themselves too seriously.

I thank you. My Paco Rabanne cologne thanks you. My mother thanks you.

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That's up to you, isn't it?

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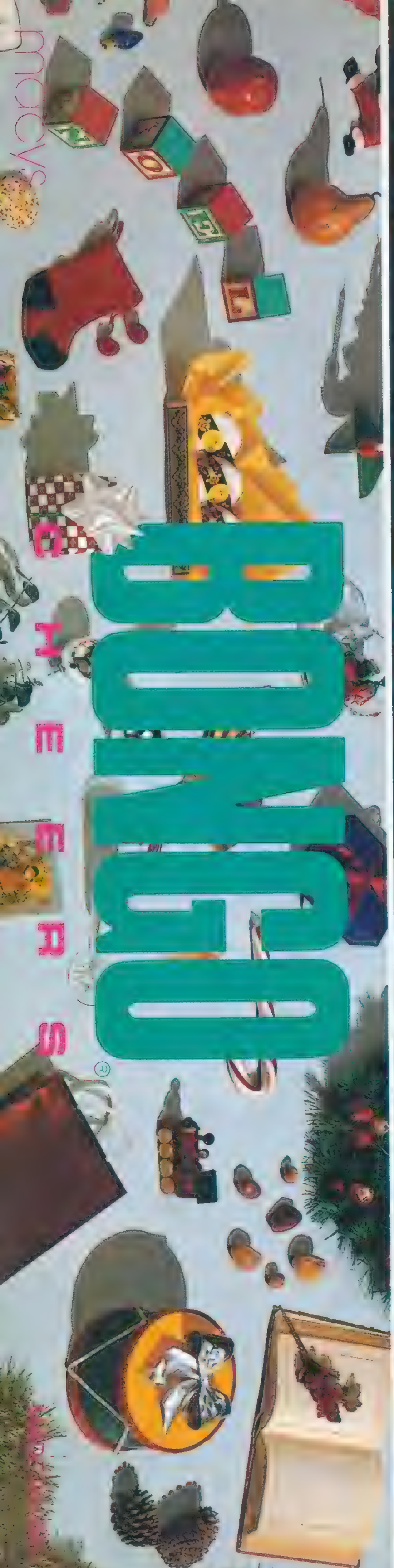


SHAPE-UP NOW

Latest: big-chill gear . . . stick-with-exercise gimmicks . . . sports-injury video aid

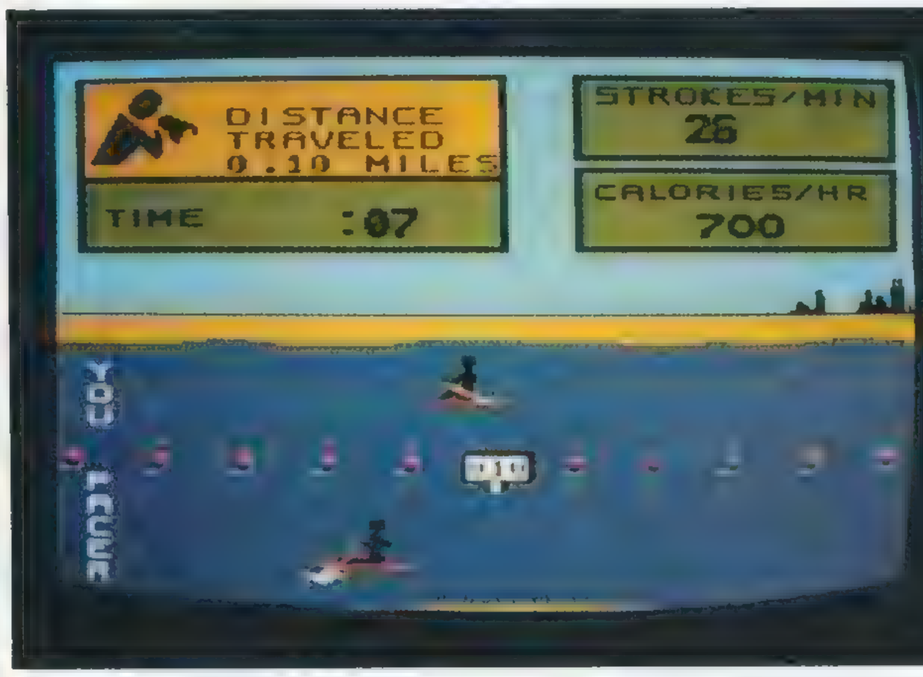
WINTER SUIT-UP

The solution, today, to rugged cold-weather dressing? The down jacket is being upstaged by more sports-specific options—newer "breathable" synthetics that are thinner, lighter, durable.

One optimal feature: these fabrics allow perspiration vapor to escape but prevent moisture from penetrating the shell. The first was Gore-Tex; newer choices include Entrant, Ultrex, and Bion-II—all slightly more "breathable" than Gore-Tex but not as waterproof.

In addition to the outer shell, insulation is needed for warmth: the wisdom behind layering winter clothes. *Right*, the "ultimate" layer: a long fitch coat to keep you warm but not overheated. Beyond natural furs and down, high-loft (thicker, warmer) insulations include man-made Quallofill—which, unlike down, doesn't become heavy when wet and lose most of its insulating properties. For high-exertion activities, such as cross-country skiing, thinner fills (Thermolite and Thinsulate) are better choices. A new "medium" fill is Thermoloft, which provides less warmth and bulk than high-loft insulations and is popular in downhill skiwear.

Look for long underwear made of synthetic materials, such as Thermax, with the ability to "wick" away moisture, keep skin dry—a big improvement over cotton, which remains damp from perspiration.



fitness "games": In pursuit of boosting exercisers' motivation, fitness companies have turned to video-game methods. Two winners? A computer weight-training system that talks you through your routine (Powercise). . . a computerized rowing machine that lets you "race" against another shell, *left* (Life Fitness): both, welcome alternatives when cold weather prevents exercising outdoors.

video docs

Whom do most exercisers turn to when they've sustained a minor sports injury? The answer—surprisingly—is no one. They care for it themselves at home. Enter a new video, developed by Jane Fonda, with James G. Garrick, M.D., that demonstrates ways to treat minor sports injuries. *SportsAid* provides tips on when to apply heat or ice, when to see a doctor (the answer when in doubt about any injury).

Top photo: EDDY KOHLI. Hair, Bob Recine; makeup, Robert Snow for Bumble & Bumble. Fendi coat Fashion details, last pages

VOGUE, December, 1987

Fine, Dry Lines? Minimize the Telltale Signs!

When you discover those first telltale lines, you know looking fresh and radiant is going to take extra effort. As you mature, skin's moisture supply diminishes and the cell renewal process slows down. What's needed to combat this natural biological decline is special care to boost skin renewal and revive youthful radiance!

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Q BEAUTY A

Skin-care terms defined . . . adding makeup shimmer . . . eyes: color switch, concealer tips

Q I love the look of shimmered makeup. What's the best way to wear it?

A For starters, don't overdo it. "Shimmer catches light and emphasizes any area to which it's applied, so it should be used only on smooth skin, not in places that are prone to wrinkles," says makeup expert Kevyn Aucoin. Best spots for shimmer: the brow-bone (try Christian Dior's "Moon White" shadow); "blushed" on apples of cheeks; dabbed on lower lip. With skin-baring clothes, shimmer—applied as a gel (Il Makiage) or cream (Almay's) to shoulders, neck, even arms—gives a freshened look. Other areas where shimmer works well: nails, even hair (one subtle approach—Max Factor's shimmering hair styling mousse).

Q When the words "hypoallergenic," "noncomedogenic," and "dermatologist-tested" appear on skin-care products, what exactly do they mean?

A Each of these terms means that certain tests have been passed before a cosmetic product was put on the market. "Hypoallergenic" means a product has been found to be "unlikely to sensitize skin or to cause an allergic reaction." . . . "Noncomedogenic" means that it has been found not to cause comedones (blackheads or whiteheads) when tested on rabbits' ears (which are similar to human skin). . . . "Dermatologist-tested" indicates that doctors have done the testing to ensure the product's effectiveness and/or safety. The newest term—"hypo-acnegenic"—means "a product has been tested on acne-prone people and found to be unlikely to aggravate acne," says James Bollinger, Ph.D., manager of product development for Owen Laboratories (makers of Allercreme products, some of which claim to be hypo-acnegenic).

Some experts are skeptical of the value of these terms. "In my opinion, these words don't mean much," says Robert Auerbach, M.D., clinical associate professor of dermatology at NYU School of Medicine. "Today, virtually all products are hypoallergenic and all but the heaviest creams are noncomedogenic. For acne-prone people, what's more important than looking for these terms is using water-based—rather than oil-based—products."

Q What causes dark under-eye circles? How can I conceal them?

A "The under-eye 'circle' you see is caused by blood vessels under skin that feed the muscles that enable you to open and close your eyelids," says Paul Vinger, M.D., assistant clinical professor of ophthalmology at Harvard Medical School. "Skin in that area is the thinnest on the body; sometimes these veins show through, especially as one ages and skin becomes even thinner through the breakdown of elastin tissue. (Minimizing sun exposure can help to curb loss of elastin.) Drinking alcohol can contribute to under-eye circles by causing blood vessels near eyes to dilate. Makeup coverage is the best way to minimize circles."

Under-eye concealer should match skin tone. Dab onto inner and outer eye corners, then blend out by gently patting with a sponge. Use a tissue to blot excess concealer, prevent "creasing" later in the day.

Under-eye circles can be symptoms of allergies that cause blood vessels in the nasal/eye area to dilate. If circles persist and are accompanied by symptoms such as swelling, congestion, or pain, see a physician.

Q I recently bought contact lenses that change my grey eyes to bright blue; do I need to switch my eye-makeup coloring?

A Probably. "With bright blue eyes, it's best to stick with earth tones—greys, browns, taupes—that will enhance, not clash with, your new eye color," says makeup expert Margaret Avery. "If you want more color at night, go for emerald green or purple mascara or eye shadow." (Note: Revlon's "Custom Eyes" comes with suggestions for pairing shadows with contact-lens eye-color change.)

Many cosmetics lines offer makeup designed to meet the demands of contact-lens wearers. Look for "flake-proof" mascaras (from Cover Girl, Maybelline), shadows for "sensitive eyes" (from Clarion).

POISON IS MY POTION

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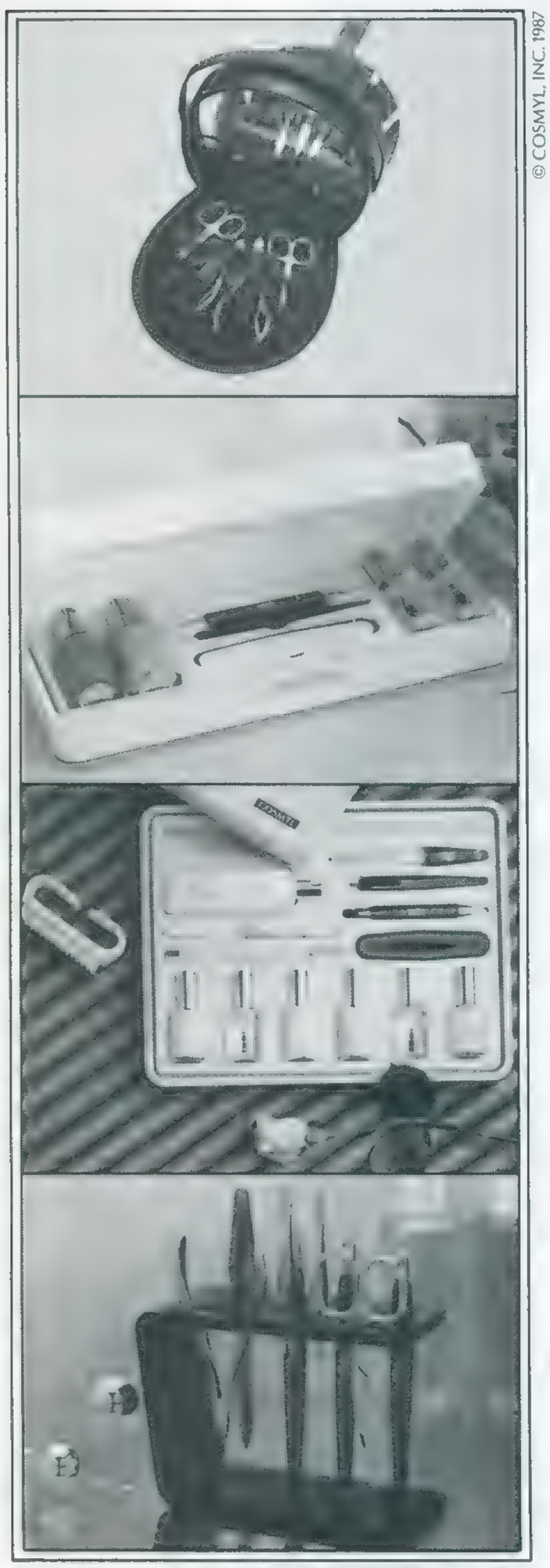

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horoscope

BY ROCKIE GARDINER

December's Astrological Weather: As the month begins, Pisces coaxes reluctant Taurus and Libra into the holiday spirit. Scorpio and Aries colleagues have a devilish time with each other when Mars makes them see red on the 11th. Leo, Aquarius, and Sagittarius prove that it is better to give than to receive, heaping gifts on their lucky Gemini and Virgo friends. After a subdued holiday celebration, Cancer finds the future looks brighter with Capricorn beside her.

SAGITTARIUS November 22-December 21 The best birthday present comes on the 15th, when your Jupiter ruler finally moves forward after four seemingly endless months of waiting for various projects to get off the ground. Your love life also gets a boost at this time because you're willing, once again, to take a chance on a new romance. Even though you may still need to conserve your energy and endure moments of self-doubt, the future will look all the brighter because restrictive Saturn will leave your sign in 1988 and won't be back for another thirty years.

CAPRICORN December 22-January 19 Judicious flirting or an appeal to an altruistic friend can get you whatever you want in the first week, but don't ask your employers or business associates for a special favor on the 11th, when they may be in a murderous mood. Mid-month, a family member who has been an emotional and financial burden finally receives a lucky break. That's the time your Saturn ruler helps you make a well-considered decision about your career. In the last week, you may be tempted to sacrifice yourself on the altar of love.

AQUARIUS January 20-February 18 As the month begins, a close friend might play a leading role in your daydreams, but whether you are destined to be lovers won't be revealed until the last week. Unexpected career opportunities appear when you socialize with VIPs in the third week. Don't be intimidated because, as the sun meets with your Uranus ruler, your innovative ideas leave an indelible impression on everyone you meet. Venus enters Aquarius on the solstice—a perfect time to try a whole new look.

PISCES February 19-March 20 This is your magical month. Artists can achieve critical acclaim when Venus meets your Neptune ruler in the first week. Financial rewards come in the second, as Jupiter moves forward in your money house. Your charitable impulses leave a mark on the community, and those of you born in mid-March will find a way to resolve a career dilemma that has plagued you for the past year. Celebrate your success at a simple New Year's Eve gathering with a few choice friends.

ARIES March 21-April 19 Although you might be deeply engrossed in artistic or spiritual pursuits, pay particular attention to your mate's subtle romantic overtures during the weekend of the 4th. Otherwise, you two could become embroiled in a serious misunderstanding the following weekend, when your Mars ruler meets Pluto. An opportunity to travel or study abroad can pop up in the third week as lucky Jupiter moves forward in your sign. Your boss may send you mixed signals as the month ends, leaving you confused and ready to jump ship.

TAURUS April 20-May 20 You're more attuned to your partner's emotional state this month, and willing to make personal sacrifices to appease and please him. However, you won't play the martyr at the office, preferring to confront a co-worker on the 11th, when his or her underhanded behavior infuriates you. Long-range financial matters such as estate and tax planning are best handled in the third week. Your Venus ruler is under stress on New Year's Eve—don't let jealousy spoil your celebration.

GEMINI May 21-June 21 You might have to face another upsetting confrontation with your partner in the middle of the month, when the Sagittarius sun aggravates your feeling that something is sorely missing from your marriage or romance. Continue to rely on the optimistic friends who have stood by you during this difficult year, and have confidence that your primary relationship will improve once restrictive Saturn leaves your marriage sign on Valentine's Day. *(Continued on page 128)*

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the fragrance
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JESSICA McCLINTOCK

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HAND & SKIN CARE NEWS

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Aren't you tired of watching it happen . . . despite faithful lotioning, two or three times a day, dry skin *still* makes a comeback. Here's the surprising news. . . all those applications of lotion aren't doing much of anything to solve your dry skin problem. Why? Because many lotions dry out after two or three hours. Too soon for your skin's moisture barrier to repair itself. So your skin goes right back to being just as dry as before—sometimes worse!

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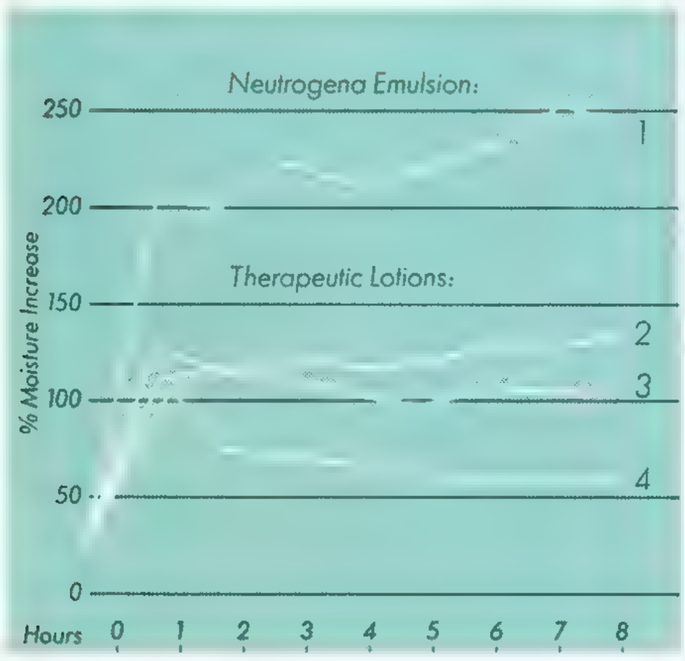

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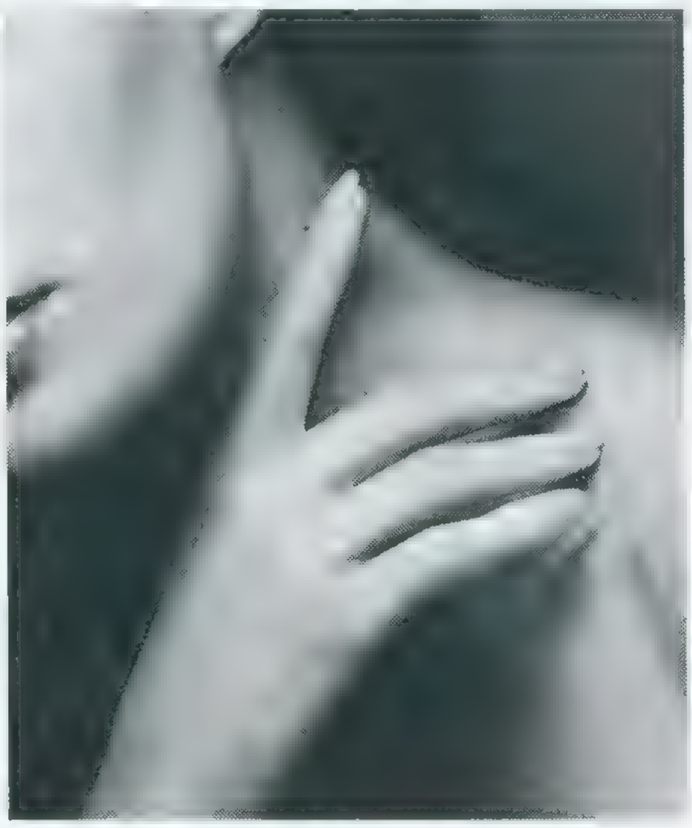

Then for eight long, soft hours—or more!—Emulsion helps your skin hold onto all the moisture it needs to prevent premature dryout. In fact, tests show that even after eight hours, the skin's moisture level is almost as high as when you first apply!

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Advertisement

HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 122)

CANCER June 22-July 22 Your attraction to that poetic soul you either work or work out with might turn into an old-fashioned courtship when Venus joins Neptune in your marriage sign as the month begins. Take extra safety precautions on the 10th because an ofttimes criminal combination of Mars and Pluto could threaten the security of your home. In the third week, your employer's generosity might surprise you, but be prepared to assume a heavier work load. See in the New Year at a romantic hideaway, far from the madding crowd.

LEO July 23-August 22 For the first three weeks, as your sun ruler travels through adventurous Sagittarius, you might find yourself Christmas shopping in a foreign country or entertaining visitors from abroad. Mid-month, dissatisfaction with your steady boyfriend could lead you into a reckless escapade with an otherwise unlikely candidate for romance. High spirits and an overdose of faith as the year ends might allow you to gamble on an investment based on fantasy rather than on the sobering bottom line.

VIRGO August 23-September 22 As the month begins, you'll have plenty of opportunities to satisfy your longing for esthetic experiences. In spite of many holiday party invitations, you might want to be by yourself and examine past patterns of behavior that no longer suit your present life style. And while decorating is not psychotherapy, by the middle of the month you could begin to plan a new, reorganized domestic environment. In the last week, Neptune lifts your hopes about the New Year, but does nothing to demystify your love life.

LIBRA September 23-October 22 During the first week, when your Venus ruler is clouded in Neptunian fantasy, compassion for a neighbor or fellow student could be mistaken for a romantic attraction. Be aware that while your sensitivity to beauty and spirituality is heightened, you also become more gullible. Mid-month, your partner's stroke of good luck can ensure a festive holiday season—at least until petty jealousies among both families crop up just before the New Year. Plan to be away from them all when you toast in 1988.

SCORPIO October 23-November 21 If you're thinking of buying a piano or a painting, do it on the 3rd to truly satisfy your soul. Your ego, however, must wait until Mars and Pluto, your co-rulers, meet in your sign on the 11th, providing a crucial opportunity to exert your influence where it counts. Be patient with a financial matter that has frustrated you this past year because, in the last two weeks, that situation can change dramatically. An erotic charge electrifies New Year's Eve encounters—dress to kill. ▽

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beauty now

What's new in the business of beauty? New waves, spa-speak, East Coast or West Coast hair with a difference. Here, nighttime looks, ornaments

MIRRORED BEAUTIES

Remember the compact? The face powder sort? Much like that perennial tube of reddest-red lipstick, it was pulled from a woman's bag—a meal's finisher. And as much as the loose powder inside, the gesture itself was a beauty tool—assured, flirtatious, fully feminine.

Now the compact's returned.

Credit it to a certain style of Lacroix ballgown dressing . . . or to this season's revival of face powders—Demi-Matte loose powder at Estée Lauder; Dior Teint Poudre to apply wet or dry. To hold a new Poudre de Soie, YSL Beauté has a compact of faux jewels. The 'eighties difference: Powders often go on over just moisturizer.

The 'thirties Verdura jewel, *left*, of pink tourmalines and blue aquamarines, is a highly prized "find" (a private collection piece, it's not for sale). David Webb's signed gold-and-diamond pillow-shaped compact, from the 'sixties, comes priced at $36,000. At NYC's Fred Leighton, celebrated for estate and antique jewelry, newly revived Tiffany, Cartier, and Van Cleef & Arpels gold compacts stand out.

On a more modern (and accessible) level, there are also newly devised hair ornaments: sinewy gold hair combs by Robert Lee Morris for Donna Karan; other Robert Lee Morris ponytail holders or squiggle-shape pins. Ted Muehling creates hair combs, *above*, in cracked-fan shapes; Patricia von Musulin works ebony or ivory sticks; even Kenneth Jay Lane has glittery hair jewels. The idea—of a hair comb, a hair pin—seems, like a compact, a thing of the past. The look? Very modern. *("Images" continued, page 134)*

ARTHUR ELGORT, FRANÇOIS HALARD Hair by Ronnie Stam; makeup by Sonia Kashuk Hair by Sam McKnight of La Coupe, NY; makeup by Joe McDevitt for Bumble and Bumble Details, last pages

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NEW CHANEL SCENT STAR: CAROLE BOUQUET

Asked what she wore to bed, Marilyn Monroe once replied "just Chanel No. 5"...which, so the story goes, gave Chanel execs the idea to link their scent to a beautiful woman. Chanel's first choice was Catherine Deneuve, who appeared in No. 5 fragrance ads from 1969 until 1977. Last year, after searching for the right "face" for a decade, Chanel chose French actress Carole Bouquet (pictured here)—who starred in the James Bond movie *For Your Eyes Only*—as No. 5's new girl.

Bouquet, like Deneuve, is cool, seductive, with classic good looks. Unlike Deneuve, Bouquet has dark-brown hair, green eyes—an appealing difference...since the 'eighties have dissolved, for the most part, the stereotype of blonds as more attractive. Although Deneuve and Bouquet are a generation apart, they have a lot in common: often starring in avant-garde films rather than commercial hits, preferring strong and varied roles. Each has two children; neither woman married her children's father.

Why did Bouquet, who's thirty years old, accept the Chanel role? Because, she says, "Chanel is an institution. It's the symbol of France, in a way."

To balance her life, Bouquet has learned to keep daily routines simple. Although she claims she's not a fitness fanatic, she swam three times a week during each pregnancy...and has always pampered herself; *left*, with breakfast in bed. Bouquet drinks plenty of water—her only skin secret, she says—revives herself, *below*, with fresh-squeezed juice.

Bouquet—unlike most French women—makes a real effort to avoid the sun, not to stay young but "to look as natural as possible." Bouquet, in fact, is realistic about aging: "It's a fact of life; I'm very comfortable with it." When she's not working, Bouquet skips makeup altogether. Even in her public role, she keeps makeup to a minimum: smoky eyes, a little cheek color to balance pale lips. "Sometimes I wear a bright red lipstick, but then I don't use eye makeup. The best beauty boosts are earrings. They light up my face."

More Chanel No. 5 news: Chanel's first salon, the Chanel No. 5 Room, has recently opened at the Spa at the Crescent, Dallas.

BREAKFAST: YES OR NO?

Skipping breakfast, it turns out, may not be as bad as once thought as long as a woman gets enough nutrients the rest of her day, says Judith S. Stern, Sc.D. Without breakfast, however, a woman may have a hard time meeting her calcium, iron, fiber, and protein requirements. Breakfast is also an energy boost, a way to prevent overeating the rest of the day. And, for women who don't function well without it, breakfast is an important way to begin the day.

Two good examples: fiber-rich non-sugary cereals with low-fat milk (or plain low-fat yogurt) and fruit...or whole-grain bread with low-fat cheese. Calcium is vital, especially for women, so if you don't have time, drink a glass of skim milk, at least.

Here, what busy women eat for breakfast:

Paulina Porizkova, model: "I have to eat breakfast, otherwise I faint. I love cereal with milk, a banana."...**Maria Shriver, co-host, *Sunday Today*:** "All-Bran with low-fat milk."...**Suzanne Vega, singer:** "On tour in Europe, I have steamed or grilled tomatoes; or fruit and cheese."...**Pam Shriver, professional tennis player:** "Nutri-grain cereal with raisins, cinnamon, half of a banana, yogurt, and milk; grapefruit juice. For noon matches, I'll add more carbohydrates."

MINI MAKEUP

For women on the go, cosmetics companies are creating minis—tiny brushes (Prescriptives) and nail colors (Barielle), a brow brush/lash comb (Lancôme). Best tote: Mario Valentino's, *above*. (*"Images" continued on page 136*)

Top and left photos, ERICA LENNARD. Hair, Jean Michel Henry for Carita, Paris; makeup, Chanel. *Right*, JEFF PEDERSEN Sweater, Chanel. Robe, Descamps

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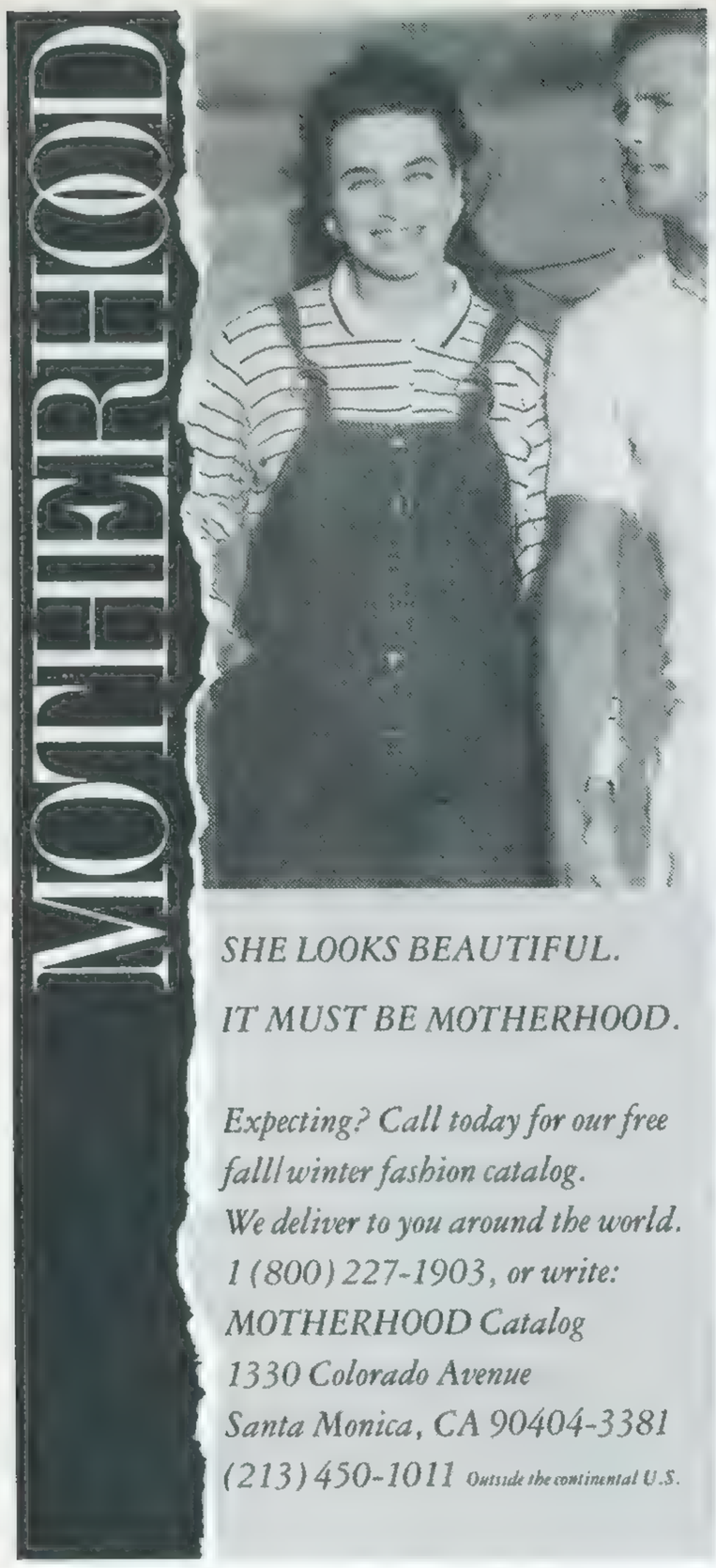

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THE NEW WAVE

Remember when women spent hours each week putting up pincurls? Who would have thought—with all the styling advances—that pincurling would make a comeback? But at winter couture shows pincurled hair turned up on top models such as Ines (inset, *right*, at Chanel). And at top salons around the country (Vidal Sassoon for one). The distinctly modern look—softer, looser, less controlled.

The difference in the "set"? Instead of pinning small coils of hair with tight bobby pins for tiny curls, stylists now use different clips to hold more hair in a looser way (*top*, Ines "clamped-up" by Alexandre de Paris). Big butterfly clips offer softer curls... sleek new hair snaps from Sebastian offer more control.

Pincurling is fast, simple: "You can get away with pincurling part of the head since larger waves blend into 'natural' hair," says stylist Mitch Barry. Another timesaver: Danilo from Oribe at Parachute, NYC, coils hair dry or slightly damp; he recommends letting hair air-dry. "For hair that needs extra hold," Danilo adds, "spritz hair spray before coiling; 'set' with a blowdryer diffuser; then, finger comb." Result: a more tousled effect (*bottom right*, by Orlando Raphael).

"You can add bounce to straight hair, body to wavy hair and de-frizz curly hair; but you can't change texture drastically," says Barry. "We're moving away from free-form looks to something more polished."

("Images" continued on page 140)

ROXANNE LOWIT GUY MARINEAU
PATRICK DEMARCHELIER Bottom photo Makeup by Lyda Snyder Fashion details last pages

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EAST/WEST HAIR

The Beach Boys sang about differences between East and West Coast girls in the 'sixties. Do they still exist? In terms of hair-styling, perhaps. Louis of Louis-Guy D, a NYC stylist, for instance, finds East Coast women have longer, more natural-looking hair. "Instead of drastically *changing* texture or color," he says, "they enhance it." Their cue, he believes, comes from fashion models, but the look is modified to fit their style. Diane Sawyer's neat, sleek hair, *center right*, is clearly "professional"; Mia Farrow's, *top right*, suits her more fragile film image.

"West Coast women, on the other hand, take their cues from celluloid images," says Louis. "Their hair is bigger—with more volume and heightened color." George Fischer, a hair-color expert who works on both coasts, believes West Coast women are less interested in fashion than in a flamboyant look. "They think it gives them an edge in the world of film people," he says. "Kim Basinger (*bottom*) is a good example—bleached blond, carefully teased."

At the same time, West Coast women are interested in hair's condition and the ease of a post-sports quick dry. The result is "the squeaky-clean look of Joanna Pacula," *center left*.

"One misconception about West Coast women," says George Fischer, "is that California is the land of blonds. That's not really true. In Southern California's golden sunlight, even redheads or brunettes look like they have gold highlights; but up north, you actually see much more of a range of haircoloring and a more individual approach among women." *("Images" continued on page 142)*

JIM VARRIALE, GEOFFREY CROFT/Outline Press, RALPH DOMINGUEZ/Globe Photo; GREG GORMAN/Gamma-Liaison

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SPEAKING SPA TALK

What constitutes an American spa is being redefined; sometimes in a way that's more medical (see page 348) or fully fitness-oriented or quite fantastically, indulgently cosmetic. One new trend, for those with no time, is the "day spa"—a ten- or twelve-hour immersion in self. Not a bad selling point for women who—as most these days do—spend their time seeing to the needs of others.

The day-spa development has brought with it its own 'eighties set of spa services; and they give something of a guide to the times. At Noelle The Day Spa in Stamford, Connecticut, that translates as everything from stress tank to body "facials" with loofah sponge, the pleasing quirkiness of trying out a shiatzu bed for relaxation or aromatherapy.

News at Cosmyl, in Florida? Seaweed manicures and pedicures (said to be tops for improving the condition of skin)...and "sports" manicures and pedicures. The difference, there: intense massage for tired muscles, high buffing rather than chippable nail polish for women, quite literally, on the run. It is, Cosmyl experts point out, the solution for nails more and more women ask for.

MIKE REINHARDT, FRANÇOIS HALARD Hair by Sam McKnight of La Coupe, NY; makeup by Joe McDevitt for Clive Summers Salon, NYC

BRIGHTEST EYES

At a time of some more-than-colorful makeups, some of the best? Mascaras, *left*, in surprising brights: from top, Lancôme Marin, Maybelline Banana Flip, YSL #4, for single shots of noticeable color, day or night. Others may be orange, pink, or burgundy.... After color, what? Care: mascaras with conditioners—at Chanel and Lancôme; hypoallergenic qualities—from Almay; fiber- and fragrance-free—from Cover Girl.... In focus, too, *right*: brows—well-groomed, full, natural in shape, less visibly shadowed. With pencil or pale shadow, some makeup experts now take brows a shade lighter.

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POWER TIPPING

The art of knowing who, what, where, why—and how much

BY FREDERICK EBERSTADT

A member of the last generation to dress for dinner, my father was also a man with a brutal sense of humor. One evening during World War II, he was standing in his dinner jacket in the lobby of the supper club in the St. Regis Hotel, looking for Auguste, the headwaiter, when a young Navy lieutenant came in with a very pretty girl on his arm. The young officer, hesitant and uncertain, went up to my father and asked him for a table. My father looked him up and down. He said in a matter-of-fact voice, "It will cost you a hundred."

The poor guy blanched.

"A hundred?" he cried.

"If you want one on the dance floor," said my old man. With ill-disguised contempt he added, "There's one by the kitchen for fifty."

The unfortunate fellow bit his lip and shoved the big bill into my father's hand. At that moment Auguste, who knew my father well, returned. My father introduced the lieutenant as a great war hero, and as Auguste, untipped, led the couple off to a fine table, my father returned the bill to the relieved and smiling young man.

If you want to see an American sweat, don't kid him about his sex life, don't question his credit, don't accuse him of dropping the atom bomb. Just imply that he doesn't know how to tip. Americans probably spend more and get less for tips than citizens of any other nation. Why do we feel so inept? There are a number of reasons. One is uncertainty. When you tip, as when you go out to buy a pair of shoes or when you put the moves on a girl, you do best if you know exactly what it is that you want. Confusion leads to disappointment. Presumably you want service. The saddest and the silliest extreme is the man who tries to buy love with a tip, like Frank Sinatra's slipping a hundred-dollar bill to a shoe-shine boy. A grand gesture, you think, or just a pathetic one?

A tip, they say, is an acronym: *to insure promptness*. With it we either pay for service or hope to get some in return. As you read daily in the paper, we live in a service economy, but it is not a society in which most services are rendered particularly smoothly. Americans cannot get used to seeing themselves as economists do—as servants. Hence, if you give the average American a tip, he sees it as a gift or a prize, not as a payment for some sort of assistance. While he may be grateful, he does not believe he owes you anything. At different times I see this as either endearing or infuriating, depending mostly, I suppose, on my needs at the moment.

Some people see tipping as bribery, but to me tips generally fall into two categories, investments or blackmail. It does not take much thought to recognize that the strategies required in these two cases are almost diametrically opposed. With an investment you contribute as much as you need to ensure a return; with blackmail you pay as little as is necessary to avoid disaster (and, at the same time, you try to give the idea that there will be no more forthcoming).

What you give the headwaiter at Le Cirque is an investment. You hope, when you return with the Big Client or Miss Betty Blue Eyes, he will make an impressive fuss over you. What you give the super at Christmas should be an investment, but sometimes it is blackmail. *(Continued on page 150)*

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(Continued from page 148)

The sad fact is that too many people have reason to fear that, if they do not slip this essential helper a couple of fins at the Season of Good Tidings, the heat will go off forever and no one will ever take a wrench to that dripping faucet.

Some tips are given out of vanity. A New York City record magnate gives large tips to the bouncers at all the popular discos so that he and his friends will be let in "free." This brings me to expense-account tipping. There is something distasteful to me about executives handing out wads of honest stockholders' money to have their inflated egos massaged. This widespread practice also makes it hard for us civilians who have to pay our own way. Derive what comfort you can from the fact that these ladies and gents generally frequent restaurants that are overpriced and cater with fawning service that such types misconstrue as respect.

One of the grey areas of tipping and one that Americans find most troubling is what to give the hotel concierge. Certainly whatever you give in this case should be an investment. He (or she) can, after all, save you lots of time and trouble, by not only getting tickets and making reservations, but also giving advice on any number of local situations. But all too often what Americans give the concierge is blackmail. They feel ill at ease with this suave and schooled bandit and, rather than suffer his contempt, they empty their pockets into his lap.

What seems to work for me is on arrival to give the concierge more or less the local equivalent of twenty bucks. Isn't it wiser to make friends when you arrive rather than when you leave? On departure, I add something like a five-spot for every favor he has done me. But there is no law that says that you need give the concierge a nickel. When I recently stayed at the Intercontinental in Berlin, the concierge seemed to spend most of his time on the phone to his girlfriend. When I asked about opera tickets, he yawned; he had no idea what was playing. He did not know when the Pan Am plane left. He forgot to give me my messages. He was just plain disobliging. I left without giving him anything.

Another situation that many people find almost as difficult is tipping servants in a house where they have stayed as a guest. It can be complicated. A Mexican friend of mine is still fuming because a well-meaning gringo tipped her servants far more than their weekly wages. No doubt the servants were delighted, but I doubt that he gets asked back very soon. If this really stumps you, why not ask your hostess? After all, in the end, wouldn't you rather please her than the butler? Well, not necessarily. I grew up in a house where there was a good-sized staff, but little service for anyone except my father—at least until a school friend from Oklahoma came to stay. In my whole life I don't think any event has amazed me as much as seeing Pavey, our butler, carrying a groaning breakfast tray up the stairs to the room of this apparently guileless son of the prairie shortly before lunch. My breakfast was whatever I could assemble from the frozen orange juice and cold cereals left out on the sideboard, assuming I came downstairs before they were cleared away at nine-thirty.

I am always amused when I hear someone say that he is afraid that he may insult someone by offering a tip. Take it from your Uncle Fred that this will never happen. The anger, if there is any, is at the size, not the fact, of the tip. Cleveland Amory used to say that it was degrading to workers to tip them. He would walk through hotels smiling, looking maids, bellboys, and waiters straight in the eye, and saying, "Thank you very much." He liked to tell his friends how much the staff preferred a hearty handshake to a tip. What Amory was unaware of was that his wife followed behind him with a fistful of bills that she distributed left and right.

Even in Iron Curtain countries, it helps to tip. When I first went to Bucharest, my wife and I stayed at the Athenée Palace, the old grand-style hotel. Weary from our trip, we went downstairs for dinner, figuring that the dining room would produce a meal faster than room service. The room was like a shabby set for the seduction scene in a Lubitsch film. Blue mirrors, chandeliers, violins, tailcoated waiters. The guests, however, behaved like the rabble from a C.B. de Mille epic. The place was jammed. I asked the maitre d' for a table. He shrugged.

"Wait in the bar."

"How long?"

Another shrug. We went to the bar and had a couple of drinks that we really did not want. We were dying of hunger. Finally I told my wife that I did not care if I went to jail for the rest of my life, I was going to give that headwaiter a tip. I went up to the surly lout and pushed an American ten spot into his hand. What a miraculous transformation. He turned out to be my most slavish admirer. He had a table set up on the dance floor. Waiters bowed, sommeliers scraped, violinists serenaded. We were a Socialist reincarnation of the Merry Widow under the gleaming eye of the headwaiter as he vividly redefined the word *obsequious*. Best of all, dinner arrived. ▽

> For me, tips are either investments or blackmail

Frederick Eberstadt, *a New York–based writer and photographer, is working on a book about fascinating women.*

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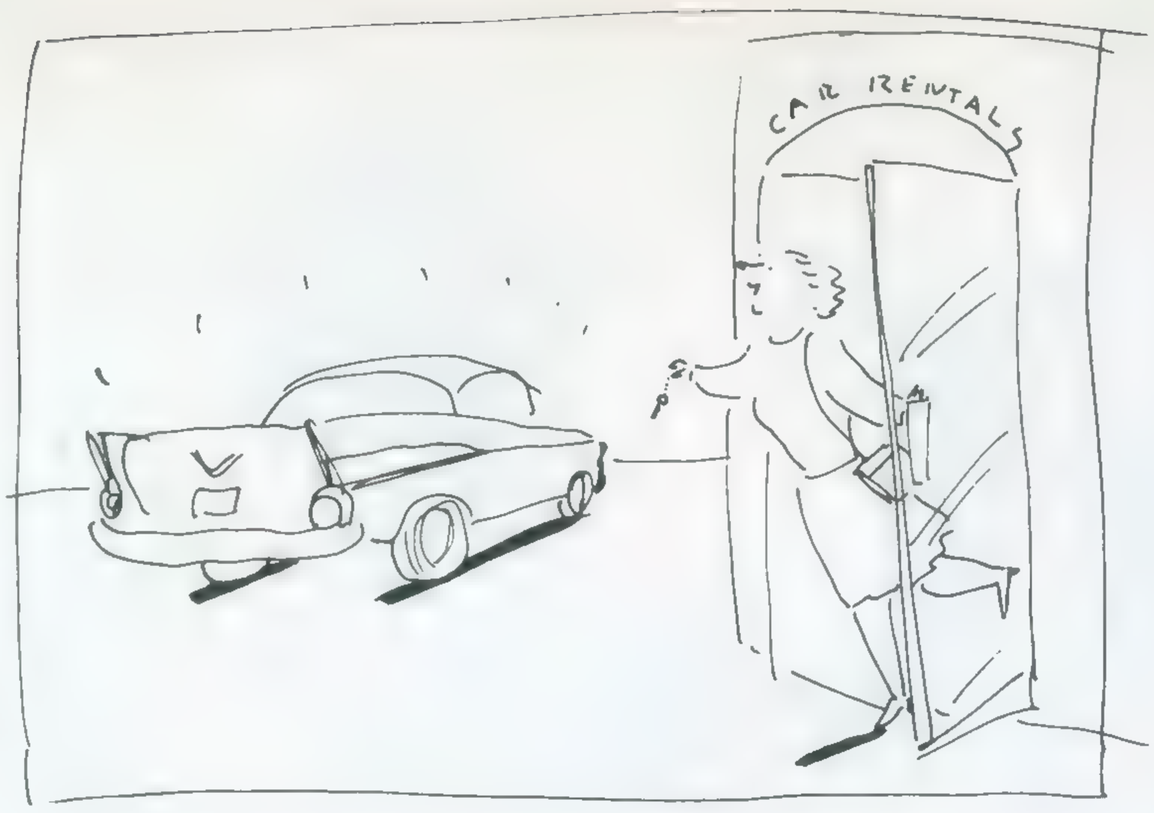

RENT-A-ROLLS—GREAT CARS TO DRIVE FOR A DAY

When he's in Hollywood, Eddie Murphy rents a black-on-black Rolls-Royce Corniche convertible. William Hurt reserves a Porsche 944. Renting a car for business or vacation travel used to mean settling for a spiritless econobox, but no longer. Demand for exotic rental cars has risen 50 percent in the last year, according to Avis Luxury Car offices at Heathrow Airport and Central London. The types of cars you can rent, and how much you have to pay, varies from counter to counter. At Budget Rent-A-Car of Beverly Hills or Marina Del Rey (800/527-0700), $450 per day plus a mileage charge (the first hundred miles are free, but you pay fifty cents per mile thereafter) secures the red Ferrari 328 GTS that Eddie Murphy drove in "Beverly Hills Cop II" or the black Rolls that Madonna drove in "Who's That Girl"; and $400 a day puts you behind the wheel of Krystle Carrington's Rolls-Royce sedan when it's not in use on the "Dynasty" set. A Lamborghini Countach can be rented for $750 a day; but it must be reserved in advance, because arranging special credit checks and insurance from your own company takes at least two or three days. Top European cars—including Mercedes-Benzes, Jaguars, and Saabs—can be rented at Budget offices in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Miami, Phoenix, Denver, Washington DC, and other cities.

For drivers with nostalgic tastes: this fall, National Car Rental in Los Angeles (800/CAR-RENT) began offering restored '57 Corvettes and '56 Chevrolet Bel Airs to its Emerald Club members at LAX airport for the same price as an average rental: $49.95 a day, plus thirty cents a mile. (Emerald Club membership requires a minimum enrollment fee of $50, which is returned to customers in the form of upgrades, bonuses, and special programs.)

In Europe, Jaguars, Mercedes-Benzes, BMWs, and Porsches can be obtained through Hertz's Business Class program; Rolls-Royces, Range Rovers (England only), and other top-of-the-line cars are available from Hertz's "Prestige Service" group. If you'd rather not do the driving yourself, Avis Europe (800/331-1084) offers a chauffeur-driven Daimler limousine or BMW 730 Luxury Saloon.

NO MORE SNOW TIRES!

The increased use of radial tires, improved road-clearing services, and the popularity of front-wheel-drive cars mean that this season, fewer drivers will be bolting on special winter tires. Contributing to the trend away from snow tires is their high cost; a pair of tires that sold for $100 a few years ago, says Joseph DePaolis, president-elect of the National Tire Dealers and Retreaders Association, may now cost closer to $250.

Before deciding which snow, radial, or all-weather tires to buy, however, consumers should check each tire's rating, which is inscribed on its sidewall or printed on a hangtag. Mandated by the federal government, these ratings offer the only comparative guide available. Tires are tested under controlled conditions for tread wear (280, the highest tread score, means that a tire lasts 2.8 times as long as the average tire, rated 100); traction on wet pavement (ratings go from A down to C); and temperature, meaning a tire's resistance to the heat generated by friction—an indicator of the tire's longevity (graded, like traction, from A to C). The best rating a tire can have is 280AA.

According to the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA), owners of steel-belted radials should pay extra attention to punctures in winter months, when slush can seep into the tires and corrode their steel belts.

ROAD TEST: THE CADILLAC ALLANTÉ

An old Seville slows to a crawl in the passing lane so that the driver can gawk at the 1988 Cadillac Allanté I'm driving. But when I catch his eye, he pulls away, embarrassed to be caught staring. Unlike the $4199 Yugo, which elicits exuberant cheers ("Yugo! Yugo! Yugo!") from blue-jeaned boys, the most gorgeous two-seater car to wear an American nameplate inspires more restrained expressions of awe. For $56,533—that's without the $2850 optional cellular telephone—status is the very least a driver should expect.

The question is, can any car, even one as exotic as the Allanté (whose bodies, dashboards, and seats are made in Turin by world-famous Sergio Pininfarina, sculptor of the Ferrari Testarossa, then flown to a General Motors factory in Detroit where they're "married" to Cadillac machinery), be worth a small fortune? Lovers of car design will answer that the Allanté's styling alone may be worth the money.

Even the most jaded heart will skip a beat at first sight of the Allanté's low, perfectly beveled silver hood and black convertible top. From the side (the classic auto pose), the tail sweeps into a beautiful wedge; head-on, the Allanté looks as startling as a spaceship.

Inside is a brightly lit control panel with colors and graphics to impress a Concorde pilot. The bevy of gauges and bar graphs may look daunting but are actually easy to read; important information, such as miles per hour, is given in both analog and digital form. The panel containing stereo and tape-deck controls is, for once, smartly tilted toward the driver, and the cruise control has its own on/off dashboard switch and panel light to cut down on mistakes.

The Allanté's drive is surprisingly stiff for a Cadillac, more like what you would expect from a sports car—you really feel the road. The steering is so responsive that lane changes happen almost before *(Continued on page 156)*

MERLE NACHT

Remember your first lesson in aerodynamics?

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The shape was so important. It had to be perfect. Because if it wasn't...it wouldn't fly.
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DRIVING STYLE

(Continued from page 152)

you expect them. The tug of the Bosch ABS III brakes feels exceptionally secure (this brand-new anti-lock system claims to stop a car on ice without spinning). The 4.1-liter V8 engine generates more front-wheel-drive horsepower (170) than the new 4.5-liter engine offered on other Cadillacs, letting you pass other cars at a comfortable clip.

The interior of the Allanté is a minimalist's dream. Two shades of creamy tan napa leather (burgundy is also available) dip into shallow recesses that hold change, tape cassettes; ten-way adjustable seats have firm, low (at last!) lumbar supports. The leather-wrapped steering wheel is as large and graceful as that of a Mercedes-Benz; and the trunk is spacious (thirteen cubic feet). But when GM says the car is a two-seater, they mean it: a handbag, maps, and a picnic lunch are all that will fit behind the seats.

GM built about thirty-three hundred Allantés during the '87 model year to compete in the ultra-luxury class, especially against the Mercedes-Benz 560 SL. Allanté buyers will have to contend with some imperfections: the gurgly sound of the GM engine; directionals that "ping" annoyingly; an overly friendly, even bossy, computer that tells you to "turn on headlamps" when you're just driving through a two-second tunnel; a convertible top that's difficult to use; and a windshield so sharply curved that it distorts vision on the sides—but the Allanté definitely wins the beauty contest.

BREAKTHROUGH STEERING

Four-wheel steering (4WS), touted in Mazda 626 and Honda Prelude advertisements as this year's hottest option, is part of an engineering revolution that promises to give drivers total control of their cars. The option works exactly as its name implies: all four wheels turn as the driver steers. The Mazda and the Honda have slightly different 4WS systems, but both behave similarly on the road. When turning at normal speeds, all four wheels angle in the same direction, supposedly making the car more stable. When turning at low speeds, front and back wheels point in opposite directions, helping a car to slip into a tight parking spot. Independent testing agencies have yet to verify manufacturers' claims for their 4WS systems, which cost more than $1000; but seat-of-the-pants test drives of both cars revealed that 4WS does make changing lanes easier and maneuvering out of a tight space uncannily simple. Parallel parking, alas, was no less difficult than it is in a car with conventional steering.

VOGUE, December, 1987

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health

Shield for eye injuries . . . anti-stomach-acid drug . . . influenza warning. BY MELVA WEBER

HORMONE SKIN AND BONES CONNECTION

A London study has shown estrogen-replacement therapy can prevent or restore the loss of skin collagen that occurs with menopause, a finding that may not only point to healthier skin but define why maintaining body collagen levels can protect bones.

Researchers from King's College Hospital School of Medicine and Dentistry explain that, since the connective tissue of bone and skin is similar and one-third of bone is made up of collagenous material, a decline in skin collagen is likely to parallel bone loss. In the United States, the medical journal *Obstetrics & Gynecology* reported the London study, in which investigators explored the effects of four hormone-replacement regimens on skin collagen levels. Women of one study group used estradiol gel, applied to the abdomen daily. Three other groups had hormone-bearing implants placed beneath the skin. Some were given additional oral hormones.

All four treatment groups showed increases in skin collagen that were related to levels at the start of treatment. Those who started with high levels showed little collagen change or none at all, which tells researchers that there is an optimum collagen level, and that women with high levels in early menopausal years will gain preventive value from hormone replacement, while women who start treatment with low collagen levels are likely to gain both preventive and therapeutic value.

TREATING CHRONIC MUSCLE PAIN

Muscular rheumatism—chronic aches and pains, disturbed sleep, and morning stiffness—affects from three to six million people in the United States, most of them women aged twenty to fifty. When doctors can find no muscle changes or other abnormalities in laboratory testing, many of them have concluded that the condition, called fibromyalgia, must be "psychogenic."

Don L. Goldenberg, M.D., of the Department of Medicine and Multipurpose Arthritis Center, Boston University School of Medicine, says that only a small percentage of fibromyalgia patients are properly diagnosed, leading to repeated testing and sometimes inappropriate treatment. In *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, he published diagnostic and treatment guidelines. To remember if you're told you have fibromyalgia: the disease causes chronic pain and fatigue, but it is not degenerative or deforming and is not associated with raised death rates. Counseling by the doctor, physical therapy, and appropriate medication will help.

BETTER THAN ANTACIDS

Many people regularly take antacids for relief from gastroesophageal reflux disease (GERD), with symptoms of heartburn and regurgitation. Specialists say as many as one in fifteen adult Americans has these symptoms at least once a day. A new tactic against GERD—inhibiting secretion of gastric acid instead of neutralizing it with antacids—is reported in "Archives of Internal Medicine." Patients at Hines, Illinois; New Haven, Connecticut; Oklahoma City; and Research Triangle Park, North Carolina, were treated with placebos (blank medication) or ranitidine, a histamine H_2 antagonist that reduces secretion of stomach acids. (Ranitidine is a newer, more potent relative of cimetidine, the drug that revolutionized gastric-ulcer treatment a few years back.) The six-week trial showed ranitidine significantly more effective than the placebo in reducing heartburn symptoms, and it strongly reduced the patients' use of antacids. Ranitidine-treated patients had greater healing of esophageal tissues; remission of heartburn episodes resulted for about one-third.

HOW TO BANDAGE AN EYEBALL

Experts advise us that skin wounds and abrasions heal faster when covered and kept moist rather than exposed to air. The same goes for injuries to the eye's cornea, according to a manufacturer of optical equipment that recently entered the market for surgical eye-care products. Newly approved, a transparent collagen corneal shield by Bausch & Lomb acts as a bandage, protecting and lubricating the eyeball surface following surgery, injury, or in other corneal conditions. The shield fits over the cornea, excluding air and providing protection during healing for several hours, then gradually dissolves.

FLU SEASON ADVISORY

According to the Centers for Disease Control, control measures for influenza—vaccination and antiviral drugs—need to be applied more vigorously now than in past years to avoid increased illness and deaths. If you were vaccinated last year, you need vaccination again this year with the current flu strains. The CDC has identified "target groups" who should be protected by vaccinations and/or chemoprophylaxis:

- *Adults and children with chronic heart or lung disorders that required regular medical care or hospitalization in the last year.*
- *Residents of nursing homes and other institutions for chronic-care patients.*

Moderate-risk groups:

- *Healthy people age 65 or over.*
- *Adults and children who have been under medical care for diabetes, kidney disease, anemia, or immunosuppression.*
- *Children and teenagers on long-term aspirin therapy (and therefore at risk of Reye's syndrome if they contract flu).*

People who take care of high-risk patients, especially those in institutions and in intensive-care units, should also consider flu immunization. The antiviral agent amantadine is recommended for some circumstances, both to protect against flu and to moderate its attack. It offers protection only against influenza A.

SAFETY DURING SURGERY

If you're planning to have surgery with general anesthesia, says anesthesiologist Athole G. McNeil Jacobi, M.D., of Medical College of Pennsylvania, you should take an active (and informed) role in planning your anesthesia for the procedure.

Ask in advance if the nurse administering your anesthesia is supervised by a physician-anesthesiologist. If not, Dr. Jacobi believes, you should consider another hospital.

Before surgery, insist on a visit by the anesthesiologist or the nurse anesthetist. During this visit, important decisions are made about the type of anesthesia and combinations of drugs that will be used during surgery. Answer all questions about your health status and mention any allergies. Above all, says Dr. Jacobi, if you have taken any medication at all, from marijuana to aspirin, tell your anesthesia team, in order to avoid dangerous interactions of the anesthetics agents and drugs.

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HAIR Q&A

Color or cut: which should come first? . . . shampoo switch . . . hair-relaxing tips

Q I need to have my hair cut and colored. Which process should come first? What do experts suggest?

A "Whether you cut or color first depends on your hair's condition and the kind of cut you have in mind," says Beth Minardi, coowner of Minardi Minardi Image Makers, NYC. "Today, color is often designed to accent a haircut. For that reason, you should consult with the colorist and hair stylist at the same time.

"In general, I believe color should come before the cut. I only cut first when using dimensional coloring—color tones that are determined by the lines of the haircut."

Imo, of Imo's Salon at NYC's Regency Hotel, agrees. "I believe in cutting *after* coloring, unless hair is overprocessed and will become more damaged with additional coloring. Because hair ends absorb color faster than roots, many stylists dilute color on hair ends with soap to slow down the process. Although many women feel it's a waste to have new color cut off, it's really the best way to combine a new cut and haircolor."

Steven Docherty, senior art director at Vidal Sassoon, NYC, believes hair texture and length play a big part in the decision. "I always cut first if the hair has an existing perm or any type of body wave. I like to give the colorist something to work with. As a professional you need to be flexible and discuss all possible options with your client; but the final corroboration between the stylist and colorist is usually the best recommendation."

Q Is it true one should change shampoo from time to time to increase its effectiveness in cleansing hair?

A "Many women complain that shampoos they loved when they first used them leave their hair oily and limp after a few weeks of use. The fact is: The product hasn't changed, but hair has. The difference is the result of shampoo residues that have been absorbed by hair," says David W. Cannell, Ph.D., group vice president, research and development for Redken.

"The problem is intensified if hair is washed frequently, even daily, especially if it is porous and damaged. No matter how well it's rinsed, buildup (residues of oils, polymers, derivatives) can leave hair greasy and lifeless."

Amount of buildup varies according to hair's condition, frequency of washing, the diameter and density of hair. Women who have fine, straight hair often perceive their hair as oilier and more difficult to style.

Dr. Cannell's recommendations: Instead of frequently changing shampoos at random (one recent survey says that the average woman has about three shampoos in her bathroom), use a clarifying shampoo designed to remove buildup (Redken's Hair Cleansing Creme is one) at least once a week, and don't over-shampoo. Dr. Cannell says three times a week are enough for most women, even those with very oily hair.

Q What is "hair relaxing"? What is the best way to do it without overdrying or damaging hair?

A "Hair relaxing isn't the same as straightening," say the experts at Black Hair Is, a division of Glemby. "Hair relaxing eases 75-90 percent of the wave in hair. Women use this process to make hair more manageable and easier to style—especially if they're living in a hot, humid climate."

Expert tips for hair relaxing without breakage or damage: Before applying formula (which often contains lye or sodium hydroxide, both of which can be irritating if not properly applied), scalp should be examined for any tiny cuts or abrasions to avoid sensitive skin reactions. "Relaxer" should be applied evenly to the entire head by hand—with special attention given to roots—and left on for about ten minutes. Then hair is rinsed with warm water—which neutralizes and stops chemical reactions from proceeding. Afterwards, hair should be left to dry naturally.

The process lasts four to six weeks; a "partial" touch-up can help maintain a soft, easy look longer. Wash hair with a pH-balanced shampoo (such as Glemby Fitness shampoo), and look for conditioners that contain protein (for strengthening hair) and moisturizers (for softening and promoting elasticity).

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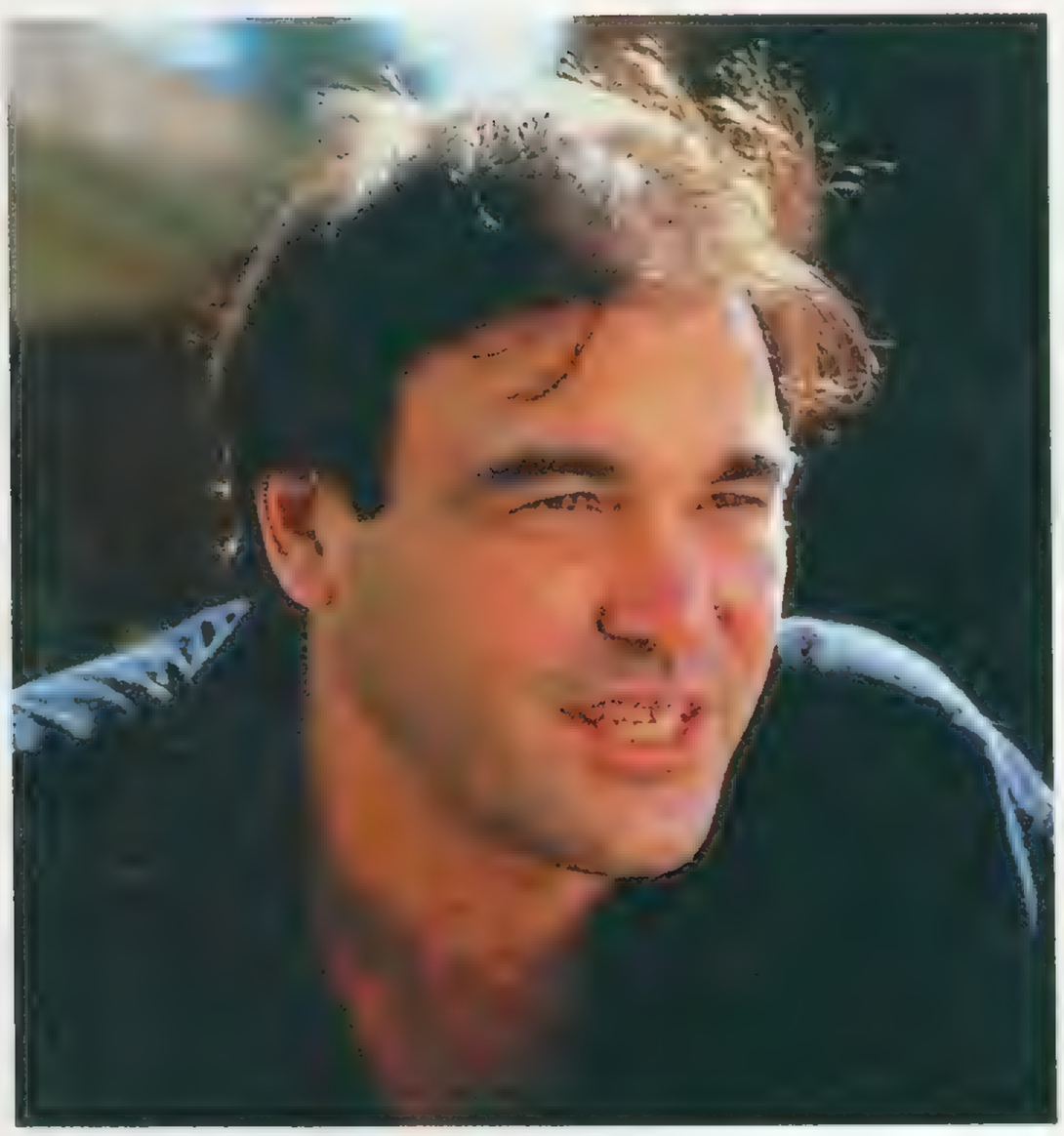
Oliver Stone, Elaine Stritch, and Robert Parker—three tough characters mouth off about Wall Street buccaneers, working for Woody Allen, and one hard-boiled marriage



OLIVER STONE: "I love women; they're pretty. Except some actresses are too neurotic."

Oliver Stone's first words to me were that he had a gun and that he was planning to use it. "I can't decide whether to kill Lew Wasserman at Universal or Michael Eisner at Paramount," he whispered. It was a fairly effective opening line.

Today, nine years after that eruption of frustration over not being able to get *Platoon* made, "bad boy" Oliver Stone has gone from seething screenwriter to sweepstakes winner of the 1987 Academy Awards—for writing and directing *Platoon*. But even by 1985, when he directed the daring and gritty *Salvador* (for free, to prove he was a filmmaker), the moneyed set on the Bel Air screening circuit was beginning to have second opinions. And now, this month, Oliver Stone, the accomplished *auteur*, returns with *Wall Street*, an up-to-the-minute account of the not-so-pure financial heart of America. For Oliver, Wall Street is more than a cinematic hot topic. It is also the place where his late father worked for fifty years, and where, it was hoped, Oliver, the only son, would someday follow.

This ought to be amusing, I thought, as I made my way down to the New York City building where Oliver was shooting *Wall Street* last summer, to see how Outraged Outsider was handling his new identity as In Director. Wearing a black Vietcong–like jumpsuit, his wristwatch strapped around his belt, Oliver (ever the guerrilla warrior) stood in the middle of an authentically re-created trading room of a brokerage house, surrounded by dozens of young dressed-for-success extras. His attractive wife, Elizabeth, who functions unofficially as his manager, and his lively two-and-a-half-year-old son, Sean, were also visiting. "Fall boom!" Sean commanded me, making an imaginary gun with his fingers—the legacy, his mother said, of spending his first two years on the sets of *Salvador* and *Platoon*. Oliver, who can, depending on the moment, be charming or moody, seemed thrilled by his success, his anger replaced by a voracity for work. But in at least one respect he hadn't changed at all.

"You're not going to reveal what's in this scene we're shooting, are you?" he asked nervously. "Critics don't like it if they read what happens before they see it." For years Oliver had complained that prominent film critics never gave him a fair shake. Now that he's their darling, he's more worried. "Oh, Oliver, gimme a break," I said. But right then we didn't have a lot of time to talk.

It was time for *Wall Street*'s star, Charlie Sheen, to be led away in handcuffs in front of the whole trading room. Sheen was required to sob on cue and walk backward while wearing a specially rigged forty-pound camera on a harness, a bit of inventive cinematography to let us see his face in close-up and a lot of background emotion too. Sheen was bringing himself to tears by reading and rereading what appeared to be a four-page handwritten letter from his father, Martin Sheen. "I think I love Charlie," Oliver said. "I feel like he's me at twenty-one; he's always been in trouble."

Wall Street, like *Platoon*, is both a morality play and a youthful rite of passage. Against a backdrop of New York's sleekest skyscrapers, poshest watering holes, and fanciest Hamptons beach houses (so we can watch Daryl Hannah—playing an ambitious interior decorator—come out of the water), the movie deals with the seduction, corruption, and redemption of one young stockbroker. It also attempts to explain why Wall Street today is the home of yuppie greed, chi-chi high-stakes arbitrage, and insider trading. But for the first time in any of Oliver's films, there is no blood-and-guts violence. "It's all verbal violence," he said. "I wanted to do something about people who are literate and intelligent."

"Will we understand why a Dennis Levine is today behind bars?" I ask Oliver a few days after shooting was completed.

"The movie deals with a relativity of wealth," Oliver explains. "There is a scene early on when Michael Douglas [playing a criminal Ivan Boesky–like character who seduces Sheen into crime] says to the kid, 'No one can make you really, really rich. I'm not talking about *(Continued on page 172)*

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OLIVER STONE

(Continued from page 166)

$400,000 a year, some working Wall Street stiff. I'm talking really, really rich—$100 to $300 million.' That's the way the new Wall Street's been thinking. . . . The volume's jumped enormously. With that has come the whole inflation of corporate debt, and the movie indirectly explains why that debt leads to hypocrisy, to lying, to greed."

A stickler for realism, Oliver consulted some of the street's best-known names—Ichan, Pickens, and Gutfreund—and had at least one authentic Wall Street type (like investment banker Ken Lipper, with whom he's written a novelization of the movie) on the set at all times. All 240 Quotron screens on the set that show stock quotations were programmed to reflect the script's dialogue, and, in a first for a commercial film, Oliver was able to shoot on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange.

Oliver got the idea for *Wall Street* when a friend who worked as a commodities trader, and who had become a millionaire in his early thirties, took a tremendous reversal. "His life style was shocking to me—two houses in Bridgehampton, Porsches, Mercedeses, dune buggies," says Oliver.

But the longer Oliver talks the more it sounds as if the larger, more soulful debt is owed to his father, Louis Stone, a retail stockbroker and conservative Goldwater Republican. (Oliver briefly appears in the movie, placing an order to "Lou.") For a long while, the father-and-son relationship was a stormy one. "I was pretty much of a disappointment to my father for thirty years," Oliver says. "When I told him I wanted to write, he thought I was crazy because he thought I was a terrible writer. And then when I said 'movies,' he thought I'd committed double jeopardy. He turned around a little after I won the Oscar for the screenplay of *Midnight Express*; before he died he said, 'Maybe you made the right decision because there is a future in this home-entertainment stuff.' "

Oliver's mother is French, Catholic, a colorful Regine-like character whom he describes as "such an exotic bird." She separated from his father, an introverted and atheistic Jew, when Oliver was fourteen. Oliver says his adolescence was *Catcher in the Rye*; his time in Vietnam painful; his marriage to a sophisticated, older Iranian woman not so easy either; and his years at New York University's film school mostly catatonic. But even during the height of the dames-and-drugs period following his divorce, Oliver always stayed with his father when he came to New York City and spoke of him with affection and respect.

"I'm trying to live according to the dictates that my father left me," Oliver says now. "One thing he always used to say is on the front of Temple Emanu-El on Fifth Avenue: 'Love justice, Do mercy, Walk humbly with thy God.' I feel my father would be prouder of me if I take the chance, if I say something political."

And how does that square with his feelings about Wall Street?

"I'm split on Wall Street. It has a good side—providing capital for America, for research, for science, for building housing projects and municipal bonds. There's a good aspect to the raiders, too: they're buccaneers, rebels, antiestablishment. The bad side is the buying and selling of companies—not to improve the company, not to create anything, just to make money."

Yet for all his being such a moral sage these days, I remind Oliver that he still hasn't written a decent female part.

"I love to be around women: they're very pretty. Except some of the actresses are too neurotic; some of them are driving me nuts. But I've had good experiences with Daryl and Elpedia Carrillo [in *Salvador*], and if I start to write about more domestic things, more women will come into play. I've been writing about ideas of maleness, but I might surprise you."

"What about violence and rage?" I want to know. "Is there still a lot of rage inside of you?"

"You be the judge. What do you think?"

"Considering the first time we met? When you told me you had a gun and couldn't decide which Hollywood mogul to kill?"

Then Oliver laughs and laughs. "I still have a gun," he says.—MAUREEN ORTH

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talking to...

(Continued from page 172)

ELAINE STRITCH: "I've decided the reason I work well with Woody Allen is that he's got my number"

Woody Allen's new film, *September*, doesn't open until later this month, but there's already talk that Elaine Stritch, the theater, TV, and film veteran who plays Mia Farrow's cantankerous mother, may win an Oscar for her performance. Stritch tends to stop whatever show she's in: she stole *Pal Joey* with "Zip" in 1950, for example, and *Company* with "The Ladies Who Lunch" in 1973. Noel Coward wrote *Sail Away* just for her. She starred on British TV in *Two's Company*, and was the best thing about Ellen Burstyn's short-lived TV show. Here, longtime friend Liz Smith talks to Stritch about working with Woody Allen, her career, love affairs, addictions, and Marlon Brando.

Liz Smith: *What's with you? How can you explain the spectrum of this strange career where you seem to be willing either to star or be a part of the ensemble? Do you also juggle?*
Elaine Stritch: I have always thought of my career as an aside. I enjoy my life as a performer, but I enjoy my life more as a person just living it. Originally, I became an actress because I was so afraid of reality, but now my reality has gotten interesting, and I'd rather live my life for real than act. As a result, my acting has gotten better! Figure that one out.

LS: *Did working with Woody Allen come up to your mythic expectations of him?*
ES: To tell you the truth, I'd never thought about him before. My nieces and nephews were in love with him and they would say, "Elaine, you've got to go see a Woody Allen movie—he's brilliant." I'm not a moviegoer. I don't go so that when I get old I won't have seen anything and I can sit in bed and watch all the movies.

When they said, "Mr. Allen is calling," I said "Joe Allen?" I didn't know about Woody Allen. But boy, I got to know him very quickly.

LS: *Is he intimidating? He is to a lot of people.*
ES: If he sees that you're afraid of him, I don't think he would want to work with you. I think each person he chooses for his films has, somewhere in the pit of their whatever, a security that attracts him.

LS: *Do actors love the directors who leave them alone or the ones who don't?*
ES: I don't know about other actors, but I have decided that the reason I work well with Woody Allen is that he's got my number. He *knows* what I am, how I fake around, and how I fool the world. And when someone knows that about you, he can start clean and build you, make the world believe anything he wants to about you as a character.

One morning we had our first shot at eight o'clock. Woody said to me, "O.K., you go to the bar, you take your glass, you put two cubes of ice in it, and then you call Mia. Now Elaine, do you think you can handle that, or should we arrange a world cruise for you after this movie?" This is sarcasm at its height. He was really on to me. That's when I knew that he liked me.

LS: *There is sort of a myth that you're difficult, temperamental, that you might not show up . . .*
ES: Which I have never done.

LS: *People are afraid of you—afraid that they can't control you, that you're going to take a drink and give them a hard time.*
ES: My diabetes has let everyone off the hook: they know if I misbehave, I will die. So they aren't too afraid to take the chance.

LS: *I sense that developing diabetes in midlife changed you quite a lot.*
ES: This will come as a great shock to a lot of people who think they know me, but I have discovered that I've always been madly in love with discipline, with routine. The diabetes reminded me of the fact that I like to behave myself. When I was scared, I misbehaved. But I'm not scared anymore.

I said in my book *Am I Blue?* that my diabetes was a godsend because I am an addictive human being and I have to have an awfully good reason not to satisfy my appetites. And dying is a very good reason.

LS: *Tell me in forty words or less about your background.*
ES: I was born in Detroit, Michigan; I went to Sacred Heart Convent for twelve years. Then when I was seventeen, I came to New York City and lived at a convent again. My major was drama, so I went down to Greenwich Village to study—at the New School. Marlon Brando was in the classes with me. I used to say in my theater bios, "Between Marlon Brando and Reverend Mother Benziker, there wasn't a thing I missed in life." I'll never forget the first night Marlon asked me for a date. She and I jumped up and down for ten minutes.

I was fired from my first job on Broadway. I auditioned for Kermit Bloomgarden for a play called *Woman Bites Dog*. I was eighteen years old, but I looked forty—I fooled him. In the play, I'm supposed to be living with Kirk Douglas—living in *sin*! We got to Philadelphia with the play, and one night at dinner I asked Kirk, "Why do they keep saying I'm 'living' with you? What does that mean?" And he went, "Oh my God, we're in big trouble!" When they found out how young I was, I was fired.

Of course, I fell madly in love with Kirk. And this is one of the few times in my life I would say it—he did with me, too. But I was a kid—there was nothing going on.

LS: *You've been married once to the talented actor John Bay, who died early and tragically. Was once enough?*
ES: What was Al Jolson's line? "You ain't seen nothing yet." I cannot *tell* you how I would love to get married again.

LS: *Before John,* *(Continued on page 176)*

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ELAINE STRITCH

(Continued from page 174)

I recall that you were engaged to Jack Cassidy, Ben Gazzara, Kent Smith, all actors, and another one of my favorites, Gig Young. Why didn't you marry any of those great guys?

ES: Well, in my mind, it was because of my religious upbringing—the fact that these men all had been previously married. I didn't want to marry outside the Church.

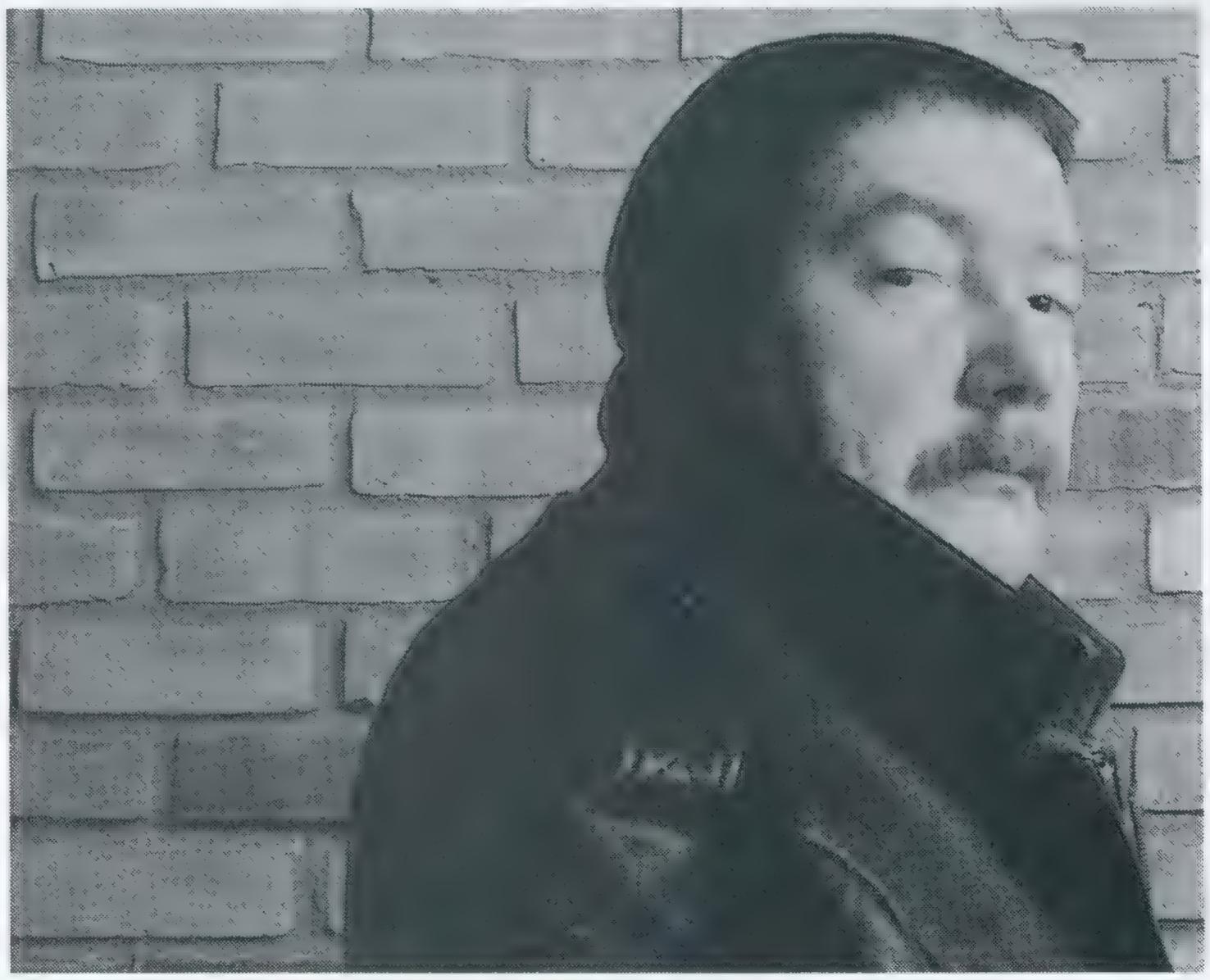
LS: *Outside of spiritual considerations, what is the most important thing in your life? I mean, I don't want you to feel you have to say God or something like that.*

ES: No, no. I'd like to meet Him so I could talk to Him about all this stuff. But the most important thing to me is peaceful laughter. And something by Pascal from the little Alcoholics Anonymous book I read each morning. I used it at an AIDS benefit in Southampton, when I was looking at all the rich people in the audience. It says we are never happy unless we are living or doing something for somebody else. I think that could cover performing, love, marriage, the works. If you don't do it, you haven't got a flying chance of being happy.

Liz Smith *is a syndicated columnist for "The New York Daily News" and a reporter for WNBC TV in NYC.*

talking to...

ROBERT PARKER: "We weren't blessed with an ideal close relationship. We earned it."



Robert Parker, the best-selling author of the "Spenser" detective series, looks today, at fifty-five, the picture of midlife machismo. As he leans back in a bottle-green studded leather chair and surveys his ultramasculine home office near Harvard Square, in Cambridge, it's hard to imagine him in the 'fifties, completing his Ph.D. and cleaning house while his wife, the "former Joan Hall and woman of my dreams," worked downtown in Boston. When Parker was a housewife, he lifted weights. "Maybe *because* I was a housewife," he muses.

Parker would never describe himself as "liberated." He chose to do what some have called "woman's work" during a conservative decade because he was "simply undeluded about how the world works." Being undeluded has meant, for instance, balancing cooking (he's known around Boston as a celebrity chef) with writing novels of violence in which the hero goes blood simple now and then and pummels people's faces.

Parker created Spenser, the hip Boston-based detective who stars in his Spenser novels, in the early 'seventies. In thirteen years, fourteen Spenser novels have been published and translated all over the world. In the most recent, *Pale Kings and Princes* (Delacorte), Spenser blows apart a suburban Boston coke ring. English readers don't like him (too violent) *(Continued on page 178)*

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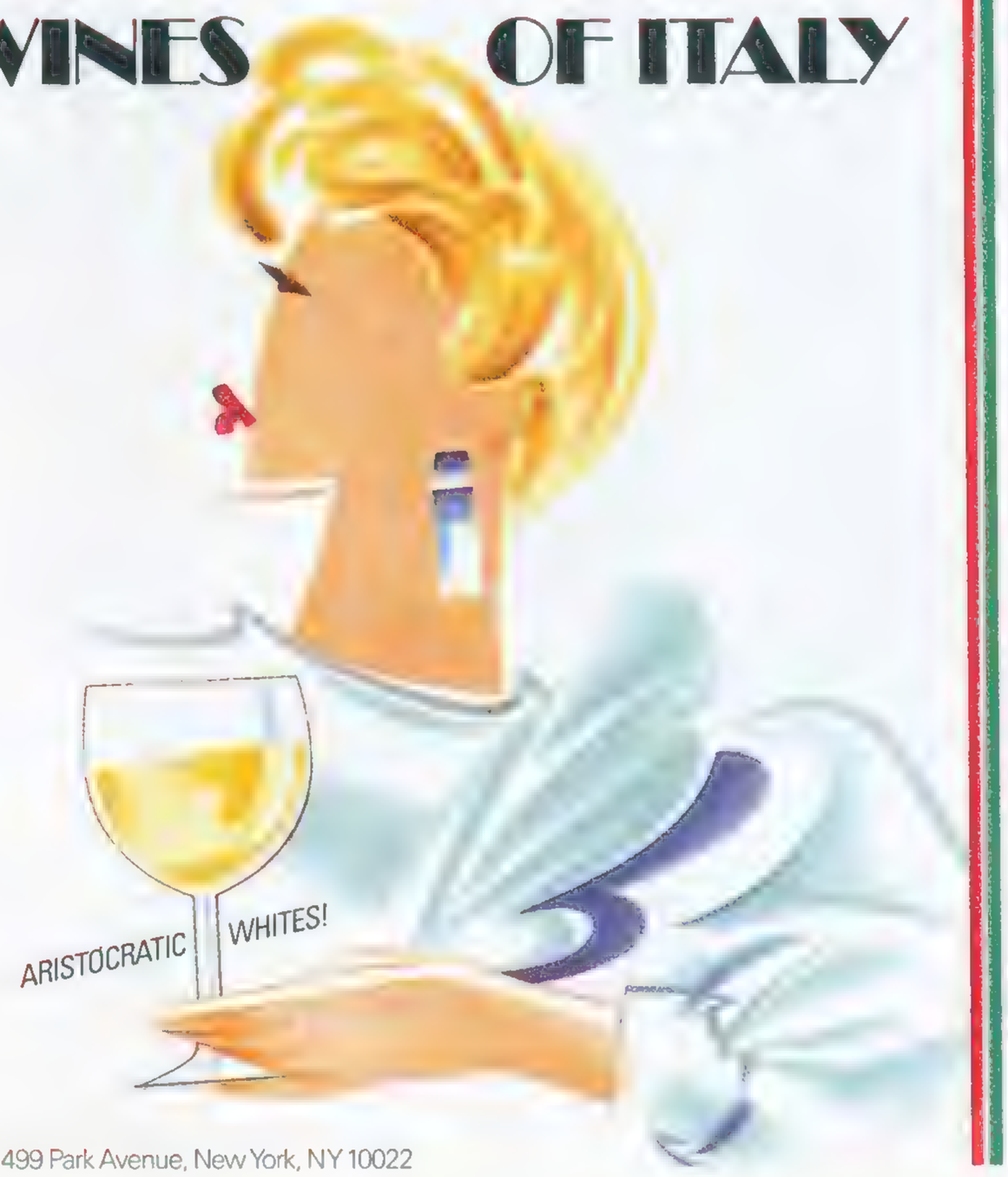

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Dionne Warwick

(Continued from page 176)

but the Japanese do (just violent enough)—in Japan, Parker endorses products including Santori beer and a whole line of Shiseido cosmetics for men called "Spenser's Tactics." And for the last two years, the private eye has also become the hero of the eponymous *Spenser: For Hire*, the ABC-TV series starring Robert Urich, whom Parker approved for the part.

Analyzing Spenser annoys Parker as much as analyzing himself. He admits there's a blur between him and the hard-boiled detective creation who "lurked in my mind since childhood. A shrink might say he represents my inner extremes; a bunch of repressed feelings; some sexual conflicts; blah, blah, blah." Parker *will* say that Spenser and Urich share his own squarish weightlifter's frame, beer-broadened middle, and chest described as "bigger than Celtics' center Robert Parish's."

The author prefers to talk about Joan, long the center of his personal universe. He relishes their love story, reciting it as smoothly and seriously as a mantra. They met at a freshman college dance when he was seventeen, and married in 1956. Joan, who works "as a Team Leader—a honcho" for the Massachusetts Department of Education, still calls him "Ace."

Joan's presence fills Parker's books. "That's what Joan Parker would do" is his way of approving a woman character's toughly decent behavior. He once complained about a *Spenser: For Hire* script (he's the show's script consultant) because Spenser's independent girl friend, Susan Silverman, a sharp-minded psychotherapist played by Barbara Stock, was asked to "gasp quietly" at Spenser's bloody face. "She's an adult," Parker fumes. "She knows what he does for a living. She'd ask, 'What's the other guy look like?' And if the other guy ever messed with her, she'd whack him in the mouth." When Spenser gets battered, Susan doesn't go all floral and wilt in a vase. She breaks out the brandy.

> "If the other guy ever messed with Susan, she'd whack him in the mouth"

Like Parker's, Spenser's emotional life is anchored in a relationship with one woman. It's Susan's job to articulate the moral hangover Spenser feels when he has to set up a few guys, then mow them down with his .38 (*Ceremony*, 1982), his pearl-handled "General Patton" .45 (*God Save the Child*, 1974), his 12-gauge Iver-Johnson pump gun (*Mortal Stakes*, 1975), or his Python and his shotgun (*Pale Kings and Princes*). Susan helps him admit he feels rotten about this. Without undue sappiness, she also ends up loving him anyway.

In some ways, the two couples are similar: the men act hard while the women ask the hard questions. Parker and Spenser live amidst violence and chaos and human darkness; Joan and Susan flick on the lights with their intelligence and personal strength.

Robert and Joan Parker collaborated on one book, *Three Weeks in Spring*, an account of her mastectomy; and they co-wrote a pilot for a TV show starring a woman detective. Marriage, Parker believes, is a collaboration between "adult equals." It can only work if you're "undeluded." He says this brusquely, impatiently. "Look. Relationships are achievements. Joan and I separated once, for two years, two months, two days, and two hours. Roughly. We've got an ideal close relationship now. We weren't blessed with it. We earned it." Parker is impatient with the way people try to make real marriages resemble movieland "with the woman acting like a baby."

But where security and marriage are the center of Parker's life ("I'd much rather be a husband and a father than a writer," he says), an edgy, sexy distance characterizes the relationship between Susan and Spenser, who, he says, "will never marry." They're committed to their relationship, yet each works best alone.

Susan disappeared from *Spenser: For Hire* during the '86–'87 season, replaced by Rita Fiori, a less charismatic character, played by Carolyn McCormick. Viewers skeptical about the security and longevity of strong-women television roles wondered if Susan had grown too popular. Perhaps *Spenser* was getting to be too much like The Susan Silverman Show.

But according to ABC-TV, Susan was withdrawn because "the character wasn't going anywhere." She was brought back by popular demand—ten thousand letters protested her absence. As Jim Butler, *Spenser: For Hire's* publicist, admits, "There's no other relationship like theirs on television."

But Parker doesn't talk about *Spenser: For Hire*. He claims he doesn't even watch it. He watches the Red Sox, the Celtics, and random cable sports from his office that looks out on T.S. Eliot's former home.

He's pleased Susan is back, though. She'll give *Spenser: For Hire* a better chance of making it this season. Besides, life without her was a lot like Hollywood. It was just too silly. —SARAH WRIGHT

Sarah Wright *is executive features editor of "The Middlesex News" in Massachusetts.*

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BY FRANCINE DU PLESSIX GRAY

Two decades ago, a noted French athlete and three-time winner of the Tour de France bicycle race, Louison Bobet, suffered a nearly fatal car accident, which left him paralyzed from the waist down. After undergoing surgery with the most prominent specialists in Europe, Bobet still seemed doomed to a life on crutches. As a last resort, one of his doctors suggested that Bobet go to a small spa on the north coast of Brittany where many varieties of bone ailments had been healed by intensive treatments with heated ocean water.

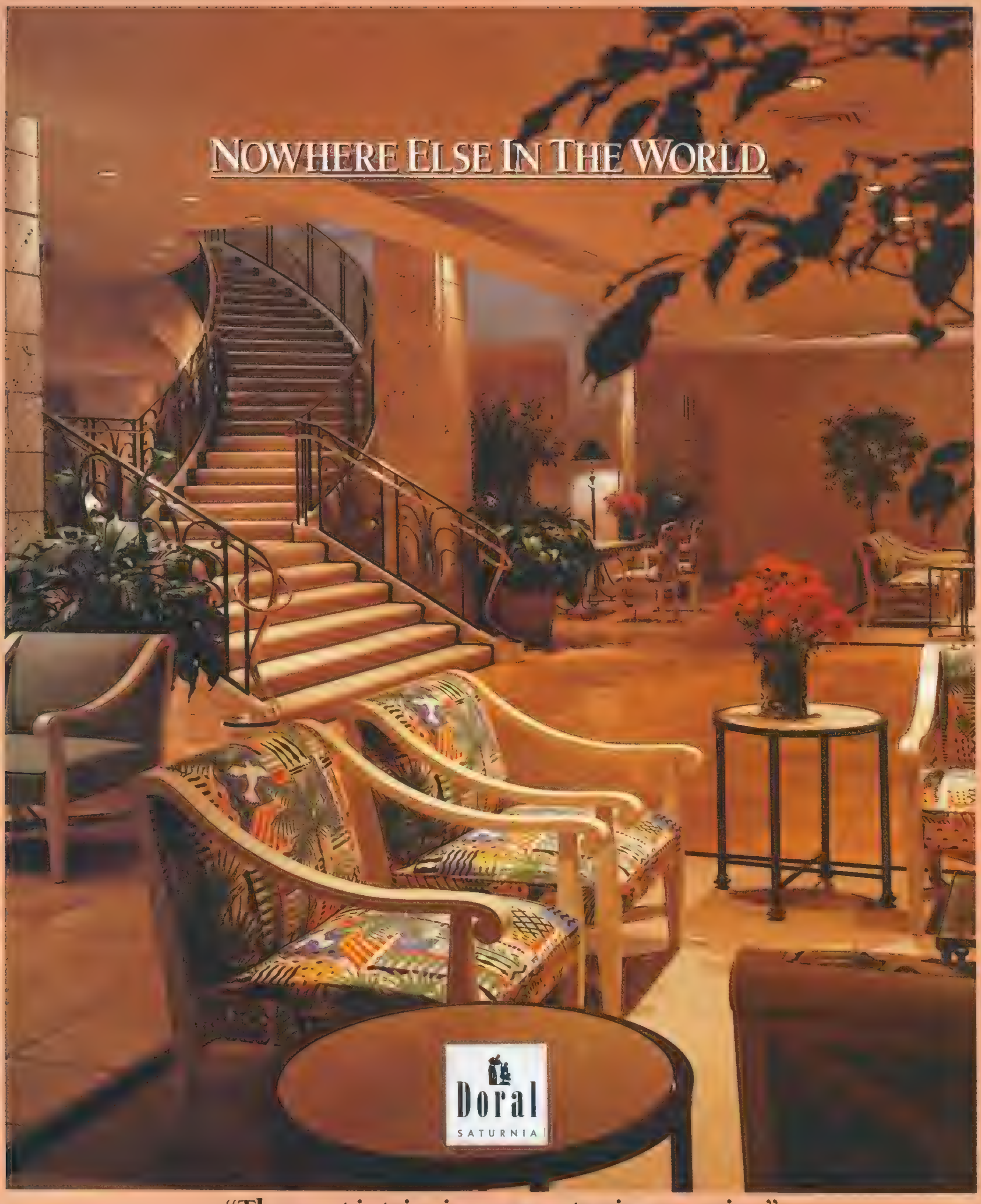
Louison Bobet followed this advice and took the cure. The story goes that the treatments halted the decalcification process that had threatened his body: In six weeks, he had regained full mobility in his legs and thrown away his crutches. With apostolic energy, Bobet henceforth dedicated his life to the science of "thalassotherapy," the curative use of seawater that had restored him to health. A few years later, Bobet and his wife opened their own oceanside spa on the southern coast of Brittany, the origins of the expanding health resort now called Institut de Thalassothérapie de Quiberon. In an ultramodern clinic flanked by two luxury hotels, ocean-water treatments perfected by the Bobets and their medical experts are now being applied to a wide variety of ailments—arthritis, obesity, sinusitis, insomnia, rheumatism—and to the general stress of contemporary life.

To make sense of the thalassotherapy cure practiced at Quiberon, spa fans may have to grasp a few important differences between French and American approaches to health: 1. Americans are obsessed with vitamins, whereas the French believe far more in the healing properties of trace elements—zinc, iodine; minerals such as magnesium, potassium, calcium; and other substances particularly abundant in the ocean. 2. In France, the yearly "cure" is not so much a luxury for the elite as a staple of middle-class French life, its costs covered by national health insurance. 3. Any therapy—so Gallic hedonism dictates—is made more effective by being pampering and pleasurable, and must avoid the exertions that typify American spas.

I stress this last point because until the fortnight I recently spent at Quiberon, the only health resort I'd visited since childhood was a California establishment where I was restricted to a diet of raw fruits and vegetables, made to jog uphill for seven miles upon sunrise, and ordered to "work through pain" in Draconian calisthenics classes. In Quiberon, my 1000 calories-a-day high-protein diet imposed by the more Spartan of the Institute's two hotels, Sofitel Diététique, was so shrewdly planned that I complained of being overfed; the exercise schedule consisted of gentle yoga and languid pool gymnastics; and it took me several days to shed the Puritan hang-up that I was not suffering enough to merit any sense of well-being.

The Quiberon Institute is set at the very tip of a narrow peninsula jutting southward from the Brittany coast, a few miles from the great megaliths of Carnac. Its cantilevered, sleekly curved, boatlike design, the savagely beautiful rocky coastline that surrounds it on three sides, the sea-view terraces adjoining each room immediately make one feel ocean-steeped. The cure begins with a medical checkup with one of the spa's six doctors, who designs a therapy program suited to each client's needs. Three consecutive hours a day are devoted to treatments, which alternate on mornings and afternoons, and the institute's computers provide each *curiste* with a minute-by-minute printout of the week's schedule. Having gone to Quiberon to remedy an arthritic spine and frequent bouts of insomnia, on a typical morning I had the following activities:

Charged with early morning zeal, I arrive at the spa's Olympic-sized pool at its 8:30 opening hour to avoid droves of lethargic French swimmers. The water, piped in from the nearby ocean, is heated year-round to 83 degrees; the pool is covered, but its immense glass *(Continued on page 182)*



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A PLEASURE SPA

(Continued from page 180)

windows open out onto a glorious sea view and dunes filled with violet gorse and yellow broom. As I finish my laps, several hundred desultory *curistes* wearing unisex bathrobes of pink terry cloth roam about the poolside on their way to treatments, staring anxiously at their plastic-encased schedule cards, which demand paramilitary punctuality. My daily kilometer swim is a self-imposed discipline dismissed as "unnecessarily strenuous" by my spa doctor, and my first required appointment is a 9:30 yoga class that I share with a half-dozen French citizens in various states of unfitness: A muscle-bound former cavalry officer who can barely touch his fingers to his knees; two panting bank clerks from Algiers come to lose weight and constantly complaining of the hunger imposed by *diététique*'s copious meals; a pretty young grocer's wife from Marseilles who is here "just to look better." Our charming young Breton teacher exhorts us in the "Franglais" prevalent in this nation's spas, ever trying to cure me of my hyperactivism: "*Trop hectic, trop de pushing, madame!*" "*Moins de forcing!*" "*Surtout pas trop de zèle!*"

The scheduling of the water therapies that follow is anything but "hectic." Few of them last more than twenty minutes, and a minimum of fifteen minutes' rest is programmed between each treatment. The first treatment is a powerful water massage administered with a hand-held hose in a tub of warm seawater. Next comes a group session of muscle-toning water gymnastics in one of the spa's six seawater *piscines*. The third marine therapy consists of a steep in a darkly turbulent, Dantesque whirlpool of even hotter ocean water (about 100° F), buoyed by several additional pounds of seaweed extract. By this time, any overactive American jock would have been calmed and pounded to a pulp, and I look forward to the most delectably passive of the day's treatments—a half hour with Monsieur M, a former medical student who is the most skilled masseur I have encountered anywhere, and who regales me with a comparative critique of American and French approaches to health.

At Quiberon, in France, passive therapy replaces the exertion of American spas

"You Americans and your exercise myths! Off to the tennis court or jogging track the minute you get to Quiberon. Don't you realize all that is a dangerous *agression* on the system, *vous êtes trop hectique là-bas, il faut arrêter le stress!*" Well surely there must be shortcomings in *French* attitudes towards health, I counter. Quite as misled in their own way, the French! Monsieur M agrees between two vigorous pummelings of my back muscles, truly *indisciplinables!* Have I noticed the grumpiness of the clients in the *diététique* hotel compared to the joyful, outgoing inhabitants of the gastronomical hotel next door? "The folk in *diététique* are depressed because they're missing their *bifteck*, their Chantilly, not to speak of their bread, butter, wine. . . . The French may die too early because they still feel that every meal must be a feast," Monsieur M finishes off with a detensing workout on my neck, "but you Spartan Anglo-Saxons die on the jogging track."

This leads me to midday and to the puzzling task of having to face a 500-calorie meal, which looks and feels larger than any lunch I've had in decades: A bowl of *moules marinières* freshly gathered from the bay; a slice of bass with a wondrous tomato *coulis*, flanked by timbales of assorted vegetable mousses; an elysian orange custard. Tonight's dinner menu already confronts me, written out on a card at my table: shrimp bisque, steamed turbot with watercress sauce, baked pears with raspberry sauce. How such twice-daily feasts could lead French dieters to depression will remain a mystery to me. The more interesting puzzle is how the *diététique's* kitchen can achieve such flavor and variety without a gram of butter, wine, flour, or any other fats or starches, particularly in their delectable air-spun sauces. Visiting one morning with the hotel's slender, personable young chefs, I learn that all their fare—whether fish, fowl, or vegetable—is steamed or poached and flavored exclusively with local herbs, retaining a phenomenally low cholesterol level. As for the secret of their equally butterless, creamless sauces, it lies in what they call the "zabaglione principle": An emulsion of eggs and water is beaten to a froth in a double boiler before being flavored by a variety of organic purees—tomato, leek, spinach, or, my favorite staple of *diététique's* cooking, a seaweed extract that creates a delectable green fish sauce.

During my free hours in Brittany I walked off the ever-filling 500-calorie meals on the dunes and moors that stretch for miles on either side of the seacoast or biked the two-mile distance to the lovely town of Quiberon to have tea and browse in bookstores. Or else I brought my reading to the spa's *zone de silence*, an ample, sheltered terrace where no talking is allowed. I also took the sun on the noisier terrace that flanks the swimming pool and eavesdropped on accounts of different *(Continued on page 184)*

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A PLEASURE SPA

(Continued from page 182)

citizens' needs for therapy. There were two eighteen-year-old schoolgirls who tended to have a few colds during the school year and saw the Quiberon cure as a necessity to "fortify ourselves against the winter"; there were many perfect-bodied young couples who had simply come "to detoxify and perform better at the office"; there were serious dieters who were shedding eight, ten pounds on the young chefs' exquisite cooking; and there was an occasional glimpse of Yannick Noah, immensely tall and beautiful in his baby-pink bathrobe. Like many other French tennis players, Noah takes the Quiberon cure every few months, having found it is a miraculous remedy for the ailments that can plague professional athletes.

The athlete who founded Quiberon, Louison Bobet, died in 1981 of a brain cancer. Bobet's former wife Marie-José, who had been his helpmate in promoting the science of thalassotherapy, was made director of the entire Quiberon enterprise in 1977. A beautiful and impressively intelligent blond with a courteous, convent-bred manner, she looks twenty years younger than she must be and is a walking advertisement for her establishment. Her words about the sea cure that she has perfected for over twenty years sum up most aptly the considerable difference between our two cultures' attitudes towards the body: "We are interested in long-range effects," she said, "and we don't believe that harsh, intensive treatments can have lasting results. We only trust in gentle, progressive therapies that do not shock the body through any radical change. The yearly cure is an integral part of French culture and is seen here as a continuum of everyday life.

"How much easier it would be to run a spa in Germany, Great Britain, or the United States," she added, "with your love of hard exercise and harsh disciplines, your delight in fasting on 200 calories a day! But cures, like art, reflect a nation's civilization."

Madame Bobet also spoke of starting a Quiberon-style establishment in the United States. I offered my best wishes for this enterprise, wondering whether the tradition of *"Luxe, Calme et Volupté"* intrinsic to all areas of French life could be adapted to our Spartan views of health. The following winter, I began to hope that the more hedonistic Gallic approach would eventually prevail. For, compared to the four-week high of a California spa, I felt the gentler, more enduring benefits of Quiberon for a good six months of the following year.

Specifics: The Institute of Thalassotherapy is open year-round, Mondays through Saturdays, except in January. Telephone: 97-50-20-00. The standard cure lasts twelve days. Quiberon can be reached from Paris by train (station stop: Auray) or by Air Inter, which has flights at least twice a day to Lorient, forty-five minutes from Quiberon. ▽

Underground classic

The year was 1969.

People were tiring of Pop Art, Op Art, psychedelia and the Summer of Love.

The fashion underground was talking about a new fragrance which had just surfaced quietly in Paris. And the knowledgeable few were snapping it up.

It was fresh but not flowery. Utterly clean yet oddly seductive. It had what the French call "presence."

Today, years later, it's still very much with us.

It flourishes in spite of minimal fanfare and an advertising budget that wouldn't keep Colette in stickpins.

It's a classic, durable as the prose of Proust, the images of Griffith, the cut of a Poiret gown.

And classics don't need million-dollar hype. Just women of impeccable taste.

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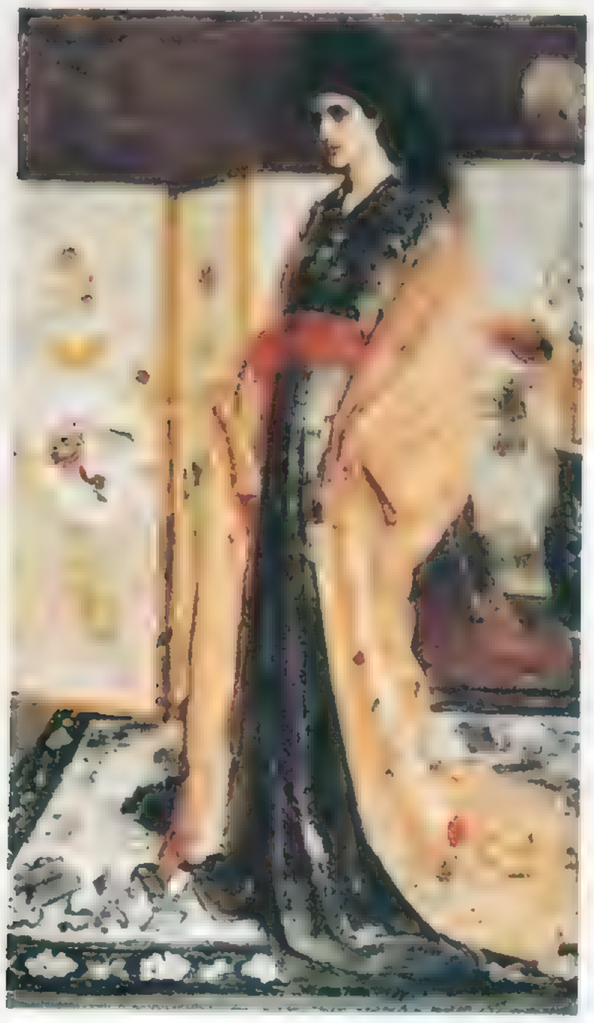
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

books



PICTURE THIS! The most beautiful books of the year

By ELLEN WILLIAMS

Art publishers keep churning out glossy books on the all-time favorites, but they have also begun producing volumes on artists whose work may seem strange, deliberately unbeautiful, even intimidating. Here, some of the best from both camps:

Perfect for traditionalists, *Whistler*, by John Walker (Abrams), is part catalog, part biography of the quintessential society painter who, responding to praise for his now-famous portrait of his mother, noted: "Yes, one does like to make one's mummy as nice as possible." Douglas Skeggs, in the delightful *River of Light: Monet's Impressions of the Seine* (Knopf), focuses on the artist's life along the serpentine river—the places that Monet loved and immortalized on canvas. But it is the splendid *Matisse: Rhythm and Line*, by Maurice and Jacqueline Guillaud (Clarkson N. Potter), that is the art book of the year—with over 275 magnificent full-page color illustrations and a text compiled from the artist's own words.

Brancusi (Abrams) boasts a scholarly introduction by Pontus Hulten and over six hundred reproductions of the sculptures, the lesser-known gouaches, and photographs by Brancusi of his Parisian studio.

In *Stuart Davis* (Abbeville), Karen Wilkin proves that all the important strides toward modernism weren't made by Europeans alone. Davis' vigorous abstractions—brashly colored syncopated landscapes—are *(Continued on page 188)*

Clockwise from top left: Whistler, "La Princesse du pays de la porcelaine"; Matisse, "Liseuse sur fond noir"; Davis, "Little Giant Still Life"; Brancusi, self-portrait in his studio; Anonymous "Read It, The Journal Samolet"; Monet, "Studio Boat at Argenteuil."

Details, last pages

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Inspired by exotic wind-blown sandscapes and enchanted desert oases, the new Wrangler Sahara Edition is bound to impress any contemporary 4WD aficionado. This stylized version of the ever-so-popular Jeep Wrangler features everything the Jeep legend is famous for, as well as special khaki Trail-cloth seating, tastefully accented in tan, and matching khaki carpeting. Exterior embellishments include a choice of khaki or coffee paint treatments, a khaki-color soft top, color-coordinated spoker wheels and fender flares, fog lamps, unique tape striping and decal accents, and a color-keyed spare tire cover that proudly displays the official Sahara logo. The new Jeep Wrangler Sahara Edition. It's destined to be the stylish way to get around for today's fashionable desert fox.

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PRODUCTS FROM CHRYSLER

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT BOOKS

(Continued from page 186)

unmistakably American. The vivid letter-strewn graphics compiled by Mikhail Anikst in *Soviet Commercial Design of the Twenties* (Abbeville) provide a Russian counterpoint.

Exemplary of the more esoteric of contemporary art is *Cy Twombly*, edited by Harald Szeemann (Prestel), an elegant book that makes accessible the complex language of an artist who is at once an abstractionist and automatist, a symbolist and expressionist. *Ellsworth Kelly: Works on Paper* (Abrams), by Diane Upright, is the catalogue to a traveling exhibition of the artist's most personal works—sketches, collages, watercolors, as well as Kelly's own photographs.

New, Used & Improved: Art in the 80s (Abbeville), by Peter Frank and Michael McKenzie, takes a sideways glance at street art, fun art, performance art, and downtown-club-scene art. Works by Robert Longo, Cindy Sherman, Keith Haring, Mark Kostabi, and more illustrate this sometimes serious, sometimes tongue-in-cheek art history of the very recent past.

There's no irony in this year's large number of sleek volumes on jewelry. Two brought out by Rizzoli, *American Jewelry: Glamour and Tradition*, by Penny Proddow and Debra Healy, and *Van Cleef & Arpels*, by Sylvie Raulet, contain page after page of precious stones, baubles, and trinkets. Of particular interest to royal-watchers are *The Queen's Jewels*, by Leslie Field (Abrams), for the real things, and *The Jewels of the Duchess of Windsor*, by John Culme and Nicholas Rayner (Vendome Press), for would-be-queen Wallis Simpson's costly consolation prizes. (The Duchess most talked about today, Sarah Ferguson, was the acquisitions editor of *Palace of Westminster* [Burton-Skira]—an illustrated history of the Thames landmark, with an introduction by Margaret Thatcher and text by the late Sir Robert Cooke.)

Jewelry by Architects, by Barbara Radice (Rizzoli), is the most novel of the jewelry group with dozens of small-scale postmodern creations designed by such figures as Arata Isozaki, Michael Graves, Richard Meier, and Paolo Portoghesi. *All That Glitters: The Glory of Costume Jewelry*, by Jody Shields (Rizzoli), celebrates in great style the best of *faux*.

This season there's even art on a budget: the Vintage Contemporary Series (Random House)—at about ten dollars each—debuts with *Francesco Clemente*, *Eric Fischl*, *Robert Rauschenberg*, and *David Salle*.

("Books" continued on page 190)

Jewelry is hot this year—
from Wally Simpson's to small-scale
postmodern creations by architects

Clockwise from top left: Twombly, "Pan"; Kelly, "Corn"; Kostabi, "The History of Architecture Descending a Staircase"; Portoghesi, ring of gold and sapphires; Anonymous "Portrait of Richard II."

Details, last pages

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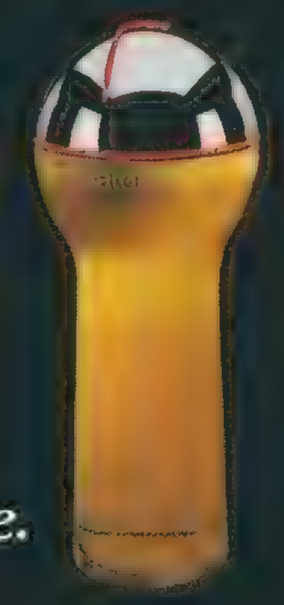

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT BOOKS

(Continued from page 188)

Reading John Fante's "Ask the Dust," which was published shortly before this picture was taken in 1940, was, for one critic, like finding "gold in the city dump."

FORGOTTEN SON OF THE LOST GENERATION

Though now being compared to Hemingway, Faulkner, Steinbeck, and Dos Passos, John Fante was ignored during his lifetime. Here, a heartfelt appreciation—and a rediscovery—of one of the premier American writers of this century

BY BOB SHACOCHIS

Were Caesar a man of letters, Mark Antony may well have eulogized that whatever it is that writers do that lives after them (debts, faded press clippings, disillusioned heirs), their books are oft interred with their bones. So it is not merely ironic and sad but rare and wonderful to see the pattern reversed, the shroud of neglect lifted, as it has for the Italian-American novelist, story- and screenwriter John Fante.

Thanks to Los Angeles writer Charles Bukowski, a fanatic fan, and John Martin, publisher of Black Sparrow Press, Fante has been rediscovered and handsomely reappraised. Indeed, since Fante's death four years ago, a growing community of critics has argued that this virtually unknown writer of the 1930s and '40s is one of the premier American writers of the century, forgotten blue-chip stock in the nation's portfolio of literary wealth. His work, they suggest, deserves consideration alongside that of his contemporaries, Hemingway and Faulkner (a pal of Fante's when they were hacking for the Hollywood studios), Fitzgerald and Nathanael West, Steinbeck and Dos Passos. Chandler and Saroyan, at the very least.

The enthusiasm for Fante is legitimate, even if the push for literary canonization is perhaps romanticized. His work deserves to be preserved among the voices of his day—for the singular flavor of the lives it speaks for, his vision of a bygone world, and that vision's influence *(Continued on page 192)*

PHOTO NICOLA DILL /ADV BANKS-SHAND, LOS ANGELES

A Study in Style

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT BOOKS

(Continued from page 190)

Mugging in 1932—the year H.L. Mencken published Fante's first story

on the here and now.

Although Fante's mark on his own generation was negligible, his prescience of the literary culture of the 'eighties is, in retrospect, astounding. By comparison, the writing of Faulkner and the other luminaries in the modern pantheon seems blunted, sanitized, encased in glass, while Fante's seems immediate, active, and alive; he is the bridge between the emotional recklessness of the lost generation and our currently cool, if embattled, American spirit.

Fante wrote about life in Los Angeles like a fallen angel—full of torn grace and redemptive vengeance, dizzy with a flickering love for the fast, busted, striving world of the streets. His voice was that of a smart-aleck Sherwood Anderson and an unschooled Henry Miller. He refined the gut-churning, blue-collar, deadpan timbre that is now the trademark of Raymond Carver, but he gambled more on his feelings. His sentences spurted with riffs of energy and lyrical passion, predating the Beats; or bit with the satirical wryness that the black humorists—Terry Southern, J.P. Donleavy, the Philip Roth of *Portnoy's Complaint*—would later adopt. Indeed, the embryo of much that we mislabel original and startling in contemporary fiction is there in Fante's work, and his legacy vibrates throughout the literature of the 'eighties (Carver, Ford, Janowitz, Boyle, Mason, McInerney, Ellis, *et al.*), though you won't find his beneficiaries lining up to make a claim.

That's how life as a writer was for John Fante. He was a manual laborer of the word, a champion of native intelligence. Much of the time he might as well have been a shadow where vitality existed despite the absence of light, an undeterred presence telegraphing our character into the future.

Compared to Fante, Faulkner seems blunted and sanitized

His career, however, didn't start out that way. Freud said that we are motivated by our need for love and recognition, and Fante was teased early on by a heady blast of both. But then, in his later years, he received precious little of either as a writer.

John Fante was born in Colorado in 1909 to working-class Italian parents—his stonemason father a wine-guzzling immigrant; his mother Christ-struck, martyred by her husband's pride. After an early indoctrination in parochial school, he went on to board with the Jesuits for a higher education in right and wrong (and the guilt such knowledge entertains), a move that guaranteed Fante a lifetime's fascination with Catholicism. Ambitious, restless, seduced by possibilities, he bailed out of the University of Colorado and headed west, certain he would beat the odds and make it as a writer.

And he did, almost overnight, transubstantiating his childhood and adolescence—his family life, baseball, the small town beneath snowy mountains on the edge of the Depression, the punk-wise priests and severe nuns, vagrancy, the pain of ethnic discrimination, his initiation into the rituals of the Church—into stories, and the stories sold. By 1933, he was receiving front-page acclaim in the Los Angeles *Examiner*, with an item ornamented with a celebrity-making photograph of a female customer "casting admiring glances" upon the twenty-four-year-old author/busboy in the lunchroom where he worked. The story reported that the young Fante *(Continued on page 202)*

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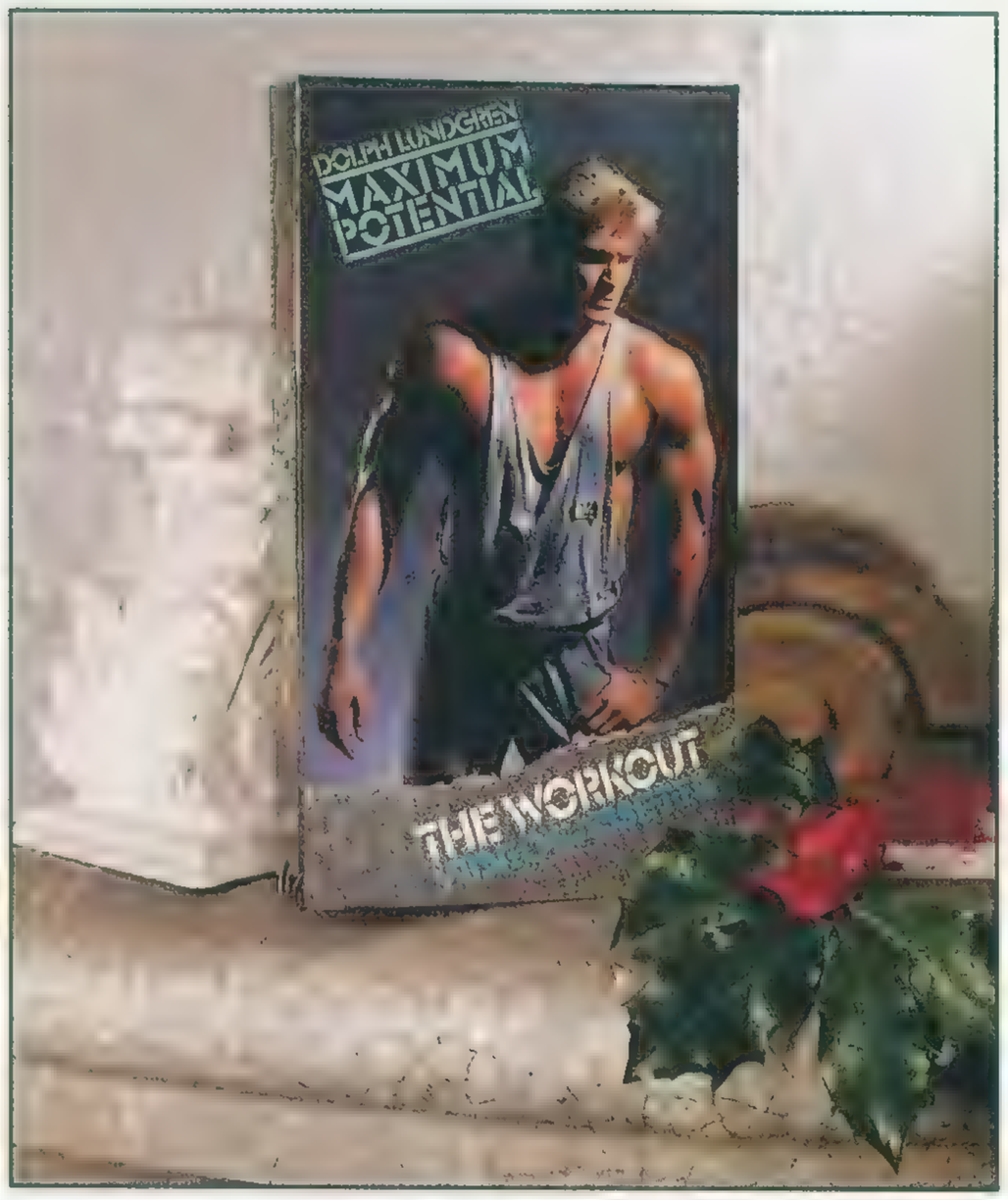

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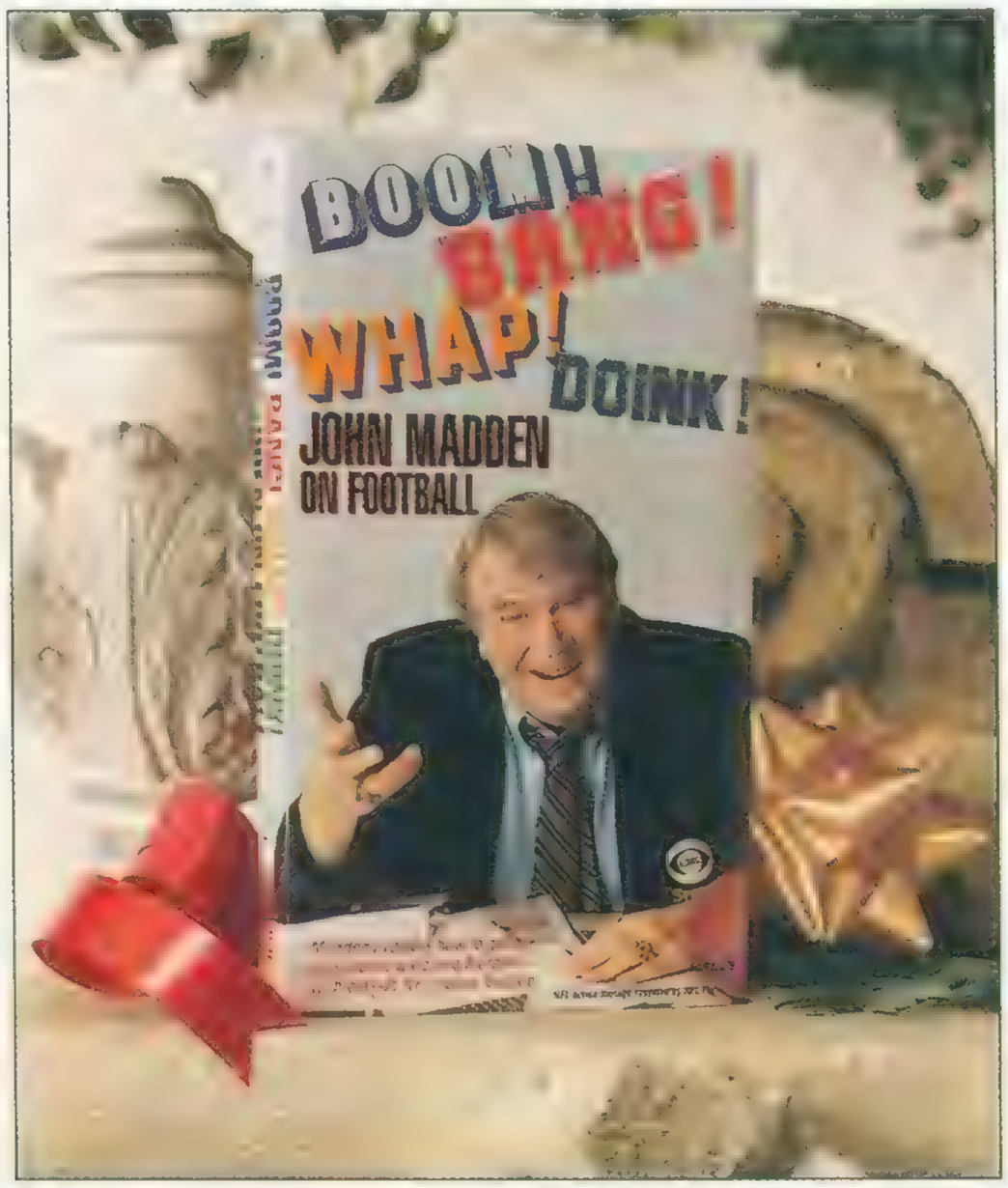

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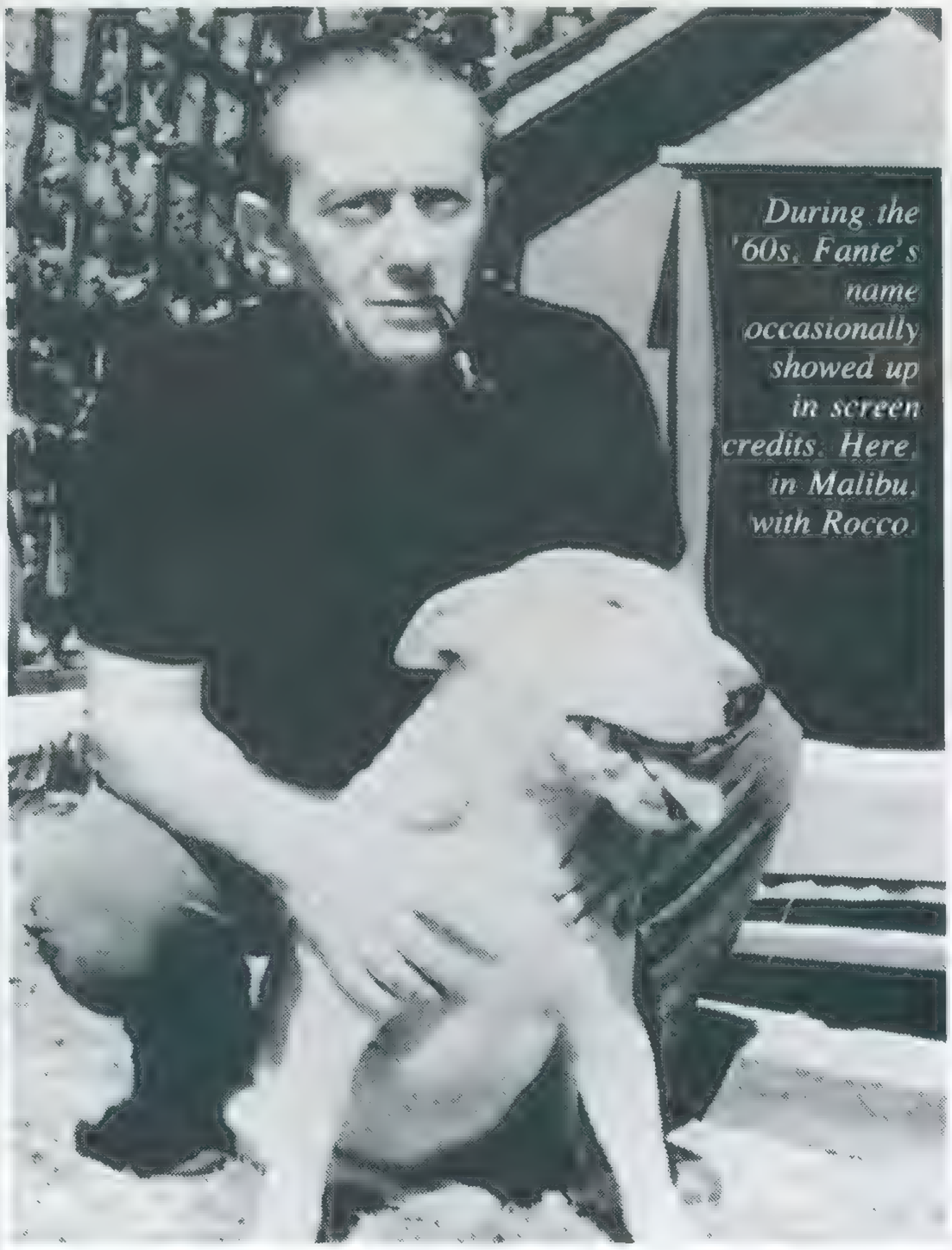
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT BOOKS

(Continued from page 192)



During the '60s, Fante's name occasionally showed up in screen credits. Here, in Malibu, with Rocco.

had just signed a contract with Knopf, which had given him and $450 to complete a novel.

It had been H.L. Mencken who had published Fante's first story in *The American Mercury* in 1932. Mencken became Fante's mentor, exchanging correspondence, advising, promoting, helping the boy-wonder land the contract with Knopf. By now, Fante was spellbound by Los Angeles, infatuated by how well he was inventing his life-as-an-artist there. He conceived the flagship character of his four decades of fiction: Arturo Gabriel Bandini, his alter ego, a teenage firecracker of narcissism and appetite, sometimes innocent, many times naïve, often just plain sophomoric, reading (but not understanding) Nietzsche, bouncing from job to humiliating job, masturbating in the closet of the apartment where he shared with his mother and sister. But this early Bandini—intriguing for his brash lusts, repellent for his tantrums and sadistic cruelty—never served a greater cause than himself and his interior world, a place where writing conquered all and earned unlimited forgiveness.

Fante dragged on with the manuscript, entitled *The Road to Los Angeles*, and three years later, Knopf backed out of the deal—too provocative, too disturbing. (The book was published only in 1985.) But the rejection didn't slow Fante down. His imagination was entangled with Bandini, and he would make him or his understudies the centerpiece of most of his fiction.

Fante's debut as a novelist, *Wait Until Spring, Bandini*, was published in 1938. He had the sense to back away from L.A. and introduce Bandini in an environment that had already proven artistically successful—growing up in Colorado during hard times, learning to comprehend a no-account father and a victimized mother.

Bukowski compared reading Fante's next book, *Ask the Dust* (1939, 1980), to finding "gold in the city dump," and it is indeed extraordinary, a fully realized portrait of what it was like to be young, broke,

(Continued on page 210)

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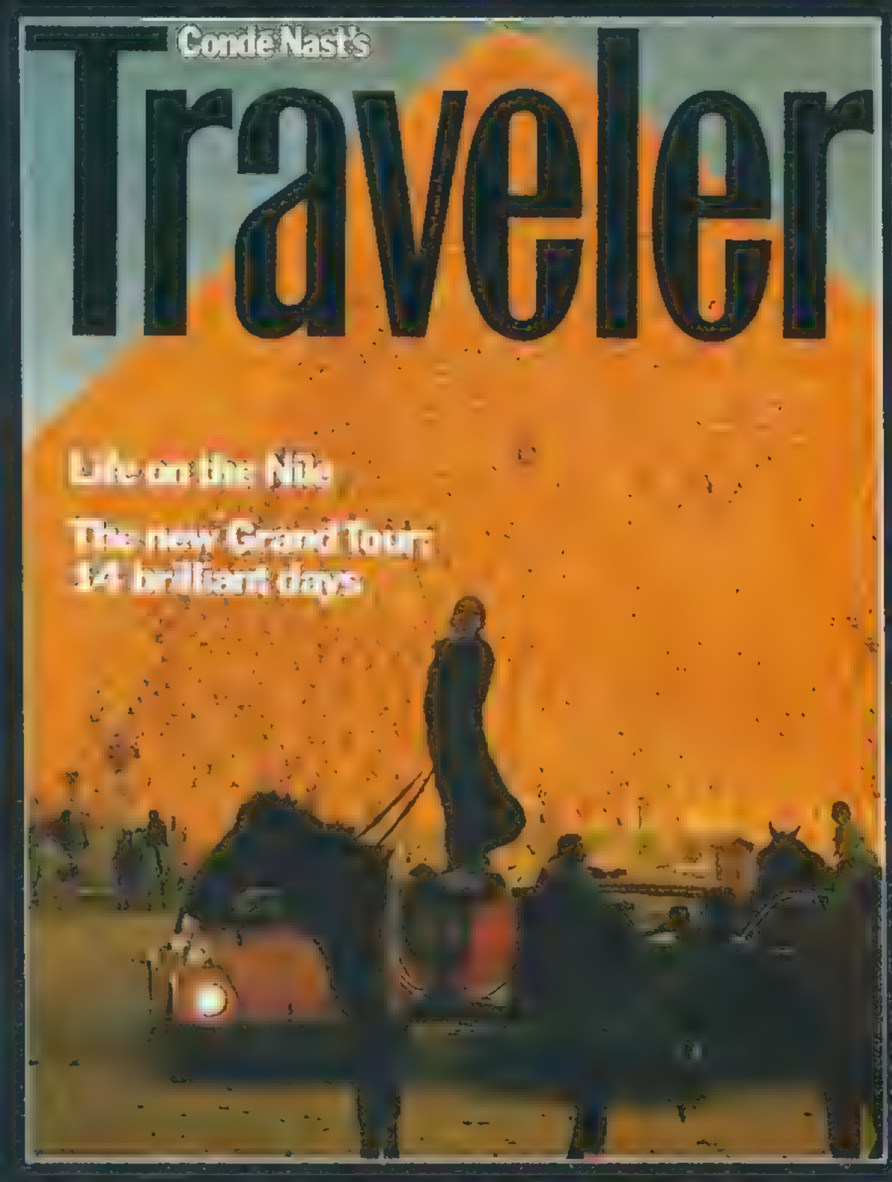

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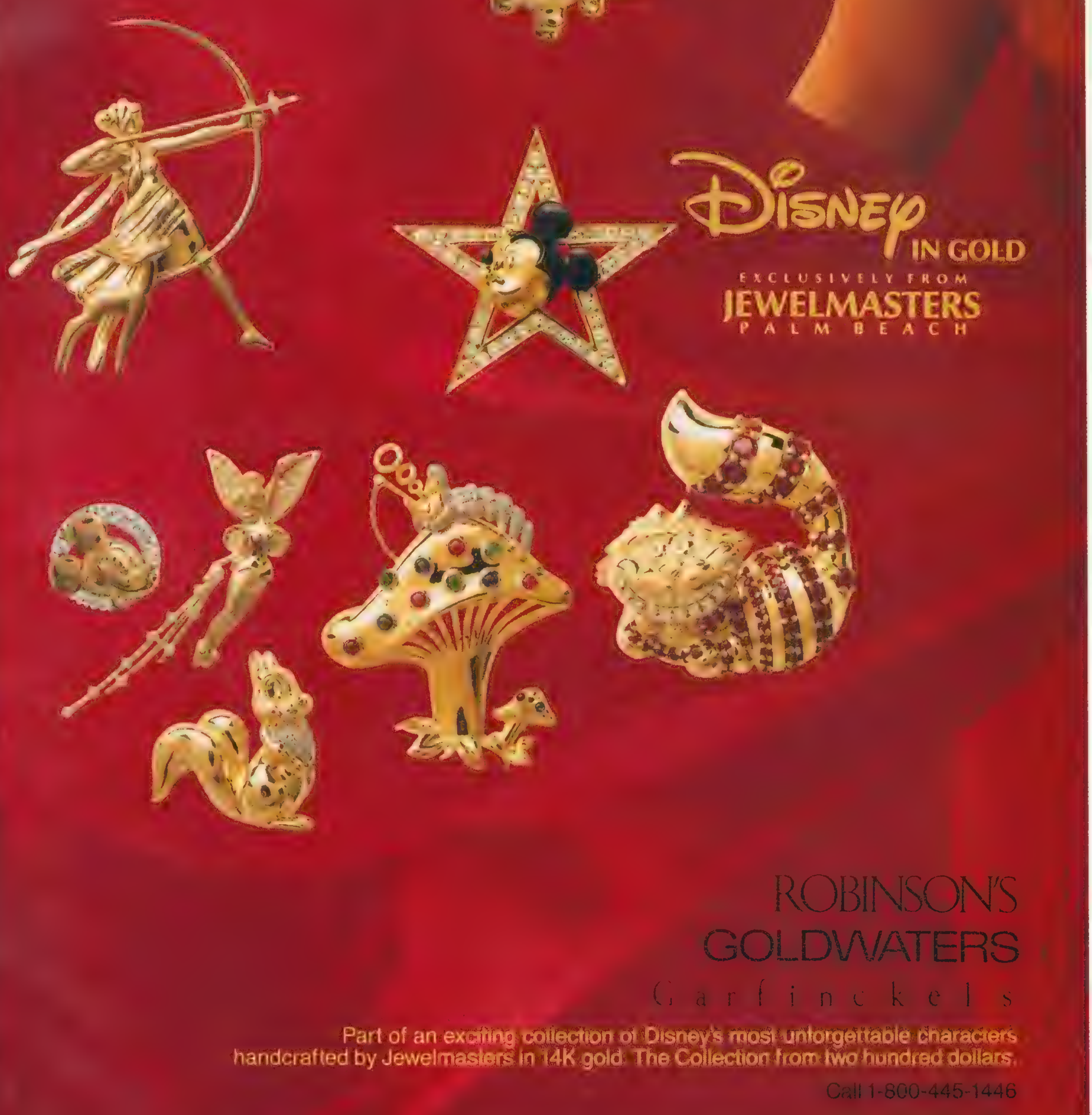

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT BOOKS

(Continued from page 202)

talented, and overwhelmed with love of experience; of being struck mad by Los Angeles; of having the "cellophane of virginity" ripped from body and soul; of being turned inside out by a woman named Camilla, a neurotic Mexican waitress who teaches you (1) everything is possible, and (2) nothing is possible. People who remember the L.A. of the 'thirties say *Ask the Dust* captures the city and its textures like no book written before or since.

1939 was a tough year, however, to be a literary contender. *The Grapes of Wrath* and *The Day of the Locust* both appeared that year, and despite critical praise, *Ask the Dust* was ignored by the public, as was West's book. Not enough luck and no sound from the noise machine. Fante became stereotyped as an ethnic writer, and his publisher, the tiny Stackpole Books, blew what might have been his advertising budget in a losing battle with Adolf Hitler over an unauthorized edition of *Mein Kampf*.

Dago Red, a collection of short fiction, was published in 1940 (and reissued by Black Sparrow as part of *The Wine of Youth* in 1985), but Fante, at thirty-one, was no longer the kid who was going to make it big. He began a family and paid his bills by making his talent available to the movies. His novel *Full of Life* was made into a successful movie, but it seemed to mark the end of his days as a fiction writer. Twenty-five years of literary isolation passed, his contribution occasionally mentioned in screen credits.

Nevertheless, while Hollywood supported him, Fante continued to create fiction. Two more novels were published during his life: *Brotherhood of the Grape* (1977) and *Dreams from Bunker Hill* (1982), which he dictated to his wife after diabetes blinded him. *Dreams* completed the Bandini saga. The egocentric writer is now quasi-upscale, at the top of the bottom, drawing outrageous checks from a Hollywood mogul who has him sitting around all day; engaged in an affair with a woman his mother's age and sharing a house with an intellectually castrated colleague; still callow, still a vulnerable fool, bragging to the people back home; sitting on the cusp of dignity and salvation even as he pisses into the bowl of dreams.

1933 Was a Bad Year came out in 1985, followed last year by a pair of novellas under the title *West of Rome*. *1933* describes the exploits of a teenage southpaw, aspiring to the big leagues, big love, big recognition. His father, a bricklayer, seeking to preempt this Bandini prototype's road to failure, wants him to pick up a trowel instead of a ball glove. His mother's response is to pray.

The New Yorker called *1933* a "stunning short novel," and it is. Fante's two novellas, though, "My Dog Stupid" and "The Orgy," are what converted me forever into the Fante fold. "The Orgy" is an outright classic, a father-and-son confrontation staged at a defunct gold mine, complicated by an atheist partner and a floozy who doesn't mind working outdoors. "My Dog Stupid" expresses the grief-laced fullness of a life traveled far, overcoming much, yet lacking some haunting intangible essence—in this instance represented by the mysterious arrival of a huge, obnoxiously independent, aggressively male dog. The narrator—we may as well call him Bandini—lives with his wife in Malibu and drives a Porsche, used to write scripts but has trouble lately finding work, wants to escape to Rome to clean up his head and heart, has grown-up children who are sort of uncaring jerks . . . a man who adopts this strange dog and, worse, condones his beastly behavior even though the animal threatens his marriage, the thin bond with his children, the peace of the neighborhood. The story and its telling are superb, glaringly superior to the majority of domestic mush published today.

John Fante signed his name on American literature in the ink of rueful perseverance, which is the signature of the integrity of the common man. I wish he were alive to show us the future, but I'll settle for what he generously gave us already in the best of his work—a pure and lucid preview of ourselves before we began to discredit our past and become our own clichés.

Bob Shacochis, *the author of "Easy in the Islands" (Penguin), is working on a novel.*

VOGUE, December, 1987

GREY FLANNEL suits any man

LORD & TAYLOR

NEW-AGE COCKTAILS

Score one for the yuppies: evenings no longer start with white wine—drinking has gone postmodern

BY LEE BAILEY

This is a test: A nice-looking somebody says to you, "How would you like a little Sex on the Beach?" Would you, (*a*) ignore the vulgarian, (*b*) reply coolly, "I beg your pardon," or (*c*) counter, "I'd rather a French Kiss, if it's all the same to you."

If your answer was any variation of (*a*) or (*b*), that means you, like me, are hopelessly out of step cocktail-wise. For Sex on the Beach and French Kiss are both examples from the welter of new cocktails being downed nightly, and even at noon, by a fresh generation of drinkers.

Apparently, while I've been innocently sipping my old reliable Scotch and soda these last few years, a groundswell of discontent was forming against the likes of my fogey drinking preference and all that boring white wine we've been subjected to lately. This new direction was foreshadowed over a decade ago by the Kir—white wine and cassis—and other precious little drinks served before those precious little *cuisine minceur* meals, but I suppose we weren't quite ready to read the message.

As far as I can make out, these New Age concoctions are to the Martini roughly what postmodern architecture is to Manhattan's classic Seagram building. Let me explain.

It must have been in the early 'thirties that what could be called stylish drinking really came of age in America. You remember those marvelous old black-and-white screwball comedies that invariably featured at least one scene where the playboy and his dewy-eyed date went out on the town. A montage of flashing nightclub signs, drinks being poured from rakish silver shakers—and then he is brought down to earth the next morning in some sleek white bedroom, when the maid heedlessly throws back the heavy curtains and rouses him with blinding sunlight (Manhattan skyline glimpsed beyond the terrace). The ice pack. The ignored breakfast tray. The noxious hangover cure. How sweet, how innocently decadent.

Next there was World War II to be won with rum and Coca-Cola. And when everyone got back home and became the parents of the current crop of serpent's teeth, tradition took over. There was a lot of bourbon and Scotch on the rocks and, to take us through the summers, gin, ultimately unseated by vodka. That's about when I stopped paying attention.

Of course, minor rebellions occurred from time to time. Who can ever forget the Harvey Wallbanger—vodka and orange juice, with a Galliano float? Or what about the charming and baroque Sloe Comfortable Screw Against the Wall—layered sloe gin, Southern Comfort, vodka, and orange juice, with the ubiquitous Galliano float? But even these couldn't make a dent during the barren dry-white-wine years.

Now the generation that rediscovered the silver Art Deco cocktail shaker is discovering what goes into it. Moreover, they are doing it their way. And they aren't kidding around. Unwritten rules of the game are emerging, to wit: The drink should be complicated, and all the ingredients should be expensive. At least one ingredient should be super-sweet; exotic liqueurs are welcomed, even prized. Finally, one has to come up with a name that's suggestive if not raunchy, to symbolize liberation, I guess. Many sound like drinks you could enjoy only in the privacy of your home. How could you order a Fuzzy Navel—peach schnapps, orange juice, and vodka—in public?

Enough history. Here, from my research, is a sampling of these New Age cocktails: Sex on the Beach (one part peach schnapps, one part cranberry juice, one part orange juice, two parts vodka); French Kiss (two parts Amaretto, one part vodka, topped with cream); Slippery Nipple (Sambuca or anisette, Bailey's Irish Cream floated on top, a drop of Grenadine for the "nipple"); Passionate Screw (one part La Grande Passion liqueur, one part vodka, three parts orange juice); Sloe Passionate Screw (one part La Grande Passion, one part sloe gin, one part vodka, three parts orange juice).

And then there are the blue drinks: the Blue Margarita (regular Margarita with Blue Curaçao instead of Triple Sec); Blue Whale (three parts lemonade, two parts vodka, one part Blue Curaçao); Blue Lui (splash of pineapple juice and sour mix, two parts light and one part dark rum, two parts Blue Curaçao, Myers dark rum floated on top).

If these drinks seem less than appealing, hold on: there's another side to all this. Every new fad—no matter how crazy or extreme it might seem on arrival—heralds that it's time for change. After all, many of us eat differently these days, so why shouldn't we drink differently, too?

Even I seem to be changing. During the summer, a friend came to my country house. She brought several bottles of Perrier Jouët Fleur Champagne (my favorite) and a bottle of clear-pink peach eau de vie called Pêche Mignon—a scant jigger of which, when added to a tall glass of icy Champagne with a dash of cassis, produced a sublime drink. An updated version of the Bellini (Champagne with peach nectar), which I think I'll call a Pink Diamond Bellini.

Will I loosen my grip on the trusty Scotch bottle? Probably not entirely, but who knows. Stay tuned, there's fun ahead.

Lee Bailey *is a consultant to Saks Fifth Avenue; his latest book is "Lee Bailey's Good Parties."*

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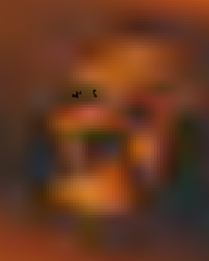

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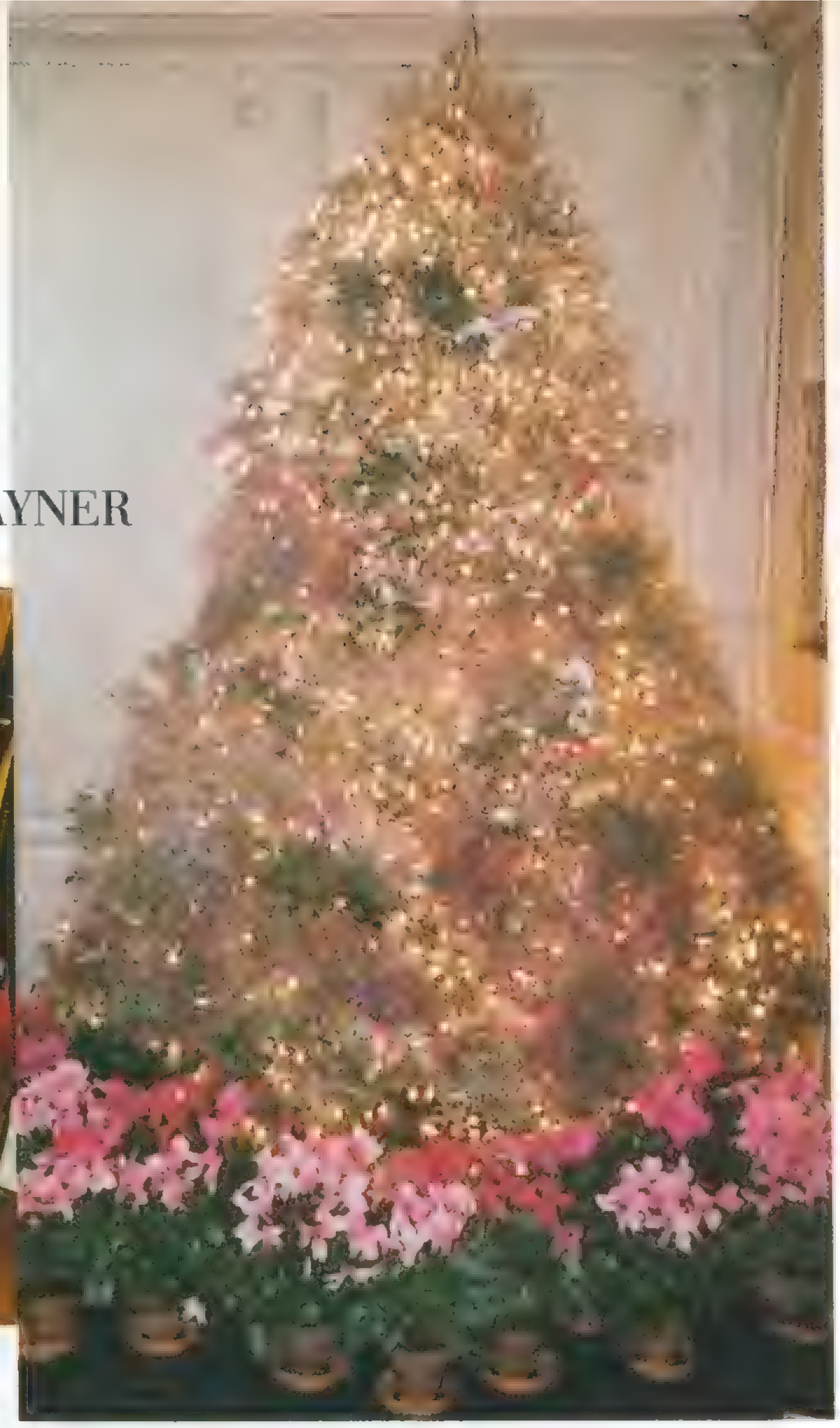
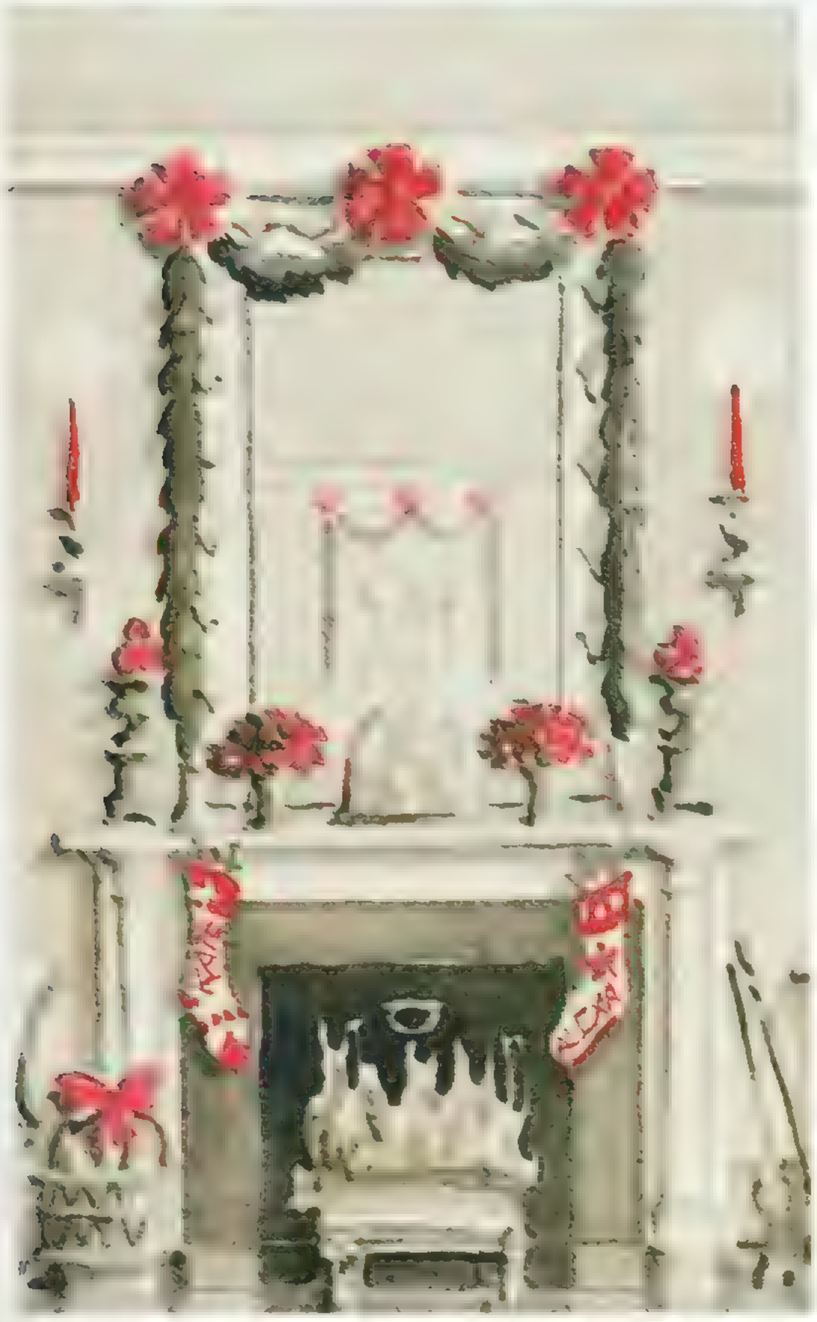
ENTERTAINING

'Twas the bite before Christmas . . .

BY WILLIAM AND CHESBROUGH RAYNER



After the children are in bed: a table set for supper, above, with Champagne, Tiffany trimmings. Right: The Wilsons' tree



At the Mark Hamptons': red anemones; velvet rosettes from a White House Christmas the decorator did years ago

Not every child knows that St. Nicholas came from a small town named Myra on the southern coast of Turkey, or that he's credited with restoring to life three boys who had been chopped up and pickled by a butcher. And I daresay not many care as long as he gets the job done on Christmas Eve. For children, Christmas Eve is not a time to dwell on facts.

For adults, it is a time to gather family and friends and to celebrate. Some, such as Liz Mezzacappa, president of the Association in Manhattan for Autistic Children, prefer to have a small dinner, a tradition that goes back to her childhood in Australia. She decks out her round table with a small Christmas tree decorated with miniature silver pears and apples and surrounded by red candles. Next to each person's place is a party cracker from Harrods, filled with a gift and a paper hat. But what really distinguishes her dinner is the dessert: a Christmas pudding that contains sixpence and shillings, served with a hard sauce and presumably a magnet.

For Josie and Thornton Wilson, Christmas Eve is like a great open house. Flocks of friends and their children drop by to sip Champagne or punch, raid the enormous groaning board of a buffet, and watch the ships sail by on the steel-colored East River below. Last year, to liven things up, Josie invited a chimpanzee named Zippy, who appeared in a Santa costume, took one look at the guests (some of whom were dressed for the opera), promptly disappeared into an oversize dollhouse, and changed into evening clothes himself. Zippy proved to be something of a yuppie.

Connecticut is the place where Bill Blass likes to spend the holidays. He asks his neighbors to join him for Christmas Eve dinner—simple fare like turkey and ham, baked potatoes, and a hearty Burgundy, guaranteed to make an early evening of it. When Bill first moved to the country, he would buy eight to ten large yews, with roots balled in burlap, to place in the corners of his drawing room, and they would give off the most marvelous aroma. Later, the trees would be planted in the garden.

Recently, though, he has taken to putting up the largest fir tree his dining room will accommodate and decorating it with lights concealed in pink clam shells. On Christmas Eve, his two fires are aglow with Yule logs, his golden retrievers curled up in front, and the house is awash with nothing but white flowers. To top things off, every year it seems to snow right on schedule. According to Casey Ribicoff, when you enter Bill's eighteenth-century stone house on a blustery Christmas Eve, you expect to see Santa's elves "come out of the walls."

Top left: JEFF MCNAMARA. Top right: THORNTON WILSON; Christmas tree by Mario, NYC. Bottom: MARK HAMPTON

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FOOD IN VOGUE

Le Cirque—a great restaurant gets even better. . . Great and lavish gifts. BY BARBARA KAFKA

Le Cirque tour de force: pear filled with cassis sorbet and Bavarian cream, set on cassis sauce

For a great restaurant, the most death-defying act is changing to a new chef; many restaurants have died because a chef left or retired. Sirio Maccioni's Le Cirque (58 East 65th Street, NYC; 212/794-9292), a surprising restaurant in that it has both chic people and good food, has managed this high-wire act twice and lived to tell the tale. The first time was in 1978, when Jean Vergnes, Sirio's original partner and chef, left to start another restaurant. Vergnes was replaced by Alain Sailhac, and success continued unabated. Now, Sailhac has gone to the refurbished "21" Club. Le Cirque has replaced him in turn with Daniel Boulud, formerly of New York City's Plaza Athénée and the Polo at the Westbury Hotel. (Boulud's French background is even more glamorous, including stints with Michel Guérard, Roger Vergé, and Georges Blanc.)

Since Le Cirque is one of my favorite restaurants, one with elegance and perfect service, I was worried about the change and went to see what had happened. I found that the superb Sirio has pulled off a triumph again. The restaurant's long-time favorites, such as the crème brûlée, the artichokes barigoule, and the pasta primavera, have remained marvelous. I think, in fact, that the artichokes have become lighter and more savory.

There are new dishes that show how Sirio's fine Italian inspiration combines with his chef's classic French training. Such a dish is the black sea bass in Barolo. A whole bass is skinned and boned, then wrapped in the thinnest possible slices of potato and gently sautéed; it is served with a rich sauce of fish broth, shallots, Barolo, and, of course, a bit of butter. Boulud's dishes are delicious, innovative, and beautiful. He is a brilliant success.

Part of Boulud's achievement is owed to a very strong supporting staff. The pastry chef, Markus Farbinger, is a genius who has won his native Austria's award as best pastry chef. Farbinger's poached pear filled with cassis Bavarian cream and cassis sorbet, set on a field of vanilla cream and cassis sauce, is a tour de force. I tasted the best chestnut dessert I have ever had: layers of snow-white meringue lavished with miraculously smooth chestnut butter cream.

We can all go back to Le Cirque happy. Things are better than ever.

I have fallen in love with what is virtually a child's toy. It comes from the people at Donvier, who have revolutionized home ice-cream making by producing an inexpensive machine that whips up health-defying goodies or sober sorbets. I must say that I cling to my large electric ice cream maker; but to make one or two portions requires too much cleaning to be worthwhile. Now, Donvier has come along with a thirteen dollar mini-machine that makes one cup of ice cream and has an adorable Santa Bear on its plastic outside wall. (The Donvier also comes in larger sizes, without the bear.)

Making ice cream with the Donvier does demand a little forethought: the metal inner container must be chilled in the freezer for at least five hours before you start. I think I would always store it there so that it would be ready on a whim. While the Donvier is an obvious present for a child, it would make a good, inexpensive gift for an adult susceptible to the cutes—me, for instance.

If a lavish present for an ice cream freak is in order, you might go all out and buy an Il Gelataio ($320), which makes a quart *(Continued on page 218)*

The world's best bread—from Poilâne in Paris—flown in to order

SUSAN WOOD

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Baci
PERUGINA

PERUGINA

(Continued from page 216)

of ice cream or sorbet virtually without fuss. If the giftee already has one, what about a real milkshake machine (a.k.a. a cabinet or frappé machine, depending on where you live) from Williams-Sonoma ($189) for the expensive child in all of us.

When ice cream is not the right direction, but you still want a lavish kitchen gift, the ultimate kitchen gift might be one of the new small television sets with a videocassette player built right in. Couple it with some of the better cooking tapes for the cook's viewing pleasure.

The best new tape is *Cooking With Wolfgang Puck* (he of Los Angeles' Spago fame). Jacques Pepin, author of the famous *La Technique* (Times), has made *A Guide to Good Cooking*, three tapes on home-style French food. There is, of course, Julia Child's six-cassette course, *The Way to Cook*, which is really a teaching book on tape. And Madeline Kamman, the doyenne of new French cooking teachers, has made *Madeline Kamman Cooks*, a video based on her classes.

Most of us can neither give nor expect to receive such extravagant presents. The other end of the price spectrum can reflect the same perfectionist concern with quality. For example, the giant loaves of stone-ground wheat bread that Paris's Lionel Poilâne bakes in centuries-old brick ovens—the hands-down foodie-favorite bread today—can now be ordered by mail. A quarter of the 4½-pound loaf is said to feed six. The rest can be cut in wedges, wrapped in foil, and frozen. Without freezing, this fragrant treat will last almost a week, if it isn't gobbled up. If you can't think of any one to give it to, try it on yourself.

Deborah's Country French Bread imports the $25 loaves from France and makes them very easy to order, though shipping costs extra (the bread arrives in two days). You can send a check to Deborah's Country French Bread, 500 North Orleans Street, Chicago, IL 60610, or call 800/952-1400 and bill your order to your credit card.

Gerard, a French chef in Vermont, makes and ships pâtés and terrines that are as good as any in the very best restaurants. The secret of their freshness is vacuum-packing: the food is sealed in an air-free plastic bag that preserves flavor and texture and retards spoilage. These terrines would be a perfect present for someone who entertains a lot, or for someone who never cooks but likes to feast.

The varieties available are a robust country terrine at $10 a pound; a duck terrine lightly spiced with green peppercorns, and a very attractive vegetable terrine (it does have meat, so don't give to a vegetarian), both about $11 a pound; and a gorgeous, luxurious lobster terrine at $15 a pound. The charge for the container, ice, and shipping runs at least $20, so a large order makes sense. Call Gerard at 800/992-6528 with your credit card at the ready. By the way, Gerard will also ship entire meals. Discuss what and how much on the phone.

Lest you think I have exhausted in previous columns all the books that eager cooks might want as presents, relax. I have several new volumes for you to think about.

If you have a friend interested in the hottest new trend in American food, give her *Southwest Tastes* by Ellen Brown (HP Books). The cookbook is a wonderful presentation of this spicy, color-drenched, corn-nourished, coriander-informed food with its Mexican, Spanish, and Indian influences. Brown gives recipes for dishes prepared by the region's local cooks and by chefs with a firm classical training. There are regional differences in cooking from New Mexico to Colorado to California. This book explains them all and is bulky with tempting recipes and photographs.

Jim Fobel's Old-Fashioned Baking Book: Recipes from an American Childhood (Ballantine) is another kind of book altogether. With charming prose, family snapshots, and delightful recipes, Fobel evokes the delights of another era, when his Finnish grandmother baked all day Saturday to make the family's bread for the week and every day made both a cake and a pie—early in this century, plump women were described as handsome, not heavy. While none of us is going to follow Grandmother Fobel's substantial example, this book of homey pleasures will delight bakers.

Carlo Middione, author of *The Food of Southern Italy* (Morrow), is a restaurant chef. He owns an Italian restaurant-delicatessen, Vivande, in San Francisco; but, once again, his is a book about home cooking (even though Carlo barely refers to his own family). Carlo comes from Sicily, which has a distinct cooking style, but he knows the surrounding regions of southern Italy well and brings us recipes from the Abruzzi, Molise, Calabria, Campania, Puglia, and Sardinia. This is gutsy, good food and the Italian flavor most familiar to Americans, since southern Italians were the predominant group to settle in the U. S. I think whoever gets this book will adore it.

Two excellent books that are as much about travel as they are about cooking are *The Wine and Food of Spain* by Jan Read, Maite Manjón, and wine authority Hugh Johnson, and *The Gourmet's Tour of Italy* by Antonio Piccinardi and James M. Johnson (both published by Little, Brown). I wouldn't plan a trip to Spain or Italy without them. The recipes also merit attention. Those in the Spanish book, which concentrates on avant-garde restaurants and inns with food, are more typically regional; those in the Italian book are specialties of extraordinary chefs. Hugh Johnson's book, of course, is impeccable on wines. ▽

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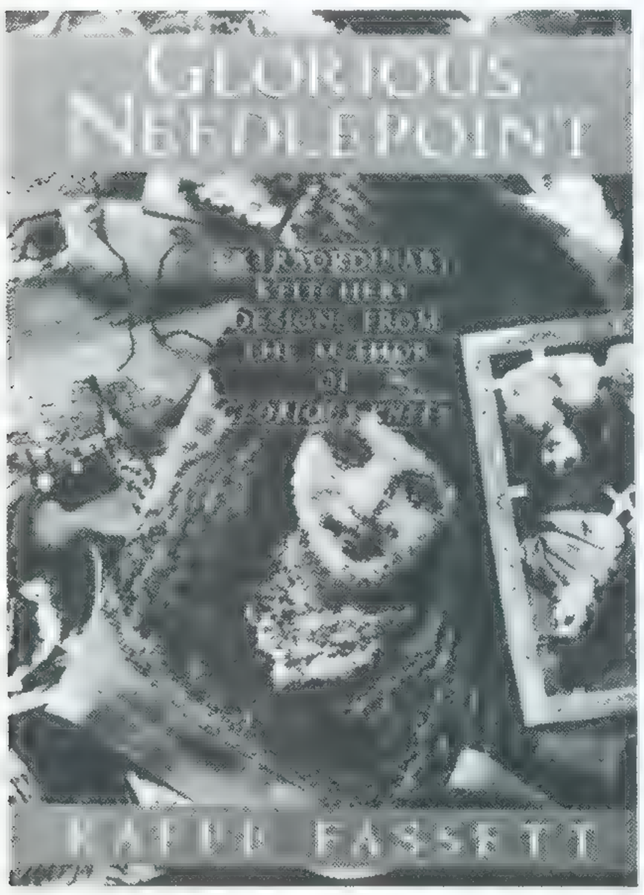

Glorious Needlepoint, Kaffe Fassett's beautifully unconventional new book of stitchery designs, is based on the complex patterns found in nature, art, and architecture—and is stunningly photographed in vivid color by *Vogue's* Steve Lovi. Using only a simple tent stitch and a glowing selection of colors, Kaffe works his colorful magic on dozens of outstanding designs for pillows, floor throws, tea cosies, picture frames, many with complete instructions.

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LIVING

Perfect pitch: a talent for color . . . the season of sumptuous books. BY BARBARA PLUMB

A rose is a rose is a rose—unless it is mixed to the finely tuned eye of Donald Kaufman, a color consultant who has worked with designers on some of New York City's most ravishing rooms. "He's some kind of genius," says Dawn Mello, president of Bergdorf Goodman, and clients such as Philip Johnson, Andrée Putman, Diana Vreeland, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

A Kaufman room is the ultimate in subtlety and complexity. He mixes colors that contain perhaps twelve pigments from both the warm and cool sides of the spectrum; a typical paint-store color might contain four. And then he might paint each wall in a room an almost imperceptibly different hue.

Kaufman recommends natural hues not immediately identifiable as specific colors, such as tree bark, limestone, sand, straw. "As the daylight changes, they change," he says. For Mello's penthouse library (pictured), he chose caramel—"from the color of the buildings outside," she says. "We wanted to feel that the room was floating."

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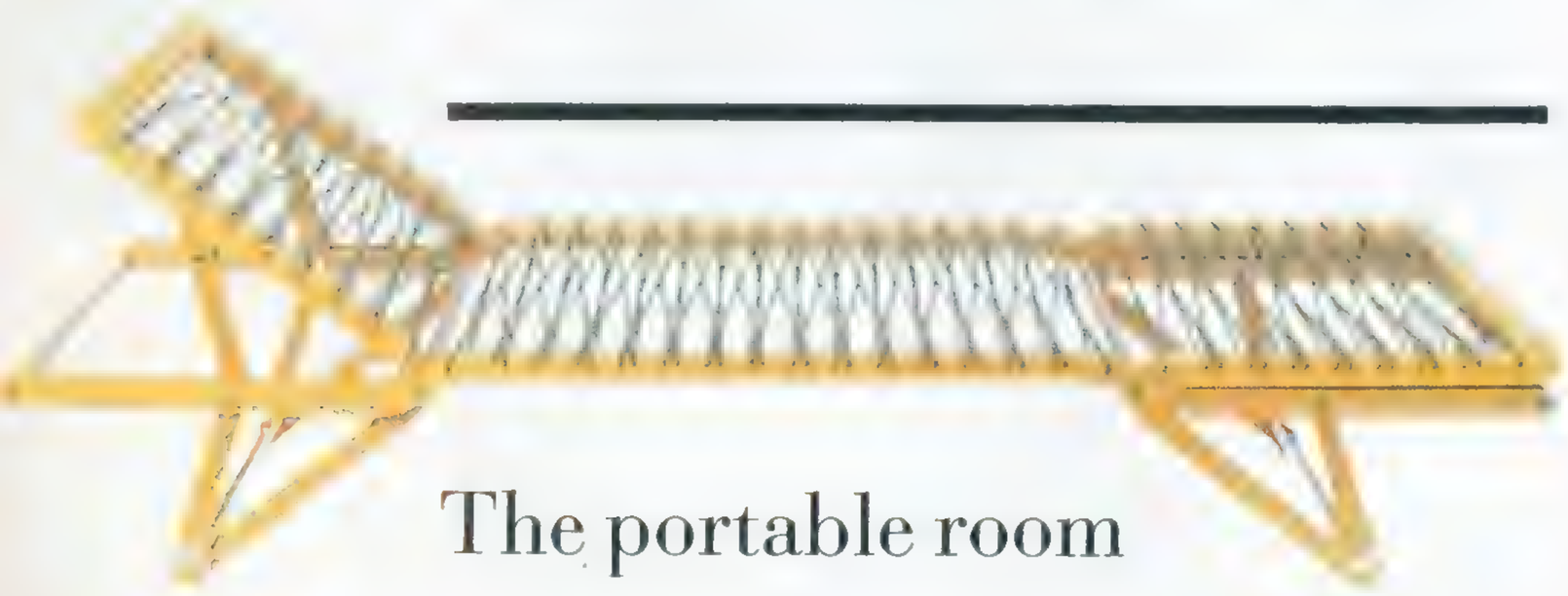
This season, sumptuous picture books abound. Our favorites: *At Home in Scotland*, by Lesley Astaire and Roddy Martine (Abbeville), ends all notions of Scottish lairds as dour, plaid-mad; these cottages and castles are rich, quirky, inviting. *Shaker*, by June Sprigg and David Larkin (Stewart, Tabori & Chang), gracefully evokes with few words and many pictures a devoutly simple life. *Japanese Style*, by Suzanne Slesin, Stafford Cliff, and Daniel Rozensztroch (Clarkson N. Potter), takes a mesmerizing look at the rarefied—and rarely visited—Japanese home.



The portable room

You can take it with you: Hermès has created a made-to-order line of campaign furniture called "Pippa." Crafted from cherry wood and of the lightest construction, the writing desk, stool, and chaise longue (pictured) each fold to the size of an attaché case to go along on country weekends, African safaris. Priced from $1500 to $9000.

movable feasts

Restaurants have become the dining rooms of apartment dwellers. With the rite of the dinner party endangered for lack of space, we asked five interior designers to offer solutions to a serious problem: the dining room manqué:

Patrick Naggar: *"I like the eighteenth-century idea of dining in any room. All one needs is an inexpensive table top, easily stored in a closet, that can be placed on a small end table or on trestles and draped with a lovely cloth."*

John Saladino: *"An entrance hall with a drop-leaf console table makes a very successful dining area. For those without even a hall, there are convertible coffee tables that rise to dining height. Jensen-Lewis in New York City makes a very attractive, affordable convertible table."*

Clodagh: *"Living in a loft, I have too much space. I use wheeled chairs, screens to create an intimate dining corner anywhere."*

Suzie Frankfurt: *"I put a Paisley cloth before the fireplace and have a picnic."*

Mica Ertegun: *"I hate getting out card tables. Have one round table by your sofa for books and objects, then pull chairs up to it."*

EDWARD ADDEO

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TRAVEL NOW

Flight of fancy . . . L.A.'s most glamorous hotel . . . Mexico's newest resort. BY RICHARD ALLEMAN

For an amazing look at the San Francisco Bay, Airship Industries, the world's largest developer of lighter-than-air vehicles, has introduced sightseeing flights aboard its sleek Skyship 600, *left*. Taking off from the Oakland airport Wednesdays through Sundays, these new Skycruises last about one hour, cost $150 for adults; $40 for children under twelve on weekdays, $75 for kids on weekends. Call 415/568-4101.

Meanwhile, look for more blimps on the horizon, because the company plans to have airships based in New York by next year, and hopes eventually to offer intercity service. Don't expect speed, however, since the Skyship 600 averages a whopping forty miles an hour. But then, when was the last time you were able to open a window on an airplane?

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Illustration: JOHAN EDSTROM

hollywood & divine

In West Hollywood, the landmark 1929 Sunset Towers apartment building, left, after narrowly escaping demolition, is now in the final stages of a major restoration that will turn it into the latest outpost of the posh chain of private St. James's Club hotels. (The others are in London, Paris, and Antigua.) The L.A. St. James's Club will have seventy-four rooms and suites —all lavishly Art-Decorated—along with two restaurants, gym, pool, and, naturally, a screening room. To join St. James's Clubs, contact First Resort Corporation at 212/308-3330.

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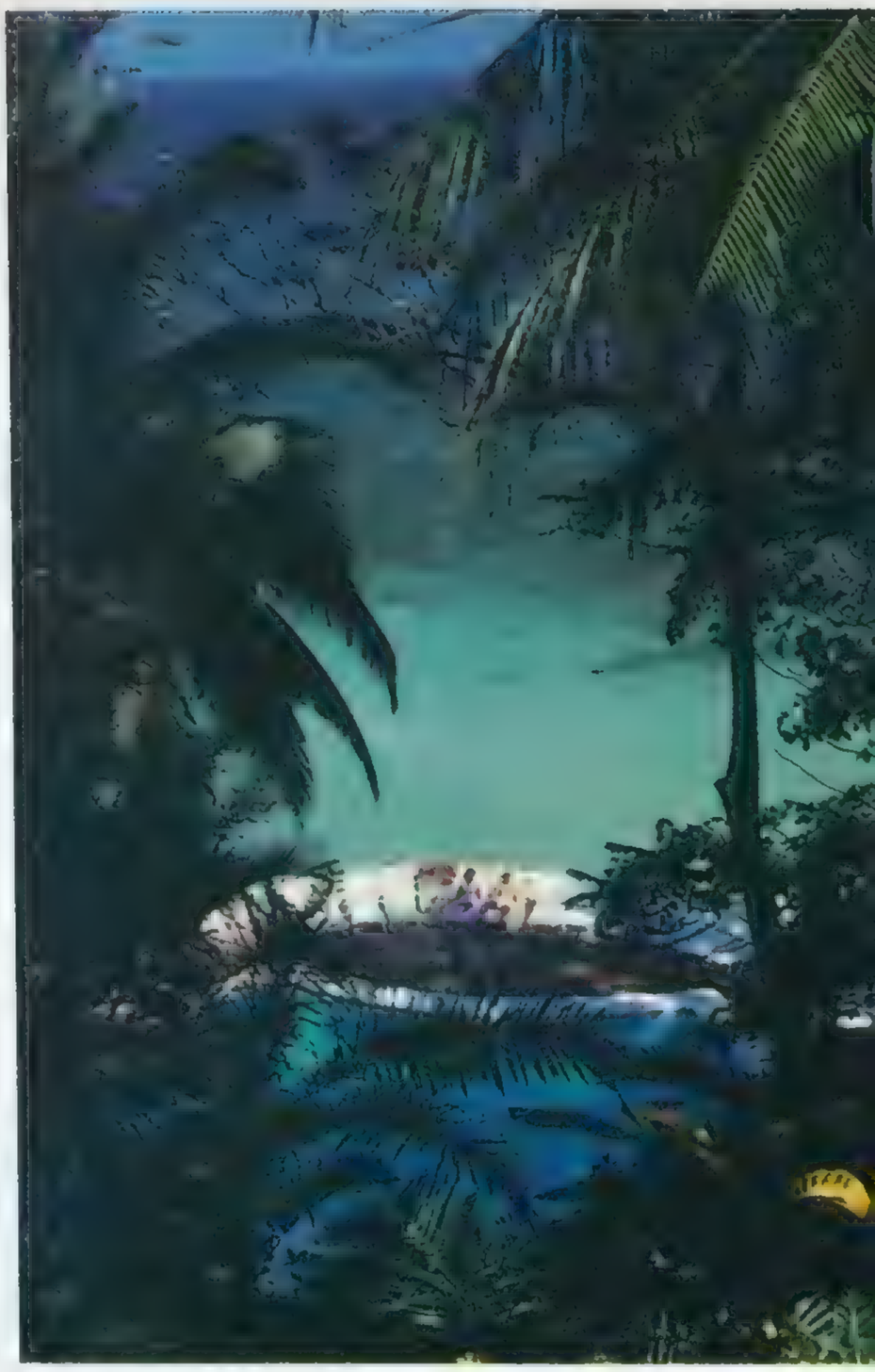
TRAVEL

JAMAICA: THE WEEKEND CURE

At an island pace, the spa life is glorious—as they say, no rush, *mon*

BY AMY GROSS



Sans Souci: two pools, the perfect beach. "The urge to leave rarely rose . . ."

Jamaica is the island for people bored by islands. Jamaica has character; or more accurately, Jamaicans have character, a sense of dignity that impels the young man who is filling your glass with water to greet you as an individual, inviting an individual response from you. There's no homogenized, Resort, Anywhere feeling. You are definitely away.

I definitely needed to be away. I could manage only a few days plus a weekend. A friend suggested the Sans Souci and said she'd come along.

The Sans Souci—the Jamaicans say, "Sans Suzie"—is a dreamy place outside the town of Ocho Rios, about an hour and a half from the airport in Montego Bay. The plantation-like sprawl of pink buildings climbs up and down a cliff over the Caribbean. There are loggias open to the elements—and there were elements that week, rains that obscured steps, that washed a house or two down the hill—wicker furniture, a parrot, a bar serving florid drinks, and two pools. In a protected cove, the perfect white sand beach. And, thanks to global fitness 'n health mania, a spa program.

The spa was run by a young woman named Christine Cox, imported from Houston's Phoenix Fitness Resort, which had set it up. Christine's time was almost up, her mission—to get the program going and train Sharon McConnell, a cool, charming, and competent young Jamaican who would carry on—almost completed. Christine or Sharon would lead an early-morning walk (7:30 A.M.), leave you to breakfast in your room, then meet you again for an aerobics class at nine. You could then proceed to other activities—Weight Training, "Aquacise," Stretch and Relaxation, etc.—through to the 5:30 P.M. workout, but we discovered in ourselves a new and fervent belief in moderation. We were in the tropics, we explained to each other.

So mostly we lolled. To break up the lolling, we availed ourselves of a daily massage, outstanding under any circumstances, fairly miraculous considering that we were in a part of the world where the best anyone could do for lettuce was iceberg. Tony Sancetta and Sandra Bernard give massages in a gazebo set on rocks in the sea. As you're being massaged, you're hypnotized by the sound of water slapping against the rocks.

At the pool, we chatted with a French woman, a travel agent who had concluded that the Sans Souci was the best place to stay in Jamaica and who drove Christine crazy because, she said, those French women never exercise and yet never develop cellulite. We sympathized with a Canadian film crew trying to shoot a commercial and getting rained out day after day. We also sympathized with an attractive woman in the spa program who was gearing up to campaign for political office in one of the Southern states. She was frustrated because she wanted to lose five pounds in as many days, though she was our idea of thin to begin with. We tried to explain the mathematics of weight loss to her—we are experts in this field—but she was having none of it.

We, meanwhile, treading the noble path of moderation, lost a few pounds each. What helped was the fact that the spa menu was by far the *(Continued on page 226)*

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JAMAICA

(Continued from page 224)

best food in the house. Cannelloni, for instance, made with fresh pasta (the chef from Venice's Cipriani had taught the Sans Souci's young chef), filled with ricotta cheese and spinach, and covered with a light tomato sauce. (Non-spa guests may order from the spa menu, as well as take any of the classes.)

In the Sans Souci area, there are sights like Dunn's River Falls, a waterfall of some repute, and an hour away, Noel Coward's house is said to offer an astonishing view on a clear day—which we never had. But to tell the truth, in four days, the urge to leave the premises rarely rose.

We did feel obligated, one day, to check out the duty-free shopping in the Ocho Rios market, and thought we'd look for some of the black-coral bracelets Christine and Sharon had lined up on their tanned arms. But shopping requires more ambition than we had. We got as far as the perfume and realized we had enough perfume and enough watches. We bought a jar of peppery Jamaican "jerk" sauce and called it a day. (On the road to the Sans Souci, you will see rough signs advertising jerk chicken and pork. We tried the chicken at a place called Double VVs, which looked like a dusty car-repair lot. Grilled over a low pile of allspice wood, it was the best I'd ever had, served with breadfruit and downed with ginger beer—non-alcoholic and intriguing.)

We had two other adventures off the grounds, and they couldn't have been more different. A friend famous for good taste had recommended dinner at the Jamaica Inn, a five-minute drive away. The hotel was more formal than ours; in fact, it reminded me of movies of the white colonies in black countries. There was a game room, for instance, shabby in the English manner, lined with bookshelves, and in the middle, tables with jigsaw puzzles partially done. A wood-paneled bar. A verandah where we had drinks and were offered *rawther* good canapés.

"A dreamy, plantation-like sprawl of pink buildings"

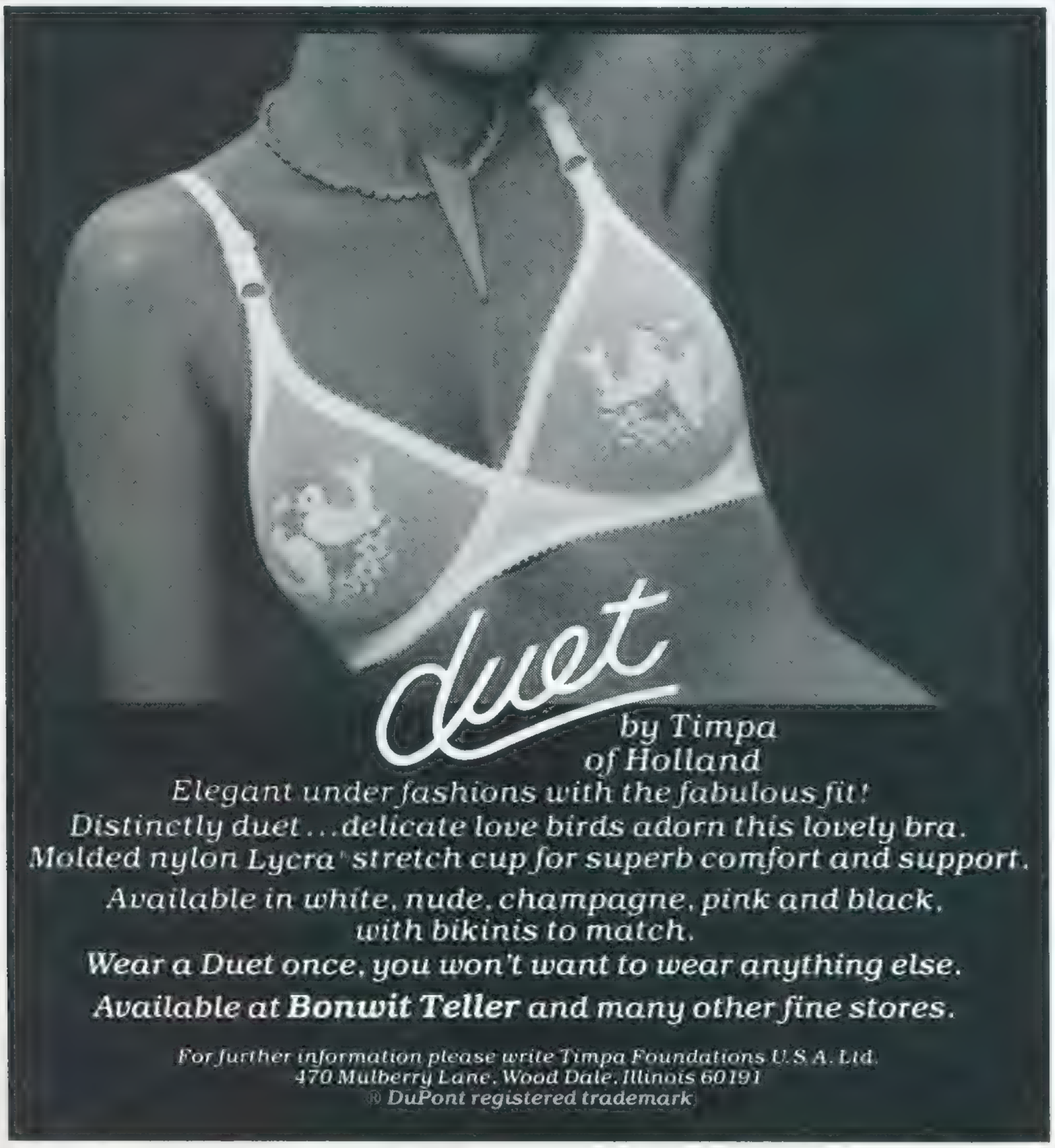
Dinner was set on the lawn, with tables arranged around a small dance floor. A parade of English colonial types—women in long dresses, one older man actually in a wing-collar shirt—gradually filtered into the dining area. The Jamaican maitre d' chitchatted about whether the rain would hold off; he was good cheer incarnate. Even as we ordered, though—lobster bisque, some forgettable broiled fish—the few drops were turning into, yes, a drizzle. No one moved. This is how the British must have comported themselves during the blitz. What bricks they are! Finally, even the staunchest admitted it was, yes, raining, and there was a well-modulated dash for the covered dining loggia. Within minutes, everyone was reconciled with his or her napkin, wineglass, and plate. These are the kind of people you'd want to be with on the *Titanic*.

> "Mostly we lolled. To break up the lolling, we availed ourselves of a daily massage"

Another night, in response to our asking where we could get "real" Jamaican food, the spa crew took us to The Jungle. Sharon drove over to make the reservation; The Jungle has no phone. Neither, as it turned out, did The Jungle have a roof. It's a lean-to, basically, with corrugated-tin walls, run by four or five or maybe seven Rastafarians. The "kitchen" part was illuminated by one light, as I remember, and featured several grills, and in the dark, there were two tables with benches on either side. For $39 a person, we had grilled lobster, yams, salad, a couple of soft drinks (*Ting*—sort of grapefruity) mixed with vodka or rum we brought.

The Jamaicans moved quietly around in the dark—*no rush, mon*—taking their very sweet time. Rasta music played, probably from a tape, but anything technological seemed incongruous here—your feet are in the dust. In the dark, the conversation was desultory, slowed as everything seemed to slow here. At the end of the meal, feeling as though I had been away from the known world, I thanked the chef and said how good the food was. He said, "Tell your friends!" I, surprised by so much ambition in the tropics, said, "I'll put it in Vogue." That drew a great smile. "Thanks!"

It's not so easy to get away from the known world. ▽



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The souks in the old walled city are crowded with aromas, sights, treasures

TRAVEL

THE PINK OASIS

Marrakech is a secret sanctuary—offering solace within solace, escape beyond escape

BY JAN MORRIS

Stately towered against the silent mass of the High Atlas, palm crowned, pink walled, Marrakech greets you in its Moroccan plain like the very definition of an oasis.

The red minaret of the Koutoubia mosque beckons you genially out of your long journey, and all of the voluptuous oasis pleasures seem to be waiting there: rest after hardship, safety after danger, coolness in the heat, drink in thirst, fun after anxiety—in a word, sanctuary. Through the drab modern suburbs you expectantly hasten, through the great Bab er Robb, the gate of grape juice, and the Old City of Marrakech enfolds you as it has enfolded travelers for thousands of years.

Sure enough, all those traditional delights are there, but Marrakech is more than just the cartoonists' oasis, that resort beneath the date palms flowing with wine and staffed by houris. It is an oasis of several kinds, on several layers—a Russian box of a sanctuary, solace within solace, escape beyond escape.

The city's first consolations are equivocal—consolations of fantasy. From time to time all too many of us feel like withdrawing into arcane territories of the mind, where the everyday is not supreme and the rational no longer unassailable. In Marrakech we can enter surreality in hard fact, *sans* drugs, *sans* religion, *sans* self-delusion.

Almost as far as the eye can see, the pink castellated walls of the city stand like walls in a fable, and within them most things seem fabulously, sometimes frighteningly, intensified. Physically Marrakech's crookbacked souks are like many others from here to Peshawar by way of Isfahan—they glitter with the obligatory silver, they glow with the statutory rugs, they are clamorous with horns and street cries. There is a kind of dark slyness peculiar to the souks, though, which gives their whole life a hallucinatory air.

They are only small boys there, playing football on that patch of ground, but swirled about as they are by dust, uttering shrill, excited cries, they look more like imps pursuing some devilish ritual. They are only idle old men playing cards outside the mosque, but with their tall, brown hoods and enveloping cloaks, their sudden erratic snarls and laughs, they look like wizards contemplating spells. They are only pestilent street touts accosting you as you wander the bazaars, yet how stagily they grin and fawn and hiss, like villains in a fairy tale . . .

High on chimney-pots the storks look improbably down. Side by side upon a wall two off-duty

(Continued on page 232)

Jan Morris's *most recent book is "Manhattan '45."*

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MARRAKECH

(Continued from page 228)

The towers of Marrakech against the twilit sky

water-sellers gossip, each a living totem pole of brass ornaments and bowls, jangling from head to foot with every gesture. Rickety barouches are ranked so closely head to tail that sometimes you must crouch beneath the neck of some gaunt Rosinante to gain the sidewalk beyond. And when you emerge from the souks at last into Jemaa el Fna, the great square of Marrakech, it is as though you are walking into the heart of fantasy.

Jemaa el Fna—Meeting of the Dead as realists translate it, Court of Marvels as more squeamish Arabists prefer. It is a metropolis of the peculiar, where all is wild and strangely liberating. The bold jugglers whirling their antique rifles, the crazy boy dancers prancing and waggling their heads, the emaciated snake-charmers with their wheezy-flutes, the comedians hard at their buffooneries! The smell of the kebabs, the sway and push of the crowds, the grope of the wandering pickpocket, the lumbering shapes of the barouches to and fro around the edges of the square, the incessant rhythm of the drums, ever beating, ever beating—and mercifully above it all, beyond the noble silhouette of the Koutoubia, the infinite velvety peace of the night. . .

For the realization of peace is, of course, one essential attribute of your oasis—peace from conflict, but peace from ambiguity, too. Beyond Marrakech's maze-like corridors of illusion there lie chambers of more soothing recreation.

Even in daylight, a hint of reserve seems to pervade this city. It is as though everyone, from gaudy-skirted Berber girl to grimly bearded sage, possesses some unrevealed resource, whether it be sensual, intellectual, or merely domestic. The faces of the people are wonderfully varied and expressive, sometimes lean and predatory, sometimes frank as flowers, but framed as they so often are in cowls, turbans, and bundled wrappings, they are always private.

There is nothing obvious about Marrakech. It specializes in nuance, afterthought, and expectation. Its old quarters are subtle with alleys and culs-de-sac, and even in its most jammed and jostled parts, where the noise is most deafening and the touts are most verminous, one feels always that just around the corner some sweet retreat of solace surely awaits.

It generally does, too. For the Marrakechis themselves, the mosques provide such comforting refuge. So do the introspective Moorish houses, *(Continued on page 234)*

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MARRAKECH

(Continued from page 232)

with their backs to the street. Deliciously spilled over by roses, bougainvillaea, and jacaranda, high garden walls speak of secluded refreshments within, shaded by palms and fruit trees, fresh, one supposes, with pools and mint tea.

Such enclaves seem totally detached from the city at large—detached not only in form or location but even, it seems, in period. When a citizen of Marrakech visits his mosque (the Koutoubia, the Mosque of the Kasba, the Great Mosque of El Mouassin), he steps into a quiet pool of medievalism. When an elderly French resident dines at one of the bistros along the Avenue Mohammed V (ratatouille and a bottle of Meknes red), he is spending an hour or two back in his colonial youth. When Yves Saint Laurent goes to his ravishing garden-house off the Avenue Yacoub, he goes home like a nineteenth-century sultan to his palace.

If we, too, pine for a time warp, we can always go to La Mamounia, that grande dame of Moroccan hotels: for there the light seems to shine in such a *varnished* way around the swimming pool, the palms tower so stylized above, the pink wall arises in such perfect composition beyond the garden, the waiters behave with such ornamental charm, and the giant prawns await their barbecue with such becoming symmetry that one feels exactly like a figure in a Messagerie Maritime poster of the 1930s or perhaps in one of La Mamounia's own pictorial luggage labels upon a leather cabin trunk.

Deeper still within the personality of Marrakech, at least in my intuition, there is the most recondite sanctuary of all—the last box within the box. Sometimes, when those tall trees, those venerable walls, those glorious mosques are etched with an unnatural clarity against the sky, and the hooded forms of the populace move eerily in the brightness, it occurs to me that Marrakech is not real at all, but exists only in the imagination. It is as though one is dreaming the place or fancying it in those last moments before one drops off under an anesthetic.

To the Arabs the oasis has always been a figure of Paradise, and perhaps this hazy sunlit illusion is what Paradise will be like—a last vision, part fantasy, part secrecy, part seduction, tinged with a *frisson* of fear, before eternity sets in. So it seems to me, anyway, in my woozier Marrakech moments (too much sun, too much white wine, too much poetry in my head). Then I look out from the city walls across the rolling plain, the rat-tat of the drum from the Meeting of the Dead behind my back, the air of the day all glassy, the colors blue and gold and red—I look out of the oasis to see the snow peaks of High Atlas standing there as the last inevitable ramparts of the world! ▽

MARRAKECH: GETTING THERE

Royal Air Maroc operates the only non-stop flights between New York City and Casablanca, the home base of this international carrier. Planes leave NYC's JFK airport on Tuesdays and Saturdays at 7:30 P.M., arriving in "Casa" the next morning at 7:10. From there, it's just a forty-five-minute flight to Marrakech.

During the six and one-half hour crossing, first-class passengers dine on Western food, accompanied by French Champagnes and Moroccan wines. On the westbound transatlantic crossing, they can sample Moroccan dishes—a chicken tagine, or stew, with olives, lemon, and almonds; a dorade *(a white-fleshed fish) spiced with ginger, saffron, and red pimientos; classic French desserts as well as crescent-shaped Moroccan pastries filled with almonds.*

The Moroccan flight crews seem to be more fluent in French than in English, though announcements and menus are available in both languages as well as in Arabic. Movies are in English and French.

To reserve at Marrakech's Hotel de la Mamounia from New York, call 212-838-3110 collect; from other states, dial 800-223-6800. Rooms range from approximately $123 to $245 the night; doubles start at about $153. All rates include service and taxes.

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Marshall Field's

VIEW

Taking the Plunge

Stockbrokers may be watching the rising hemline,

but many designers are already looking higher

Everything seems to be shifting to the face and shoulders,'' says Geoffrey Beene, whose front necklines (like the points of a star) and cello-shaped daredevil backs are some of the most dramatic this season. ''It's another way to define femininity.'' And, he reminds, ''Décolletage doesn't have to be in front!'' What makes the new necklines so distinctively modern and attractive: their provocative graphic edges. At Calvin Klein, for example, necklines are deep and wide and square—in silk knit or wool interlock. At Donna Karan, they're soft, double-edged sweethearts on the smallest of evening dresses.
(Continued on page 242)

New ways to get at bareness, inset far left: Chanel's buttoned-up sweetheart dress; left, from Emanuel Ungaro, a bandeau under a dress.

New neck, far left: Azzedine Alaïa's big scoop—with long sleeves; the best proportion when baring this much skin.

Above left: Alaïa's off-the-shoulder, short-sleeved dress with long gloves. Above: The new-look straps from YSL.

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER, GUY MARINEAU. Hair, Orlando Raphael; makeup, Lydia Snyder

KRIZIA

FOTO GIOVANNI GASTEL

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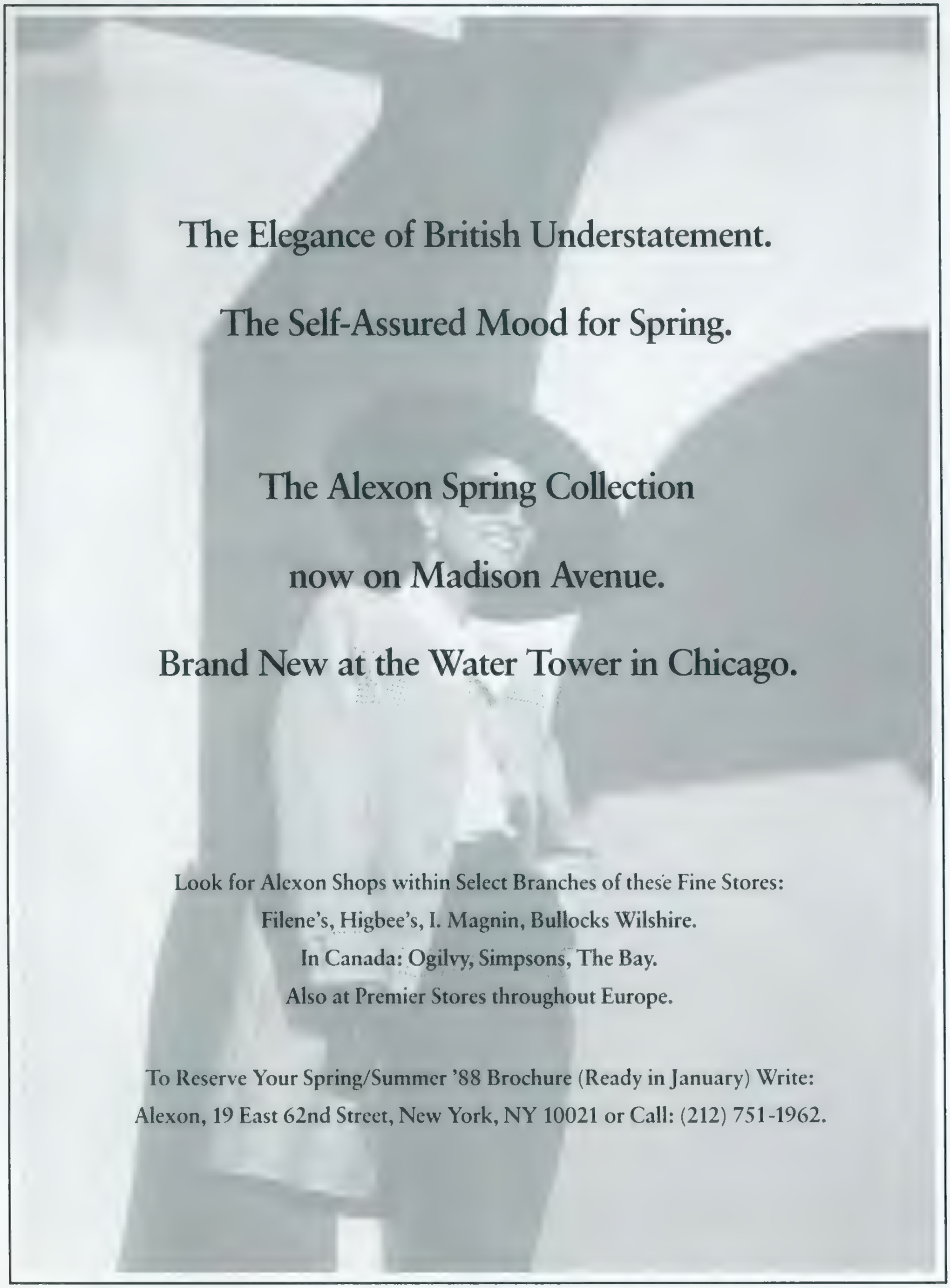

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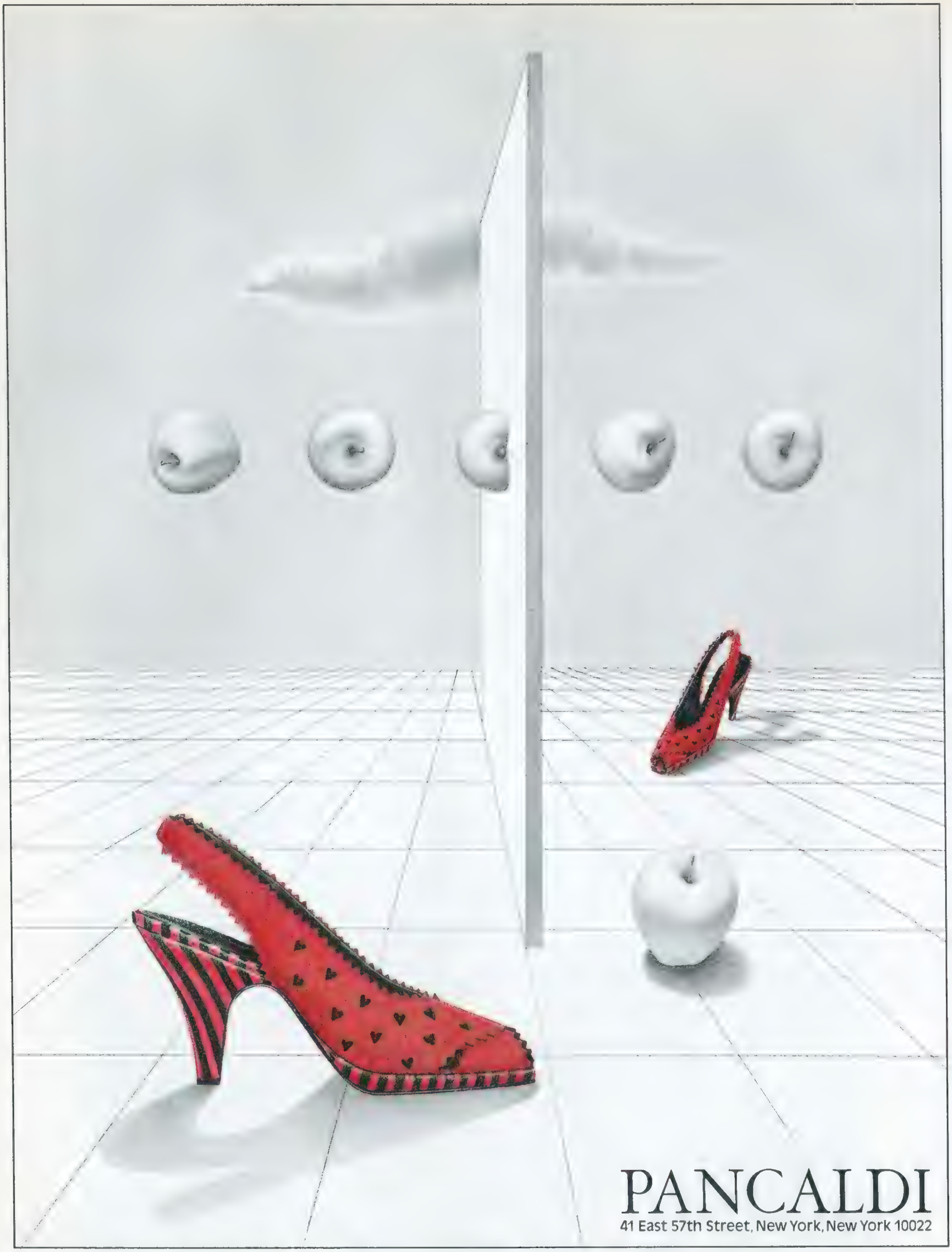

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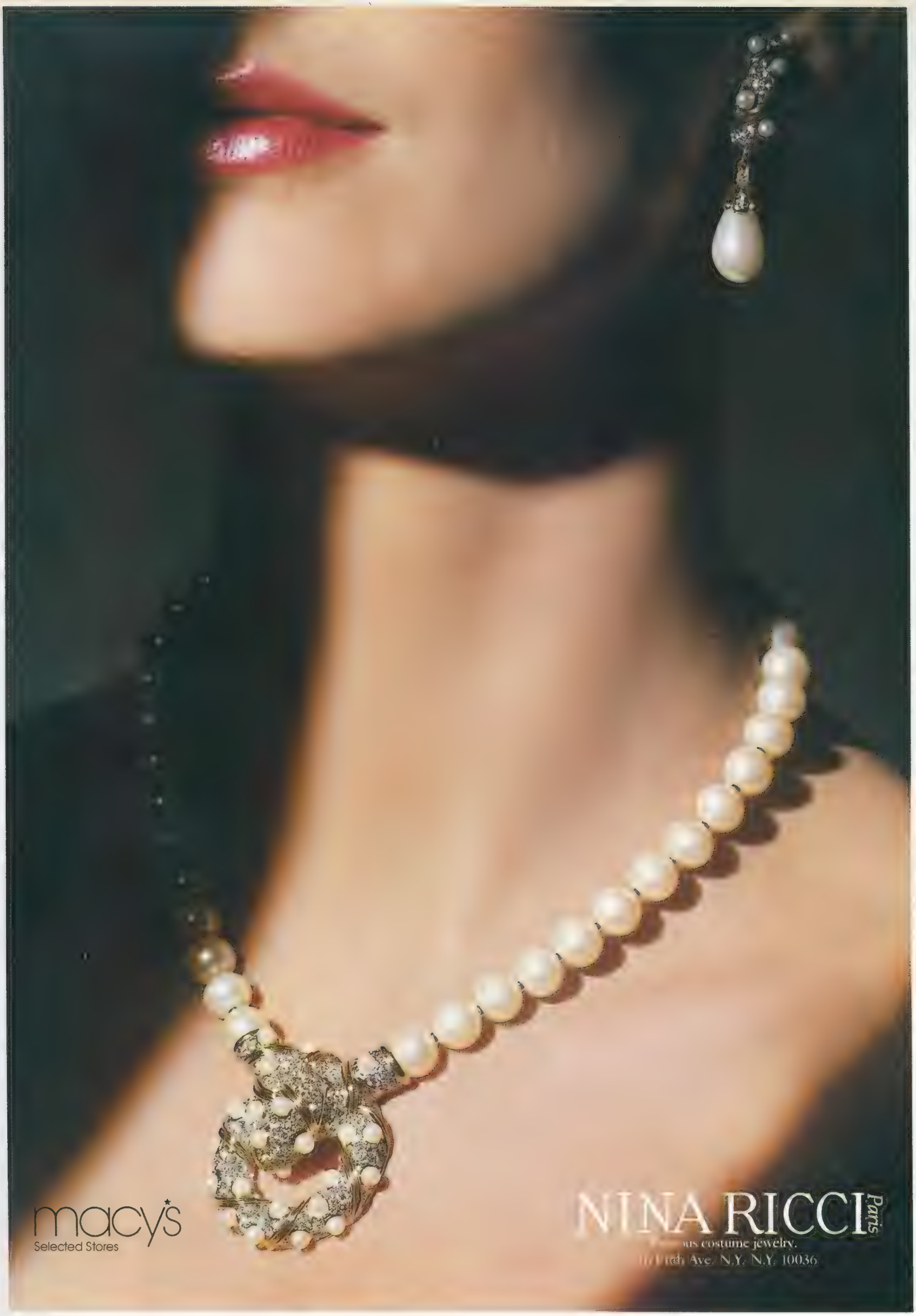
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VIEW

FINISHING TOUCHES

Raincoats are no longer just utilitarian necessities. Today, they appear in the most sumptuous fabrics and add an uncommon sense of polish slipped over a suit.

The surprise of silk taffeta! Top left: In a plaid coat over an unmatched suit, at Bill Blass; right, in Calvin Klein's trench over a grey suit.

Suited up, and polished enough, dressing for a rainy day—or even a dry one! Above: Ronaldus Shamask's short black rubberized linen rainjacket over shorts; right, day-to-dinner, Zoran's skimp over skirt and T-shirt.

The cornerstone of true seasonless dressing: fabrics that move throughout the year. Lightweight raincoats, in particular, that move deftly from climate to climate—for example, on a business trip from Boston to Houston; raincoats that are never an afterthought, always a finishing touch that pulls together the suit that goes on under them. The concept works best, says Bill Blass, when both the suit and the raincoat have enough design integrity to stand alone. "I don't believe in traditional spring coats," he adds. "But a raincoat in a luxury fabric is something else. There's no reason why it can't be worn over a short white evening dress." Geoffrey Beene shows similar thinking with his white trapeze slicker buttoned over a black dress. And at Calvin Klein Classics, a bright orange topper slides over a houndstooth suit. *("View" continued on page 244)*

ANDREA BLANCH Hair, Ric Pipino for Pipino-Buccheri Salon, NYC; makeup, Laura Mercier for Trish McEvoy, NYC. Details, last pages

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VIEW

Milan: Easy Does It

Hot news from the spring collections: muted shades of peach, unadorned charm

After the music and the applause died down, what stood out in Milan: clothing that is remarkably soft, easy, modern, and unadorned. Giorgio Armani confirms, once again, that he is the master of refinement and tailoring. Romeo Gigli maintains star status with his romantic, draped-and-wrapped Botticelli nymphs. And two new, wonderfully youthful collections, Dolce e Gabanna (long skirts that drawstring into short ones; skinniest bosom-baring dresses) and Pour Toi (mini-dresses with floral appliques; tie-dyed stockings; high-laced sandals) started fashion watchers talking.

Milan's important ideas: city-wise shorts—an alternative to shorter skirts; the best, at Armani, with pale, covered legs. For evening, they're sequin-studded at Soprani. By day, dresses are short, bouncy, bubble-bottomed, as at Krizia; at Missoni, they get popcorn stitching. By night, skirts are longer, in tiers of chiffon at Armani or wool lace, as at Callaghan. Gypsy influences—scarves, bare midriffs, flowers—abound, along with the drapiest white shirts, as at Gigli, and sarongs. Coloring ranges from the creamiest peaches at Armani to searing oranges at Mario Valentino.

Conspicuous by its absence: jewelry and ornamentation. Faces were nearly makeup free. Only standouts: silk or suede flat slippers at Callaghan, Missoni, Prada. *("View" continued on page 248)*

Long nights: Armani

Pour Toi: laced legs

Armani's city shorts

Peach pales: Armani

Gigli's white shirt

Krizia's bubble

Flowered gypsies: Callaghan

GUY MARINEAU

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Vincent Roppatte: make-up and hair stylist

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VIEW

London: shorter and sweeter

The British message? Legs, legs, legs! There are 'sixties prints, lots of hot-weather dressing

Once again, London went short—with some of the youngest takes on dressing for a warmer clime. The pivotal word, ''casual'': bare legs with sandals, pyjamas, an occasional charming hat. Gone were the punk overtones; even hair was unaggressive. With a Designer of the Year award, John Galliano moved from fashion cult to pacesetter.

The trends to watch: T-shirts, maillots with double straps worn with skirts or shorts (Galliano's, Jasper Conran's were best). Lingerie touches that ranged from skimpy slips at Katharine Hamnett to Workers for Freedom's white satin pyjamas. Longer skirts had gypsy touches at Ozbek.

As always, London revealed its fascination with the 'sixties: swirling acid colors at Hamnett; foot-wide flower-power prints at Zandra Rhodes; Vivienne Westwood rekindled everything from bellbottom pants and platform shoes to optical-illusion prints. (*''View'' continued, page 252)*

PIERRE SCHERMAN

Jasper Conran: double straps

John Galliano's criss-cross

Lingerie stripes at Conran

Workers for Freedom's pyjamas

Vivienne Westwood's platforms

Gypsy touches, Ozbek

Rifat Ozbek's sombrero

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VIEW

BLAME IT ON RIO

Suzana Monacella brings Brazilian flash/dash to night

Rio lives at night. Everyone parties, and no one takes life too seriously,'' says Brazilian-born NYC designer Suzana Monacella. ''That's what fashion should be about.'' A former model, Monacella began designing for family and friends at seventeen and now has a following that includes Anjelica Huston, Amy Irving. What she serves up: cashmeres by day; tropical-colored sequins by night—all to be worn with irreverent South American flair. A motorcycle jacket covered with seventy-thousand sequins *(left)*, for instance, slips over a cotton T-shirt. *(''View'' continued on page 256)*

''What sets me apart?'' asks Suzana Monacella, above, in her own turnout. ''My sense of fun.''

Monacella's sizzle slip dress, above. Left: With twin daughters Tathiana, far left, and Eleonora, near. Their clothes: handmade Brazilian dresses.

JEFF PEDERSEN Illustration by ALEXANDER VETHERS. Hair and makeup, Kris Evans

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Injectable Treatment: The end of

Take a good, close look at these photos. The face belongs to Sunny Griffin, a 47-year-old mother, building contractor, and former TV correspondent and model. These photos were taken before and after injectable collagen treatments. As you can see on the left, Sunny was very attractive to begin with, but in the picture on the right, her face looks even better—more relaxed. Lines have been erased or diminished.

You probably know that collagen is the natural protein that cushions and supports the skin—and that it weakens as you get older. This in turn causes wrinkles. Although creams help keep your skin soft and supple, and surgery can remove excess skin, the only method specifically designed to eliminate wrinkles is injections. With injectable Zyderm® and Zyplast® Collagen, your doctor can actually replenish your own weakened collagen.

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their smoother look. Sunny is a good example. She didn't like those "little commas" at the corners of her mouth, her crow's feet, or the lines on her forehead. So she did something about them.

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Additional information on injectable collagen for discussion with your physician.

For thousands of people, injectable collagen has provided a safe, nonsurgical option for the treatment of many skin contour problems.

As with any medical procedure, you should be aware of the safety issues and restrictions associated with Zyderm® Collagen and Zyplast® Collagen treatments. Although your physician will review these points at the time of your consultation, a summary is presented below.

Zyderm and Zyplast Collagen treatments are appropriate for most people; however, Zyderm and Zyplast Collagen must not be used to treat people who have had a reaction to the required skin test or who have previously had an allergic response to injectable collagen, people with a history of autoimmune diseases or serious allergic (anaphylactoid) reactions, and people who are allergic to lidocaine.

All medical procedures require caution. There is a possibility of experiencing a reaction related to the injection process itself. However, this does not mean it is necessary to discontinue treatment. For instance, any injection carries a potential risk of infection. In addition, mild bruising or a slight blush could occur at the injection site. If you have previously had facial herpes simplex at the site of injection, there is a chance that the injection process could provoke another herpes simplex eruption. Your doctor will, of course, act to minimize these risks.

During the process of administering injectable collagen, it is possible that the needle could be accidentally placed through a blood vessel. This is unlikely; however, if it should happen, it could result in a scab or scar formation or a temporary discoloration of the treated area.

As with other substances that are injected (particularly local anesthetics and steroids injected into the head and neck area or the extremities), there is a remote possibility of accidental injection of the material into a blood vessel. This could result in blockage of the blood flow and loss of circulation to nearby sites. Such an incident has occurred once to date in an estimated total of three million injections of Zyderm or Zyplast Collagen, resulting in partial loss of vision in one eye.

There have been infrequent reports of the injected collagen being visible in the skin, in the form of a small raised or white area at the treatment site, which may persist from a few weeks to several months. Also, some areas (such as compressed scars) resist precise placement of the material, resulting in a slight elevation beside the defect.

Extra care is required for certain people. Zyderm and Zyplast Collagen are used cautiously in people with histories of atopic or allergic reactions to other substances; their use has been associated with allergic hypersensitivity reactions, especially in patients who have such histories.

Zyderm and Zyplast Collagen are also used with caution in people who are receiving immunosuppressive therapy.

Treatment is postponed in people with active inflammatory skin conditions (eruptions such as cysts, pimples, rashes or hives) or with infections, until the condition has been controlled.

Also, the safety of treatment during pregnancy or in infants or children has not been established.

For the more than 300,000 people treated since 1976, injectable collagen has proven to be very safe. However, a small number of patients (approximately one percent) have developed an allergic reaction after one or more injections. These reactions have consisted of prolonged redness, swelling, itching and/or firmness at some or all injection sites. Most have lasted between three and four months, but in some cases have exceeded one year.

Of the one percent of patients who developed an allergic reaction after treatment, one-half had an unreported or unrecognized response to the skin test. (With proper monitoring of the skin test, many of these reactions could have been prevented.) The remaining one-half of this group developed allergic reactions despite a response-free skin test.

An additional one percent of individuals have experienced symptoms similar to those of an allergic reaction, but which occurred periodically. Recent research has shown that some of these patients are allergic to bovine collagen.

In rare instances, formation of a scab and sloughing of the tissue at the treatment site have been noted which, in some cases, resulted in a shallow scar. Also, less than three per 10,000 treated patients have reported systemic complaints consisting of nausea, rash, headache, joint aches or difficulty in breathing.

Ask your physician about Zyderm Collagen and Zyplast Collagen treatments. He or she can best evaluate if treatment is appropriate for you, and can answer any additional questions you may have.

VIEW

PASSION FOR PEARLS

With the return of intriguing necklines and luxurious fabrics comes the return of pearls—for day or night

A plethora of pearls: knowing the ropes, top, and cascading down the back, above, at Chanel; right, Chris Walling's pearly crosses. The most unusual of pearls—a simple pearl in an elaborate setting on the increasingly important barrel ring, above right; these by London's Elizabeth Gage.

In or out of style, pearls have always had their champions. In 1917, for instance, Mrs. Morton Plant fell so madly in love with a $1.2 million double strand of pearls spotted at the Cartier salon that she decided to trade her magnificent Fifth Avenue home for them (today it is known as the Cartier building).

Seventy years later a—necessarily—more restrained passion for pearls shows up as Vivienne Westwood's 'fifties graduated pearls paired with shrunken school-girl cardigan sweaters; as clusters of pearls mixed with brass beads and wrapped around the neck for the grandest of evenings at Dior; as Lacroix's big baroque-pearl earrings that dangle, chandelier-like, from the ears.—"View" contributed by LESLEY JANE NONKIN, PAUL SINCLAIRE.

(Continued on page 258)

GUY MARINEAU, GEOFF SPEAR, STEVEN MEISEL. Hair by Oribe/Oribe at Parachute; makeup by François Nars

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VIEW people in fashion are talking about what's coming...

What's new: the shape of spring...pants revival...new fashion empires...stockings: the season's very best

People are talking about...what's coming for spring. And what's coming, admittedly, is plenty of "body" dressing: small skirts, close-to-the-body tops, a minimalist look even in bare little black dresses. But beyond "body," there's also evident thought about clothes with ease: longer, flowing skirts...new pyjama pants ...shirts on a bigger-than-big scale. Pyjama pants for warm weather turn up with wide legs, in soft fabrics, everywhere from Ralph Lauren and Calvin Klein to Italy's Byblos. In Milan, at Ferre, "restaurant dressing" for warm weather means a big organza shirt with trousers, an easy jacket in hand. Armani takes long, gypsy-like skirts in diaphanous fabrics (and equally unweighty colors) to a new ease for night. With these roomy pyjama pants and skirts, tops stay small, smallest. There's nothing voluminous in the fashion message. Transparency, often, gives the "body" focus. It's an appealing difference.

The stock market may be problematical, but more than plenty women this winter invested early in furs, it seems. The trend? Toward practical warmth rather than wild extravagance. In New York City, fur designer/boutiquer Elena Benarroch, for one, reports that women in '87-'88 have been buying traditional mink and beaver, in brown colorings—ranging from golden to deepest deep. Short jackets may be a charming seasonal option; women, though, are getting furs big, easily shaped, and long, long, longer.

Beyond "body," shorter skirts, and close-fitting dressing, there's also an easier-going look, one of spring's best messages

The face of the sedate "designer" boutique is changing, and it's becoming more varied and lively along the changing route. At Paris's new Rue de Richelieu WilliWear shop, for one, Right Bankers can shop for Willi menswear, all less than overtly "designed," along with WilliWear whimsical women's separates. This winter on Beverly Hills's Rodeo Drive, Adrienne Vittadini's first-ever shop will offer up all of Vittadini style: designer knits, dresses, weekend wear, scarves. Best of all, there will be Vittadini swimsuits, year round. Gae Aulenti, of Paris Musée d'Orsay fame, is the practiced eye behind the new look of the Rodeo Drive shop....Another trend? To ever larger. In San Francisco this past month, the newest and biggest Hermès ever has opened, surpassing even Paris's venerable Faubourg St. Honoré Hermès.

There's elitist fashion (often called "couture")...and then there's, well, the big time. Valentino, interestingly, is increasingly a bit of both. In London, he's just opened his first "Oliver" shop—of accessibly priced Valentino-designed menswear. On the drawing board over the next three years: a plan for some one-hundred more Valentino Oliver shops....A jewelry name to watch? Lazaro Neal (and that's not one but two people). After making jewelry for three years, they've moved into the real things—lapis lazuli, jade, amethyst, gold. The result is a new sort of inventiveness on a decidedly noticeable scale: many-stranded big-bead bracelets of a definitely appealing sort.... New fabrics, more and more, seem to be the visibly interesting twist to new fashion. This spring, some of the newest come with a crinkled texture, are made of cloqué. What's news, often, is stretch thread—for a close-to-the-body shape. For spring, Gottex, for one, has new stretch "seersucker" swimsuits; Michael Katz brings the thought to his hand-painted silks. The result? a new sense of the body beneath the Katz colorful print dressing....

This may well go down as the year of Lesage—of François Lesage, for sixty-three years Paris maker of some of the world's most elaborate embroideries. From couture-extravaganza beaded and embroidered jackets at YSL and Lacroix to nighttime beading on lace for spring at American Calvin Klein, Lesage is an ongoing refrain in this often dressed-up season. Now in Paris, at 21 Place Vendôme, there's a Lesage boutique for his jewel-like (and often jewel-priced) embroideries, ribbons, and appliqués. New York City's Fashion Institute of Technology has even mounted a Lesage fashion exhibit.

Signs of the season? Stretch, body fit, a bit of sheen. And when these combine, you've the best leg looks around. Specifically: some of the season's best stockings, now, are at Calvin Klein or by Donna Karan, with barely visible shine, a sense of stretch; be that a new sheer and glossed daytime "nude" at Donna Karan, or shiny opaque satin by night. At Calvin Klein, new stocking "neutrals" turn up in everything from pale khaki to bleached peach....Donna Karan may be known for successful working-women clients, but this spring she has a slightly different image in mind. "Instead of a woman in a man's world," says Donna, "a woman in a woman's world. She wants to be feminine and she wants to be pretty." She still, one might presume, wants to chair her company's board of directors.

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discussion & debate

Remember the old is-the-glass-half-empty-or-half-full question? Or the one about the weather—partly sunny or partly cloudy? The answers, obviously, depend on your outlook. In a similar way, how you look at fashion determines what you see. At a moment when choices continue to multiply, when conflicting schools of thought and varying sensibilities co-exist, what's "right" is very often in the eye of the beholder. One woman's extravagant extra becomes another woman's evening mainstay. What strikes one person as perfect simplicity can strike the next as perfectly boring. And someone's idea of charming fantasy is someone else's definition of pure excess.

There's something refreshing about the fact that new fashion possibilities continually open up. Whimsy, in its place and done well, is a true fashion delight. And where you find the best of minimal dressing, you often find the best of modern style.

But with all of that, there's something missing. Something important. A very real standard of appropriateness. A standard of dressing for the day. In the midst of all these conflicting choices, where are the clothes that a woman can start with and stay with, clothes that move through a busy day or a busy airport with equal aplomb? Is it smart to serve whipped-cream desserts at night and toss off day with a few leftover crumbs? Is the solution along the lines of a uniform? Is that enough? When does enough become too much? And does too much, in the end, leave us with too little? As we move further into a season of warm-weather dressing, one thing is clear: there are still more questions than answers.

news & previews

Side dishes versus staples... What were once strictly "resort"/sun collections have been redefined in many ways. Not exactly news. But what's still true: as shown, you find more side dishes, fewer staples in the season's mainstream of dressing. In other words, real clothes are hard to come by, if you don't know where to look.

Where there's news... there's color. Color has, in fact, become a change in and of itself. Sometimes shapes are different, sometimes not; but a difference in coloring can "turn" fashion.

What stands out: a sophisticated, lightened palette, with the best effects coming in the way a look is put together. A mauve shirt under an ecru jacket with a chartreuse scarf. A mix of honey-tawny shades—in a lace skirt and shirt. Or low-key pewter at night.

There are strokes of brilliant color around—most notably, chartreuse. But on the whole, what's brighter is better in smaller doses (except in the world of swimwear, where nothing is too bright...especially if it's striped).

The season's real strong point...continues to be new necklines. From that fact, a striking new sense of bareness, day and night. Dresses and tops have new impact, a whole new look starting with necklines that are...strapped, scooped, plunged, wrapped, tied, sweetheart- and star-shaped...always revealing.

What ever happened to...

...*Pants?* Good question. Buried behind the headlines, they continued to survive in a quiet way. Now, the fresh appeal of neat, narrow trousers, with a matching tailored jacket—a very sharp, pulled-together way of day dressing. This new-version pants suit—one you'll be seeing in the pages ahead—is a signal of more to come. Also news: softer, almost pyjama-like pants for warm-weather at-home, easy evening dressing.

...*Dresses?* Another good question. Dresses often materialize with the first warm-weather collections, evaporate when you need them most. Or, they fall into the category labeled "highly forgettable." Not this year. There's a new dress, a new shape that's an instant winner: bare at the neck, high-waisted, where it's often wrapped and tied, with a soft leggy little skirt.

...*The little black dress?* This has suffered a different fate. All too often find-able, all too often a cliché. Not this season's little black dresses. What gives them their distinction: a high level of design (it's never a case of two up-and-down side seams, never an old-fashioned sheath), outstanding textures (faille, ottoman, heavier knit or crepe, lace)...and their new barer necklines (by now that message should be clear!).

...*Jackets?* They remain a leading daytime component. What you find now: a jacket that's smaller-fitting, shaped. What's a lot different—what's underneath; and whether it's a skirt or pants, it's softer.

...*Legs?* A focus of attention since fall, they haven't left the spotlight. The difference: a barer (i.e., non-black) look, achieved with new-color stockings—"nude," slightly shimmered. Or, where it's warm, the look of bare legs in a bare flat sandal—the shoe of choice.

A different feeling.... Sometimes, after all's been said and done, it's not enough to have something that looks different. The most appealing changes are those you can feel. Think back to fall: what gave short skirts their greatest momentum? One thing—from the moment you put one on, you moved differently, felt different. And it felt good. So does being in a small top that's bare and that wraps and ties above the waist...or sliding a jacket over nothing but the laciest bra....or walking in a rainbow-jeweled sandal at night...or holding back hair with a bright chiffon scarf. Welcome feelings. Welcome changes. Pleasurable changes. And no matter what else is happening, there's never a substitute for fashion that delights.

The glory of Zurbarán

"The dark night of the soul" describes the ecstasy of spiritual passage for Spanish mystic and poet San Juan de la Cruz. It is the unfathomable mystery of that encounter that pervades the deep, resonant shadows surrounding the figures in Francisco de Zurbarán's profoundly religious art. Painting during the worldly age of the baroque, Zurbarán, among Spain's greatest Old Masters, worked in a severe yet emotionally charged style that expressed his own heartfelt piety. The favorite artist of the clerical orders based in the wealthy port of Seville, Zurbarán communicated in a direct and simple language; the popularity of the current retrospective at New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art proves his art is accessible to the contemporary public, attracted to his dramatic, theatrical lighting and to the rich textures and sumptuous colors of the jeweled silk and velvet costumes of the beautiful young virgin martyrs for which he was famous. —B.R.

Above: "The Flight into Egypt," c. 1636-40, believed to be a painting from Zurbarán's workshop. *Right:* The exquisite "Saint Apollonia," c. 1635-40 (detail).

Art photographs by Steven Sloman. Left: Courtesy of Musée des Beaux-Arts, Besançon; right, Courtesy of Musée du Louvre, Paris.

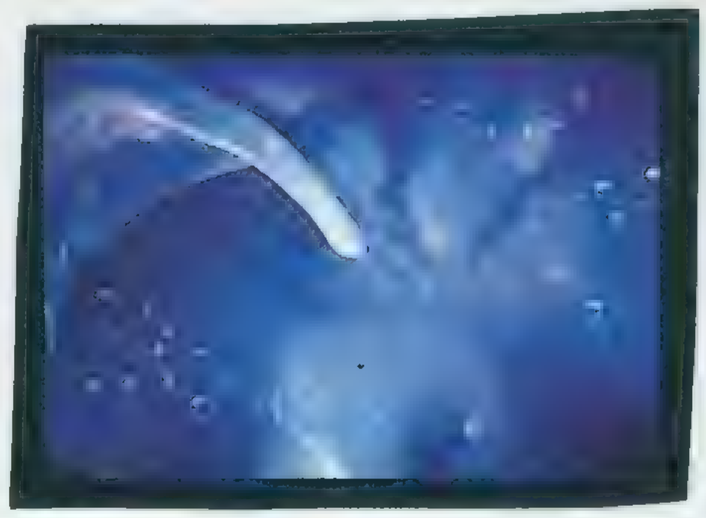
a garden of earthly delights

In the green Tuscan hills, Niki de Saint Phalle lives in the astonishing world she has created—fantastical sculptures inspired by the ancient mysteries of the Tarot

LOOMING INTO THE DUSKY SKY the colossal mirror-encrusted hand of the Magician, one of the central figures of the Tarot.

Franco Fontana

a garden...



By BARBARA ROSE

Turning the curve toward the olive grove–lined road in the green Tuscan hills not far from the Etruscan town of Tarquinia, you think you must be dreaming a fairy tale of maidens and monsters, enchanters and charmers when you see in the distance what appears to be a glittering mirage. Surely this must be Merlin's castle, Dorothy's Land of Oz, or Alice's Wonderland of fantastic colors and unreal forms. As you approach, the mirage shimmers but does not disappear. These fabulous gargantuan creatures, covered with mirrored and glazed ceramic chips and pieces of colored glass, are not the insubstantial stuff of dreams but an artist's actual three-dimensional vision made concrete—a pyrotechnical display of red-hot color and eccentric form. This is a garden of earthly delights that will bewitch visitors for years to come.

As you look around in astonishment at these mammoth architectural sculptures springing up as if at random over the hilly terrain, you see coming toward you the enchantress herself, Niki de Saint Phalle. She is the artist responsible for this embodied fantasy, a pale, fragile, beautiful woman with the wide-eyed look of a child, though she is actually a grandmother. She is wearing a costume of contrasting silk patterns in an intricate patchwork design; on her head is an old-fashioned straw hat with dried flowers stuck nonchalantly along the brim.

Showing you through her garden, she gestures toward the giants who crowd around you and explains that each work in the garden she has been constructing for the past eight years represents a different card of an ancient game of divination, the Tarot. The set of twenty-two cards depicts the archetypal forces which rule life, symbols thought to have been invented by the Egyptians to contain all human wisdom—among them, Justice, Temperance, the Fool, the Magician, the Sun, the Stars, the Tower, the Lovers, Death, the Hierophant, and the Empress. You stop in amazement before the largest of the architectural sculptures, which combines the male Magician (the power to transform and to heal) with the High Priestess (female creativity or strength) in one spectacular androgynous double image. Out of the gaping mouth of the High Priestess far above your head water cascades down a

(Continued on page 272)

NIKI DE SAINT PHALLE, *left*, reflected in one of her constructions. *Above left*, an interior wall of the Magician. *Above right*, a detail of the mosaic serpent that slithers toward the Magician. *Right*: the Hierophant topped by two praying figures.

Franco Fontana

ABOVE THE WATERFALL STAIRS, ***left,*** **De Saint Phalle combined the male Magician with the female High Priestess in one androgynous spectacle.** ***This page,*** **the winged figure Temperance atop a mirrored globe.**

a garden...

(Continued from page 268)
flight of stairs made of a hallucinating pattern of ceramic tiles painted in swirling concentric spirals. A blue and silver serpent snakes its way up the staircase. Looking up, you observe the High Priestess' red-ringed eye and turquoise head, her hair of mirrored marquetry; above this female head, the silver mirrored face of the Magician reflects and refracts the landscape and sky so brilliantly that its image, splintered to points of shattered light by the Tuscan sun, transfixes your gaze.

The sun is hot, and Niki invites you to cool off inside the "house" of the Empress (almost all the sculptures can be entered), where she has been living while the other works are being constructed and decorated by her crew of artisans. The Empress has become a wild sphinx-like creature in Niki's vision, with animal paws clawing the earth and two huge breasts whose nipples are windows. Inside the undulating high-ceilinged white cave, the *(Continued on page 365)*

THE FIGURE OF THE SUN, *above*, crowned with blazing yellow rays. *Near right*, one of Tinguely's mechanical contraptions, deliberately crashed into the Tower. *Far right*, the artist resting in the gaping mouth of the Magician.

shades

of adventure...

...in Marrakech. Morocco's exotic, mysterious city and the ideal setting for striking warm-weather dressing. What stands out: interesting changes of color, a new sense of shape, new bareness, day to night

...to a dazzling start, opposite: the season's star sandal. Here, with a rainbow of chunky colored stones. Andrea Pfister sandal, specially hand-jeweled by Wendy Gell. (Similar jeweled Pfister sandals to order at Delman at Bergdorf Goodman, Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA.) Brilliant nail color Cosmyl's Rose Sorbet.

Shades of white—shades of *Casablanca*—this page: an easy-tailored jacket in ecru wool gabardine, soft white silk crepe trousers, white silk scarf. All by Ralph Lauren. Jacket, about $498; pants, about $250. Lord & Taylor; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Boston, Stamford CT, Beverly Hills, San Francisco. These vibrant pages: hair, Augie/Sutra salon, NYC; make-up, Andrea Pfeifer. Details, more shots, see last pages.

Color on the brilliant side, *left:* Giorgio di Sant' Angelo's shapely maillot-sleek, maillot-bare dress of chartreuse spandex. About $420. Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL; Susan of Burlingame and San Francisco CA. To order at Barneys New York; Knit Wit, Philadelphia. . . . Another mood, *this page*—equally colorful: the bare silk scarf dress in knockout fuchsia, wrapped to one side. Donna Karan New York. About $290. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; Jamie, Nashville TN; Tootsies, Houston; Neiman-Marcus; Perkins Shearer, Denver . . . . *Beauty Note:* In a season of body-conscious dressing, Biotherm's Actif Corporel Peau Ferme Firming body lotion. Details, fast pages.

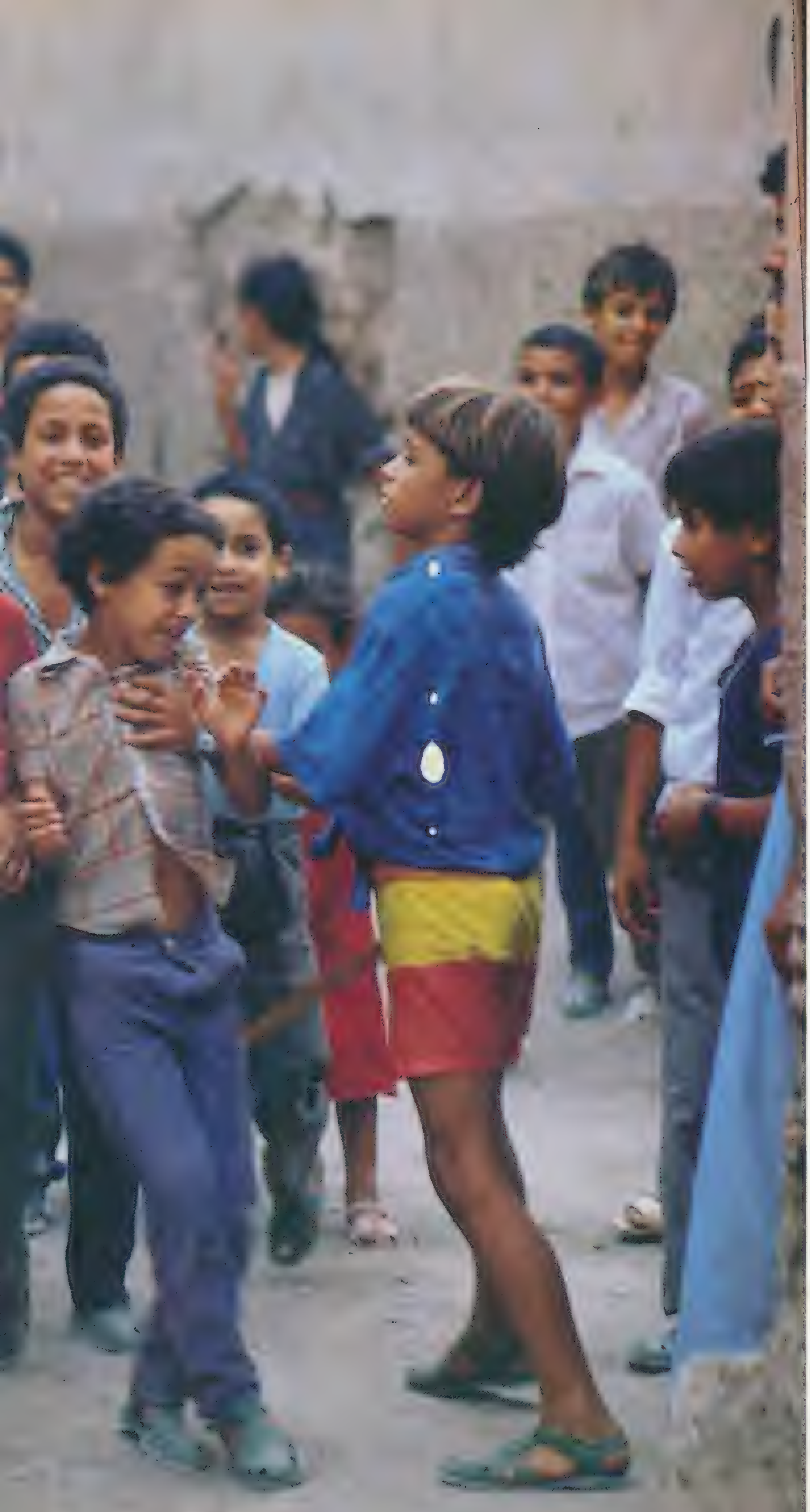
Denis Piel

On a color-drenched Moroccan street, the impact of black, *left*, in this wrap-and-tie silk top by Zoran—symbol of the season's tuneness, minimalism. About $200. To order at Zoran, NYC, Washington DC, Jackson Graves, Minneapolis, MN. Marc Jacobs pants. Now, the "perfect little black evening dress" has a new kind of bareness at the neckline. One of the best, right: Geoffrey Beene's silk crepe, jet-buttoned wraps. About $1750. January at Bergdorf Goodman, New Dushkin. *Beauty Note:* The season's makeup minimalism, left: Lancôme's Maquigrace Fauve Nacré lipstick, Nacré gloss. Details, stores, last pages.

Denis Piel

Marcel the power of opposites, allureness. For any
...Marrakesh to Manhattan—
Geneva's silk crepe dress, opposing
a bare-and-square neckline; a soft
loose drape...thoroughly modern,
very sensuous. Martha; Suite 101,
Beverly Hills. To order at Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. . . And from Calvin Klein Collection, this page, a compelling, perfectly simple silk crepe "tank dress." About $1100. Bergdorf Goodman. For details, see last pages.

Denis Piel



In Marrakech . . . the surge of nonstop street life . . . the contrast of ancient and modern

Throughout these eighteen pages, intriguing glimpses of Marrakech. What strikes the visitor first: the light—the play of sun and shadow on ancient walls, filtering through hidden gardens. And the colors—the soft rose-pinks and adobe-tans of its buildings, the unexpected turquoise of a door, the flash of brilliant blue as a hooded figure glides by, the kohl-rimmed eyes of its veiled women. At every turn: contrasts. Kids in jeans and kids in caftans (always with distinctive Moroccan slippers or sandals) . . . romantic horse-drawn carriages and speeding taxis. The heart of the city: its fabled Jemaa el Fna square, where snake charmers and acrobats, storytellers and water sellers, monkeys and magicians all vie for attention. In its winding, crowded souks and bazaars, mountains of spices, handcrafted silver, leathers, rugs. Unending treasures . . . discoveries that appeal to all the senses. (For more about Marrakech, see page 228).

Leading the way: a different take on tailoring, *left*. Norma Kamali's striking update on the pants suit. With a small-fitting double-breasted jacket, narrow pleated pants . . . in dazzling chartreuse wool. Jacket, about $325; pants, about $192. OMO Norma Kamali and OMO Soho, NYC. Details, last pages.

In a city of contrasts, a contrast in dressing for evening. Mary McFadden's white dress, with a pleated top, cut out at the sides, a tissue taffeta bubble skirt. Late January at Garfinckel's; The Gazebo, Winston-Salem NC; Miss Jackson's, Tulsa OK; Frost Bros. To order at Bonwit Teller....The balcony here: at the fabled Hotel de la Mamounia, which is set in an eighteenth-century garden with jasmine, palms, ancient olive trees...and a twentieth-century swimming pool....*Fragrance Note:* News—a contemporary version of Lanvin's classic—L'Eau de Parfum Arpège. Details, see last pages.

More color news: tawny, honeyed tones in everything from lingerie to furs. . . . *Left:* A cream-and-honey-colored cardigan coat and scarf in natural Fawn Light Canadian fox by Givenchy Furs for Laurence Kaye. Zoran's taupe-y satin sarong. Calvin Klein's taupe sheer Chantilly lace shirt. A meant-to-be-seen ecru teddy by L'Indiscrete for M.A. Robinowitz. Coat at Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; Sara Fredericks, Boston; Montalbo, Bullocks Wilshire. . . *Right:* Reversible color in a natural Golden Island fox cardigan—pure gold to black. From Karl Lagerfeld Fourrures. Under it, a sliver of dress in pewter sequins by Suzono Monacella. Coat at Bloomingdale's, Kristofer Furs, Savannah GA; The Carol and Irwin Ware Fur Salon at I. Magnin, Chicago, Capriccio, Scottsdale AZ, La Jolla CA. . . . The background here: the Hotel de la Mamounia—a one-of-a-kind "oasis" of luxury in Marrakech—vibrant with color, light, exotic patterns. Details, see last pages.

Denis Piel

In a romantic mood: Fernando Sanchez's kimono—panels of yellow, absinthe green, and blue over brilliant-pink pull-on pants, both in moiré brushed-back satin. The extravagantly pillowed chaise, in the "Blue Room" of the Villa Taylor, one of the great houses of Marrakech, home of Comtesse de Breteuil. Robe, about $180; pants, about $90. Mid-December at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus, Bal Harbour FL, Beverly Hills; Bullocks Wilshire, Los Angeles and Palm Desert CA. . . . *Beauty Note:* For a romantic look in makeup, the slightest tint of color. Here, Maybelline Teaberry ColorFresh lipstick; Lavender Cream shadow. Details, more stores, see last pages of this issue.

Once upon a shoe...

In a setting worthy of the most enchanting fairy tale – castle and all – the magical world of Roger Vivier, master shoemaker, creator of dreams

The genius, the sheer delight of a Roger Vivier shoe symbolized, *left*, by this extraordinary purple taffeta boot—sequined, beaded, jeweled, feathered—nothing less than a dream!

Francois Halard

By JOAN JULIET BUCK

There are forty shoes standing in neat rows in front of the huge chimney, a chimney that could easily accommodate seven versions of Father Christmas and several reindeer. The shoes are as elaborate and mad and rich and gaudy as any set of flourishes dreamed up by a child's illustrator: bejeweled slippers, minstrel's pumps, lace boots, "salomes" with curved and carved straps in improbable shades of bright suede, mules with tongues tied in a knot and rising up the leg like flames, a population of elves and bright spirits that happen to be shoes. The chimney is in a castle, the castle stands on a hill, and inside the hill is a cathedral carved into the rock with arches that rise up in phosphorescent darkness. The cathedral was founded by Saint Maur, the castle was built by the Bouchards, and the shoes are the astonishing work of Roger Vivier, the greatest shoe designer of this century.

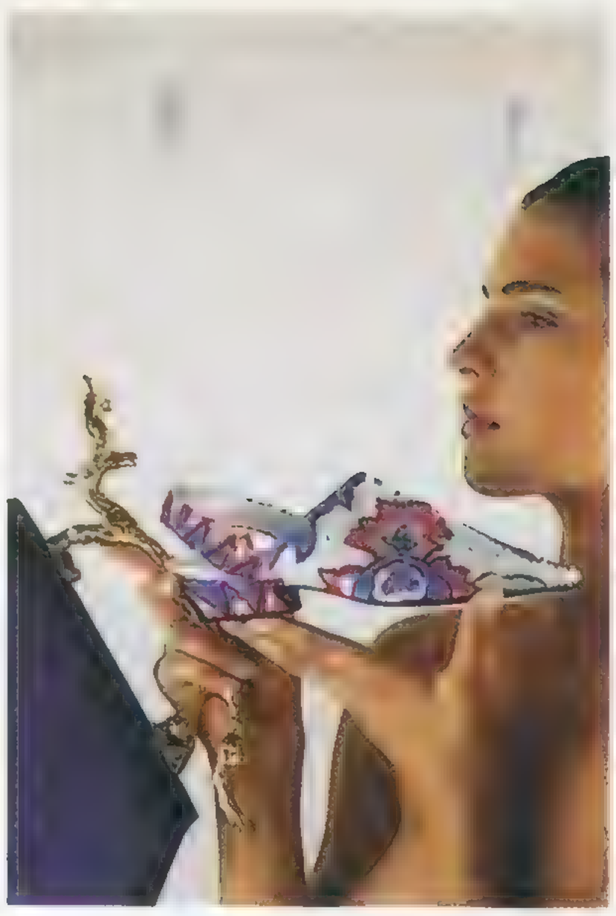
In the ten years between 1953 and 1963, Roger Vivier designed the shoes for Christian Dior, and the shoes were legendary. He designed for Yves Saint Laurent. When he opened his own shop on the Rue François Premier just off Avenue Montaigne, women used to go and look at the mad, amazing shoes the way you visit a museum. Roger Vivier began designing shoes in 1937 and brought forth stiletto heels, ball heels, heels like commas, platform soles, low pumps with buckles on the toes, and evening shoes of such intense frivolity that parties never quite recovered after Vivier left Paris. He closed his shop, retired to the Château d'Aubeterre, and glass slippers disappeared from balls.

But Roger Vivier is a restless, curious man, and a beautiful little fortress on top of a cathedral on top of a hill didn't satisfy him. He began doodling, evolving new shapes, sitting at a window looking out over the rich landscape of the Charente. And he began ordering embroideries and pearls and fake rubies and amethysts and sapphires and lace and net and gold and pink and red and turquoise leather. In 1980, an exhibition in Bordeaux, Paris, and New York City showed off Vivier's past creations. And Vivier continued to make his shoes, halves of imaginary pairs, unconstrained by the demands of commerce. A selection of his work has been available in a successful Vivier boutique in New York City. This month, the Musée des Arts de la Mode in Paris offers a Vivier retrospective that will include the new designs, and plans are flourishing on two continents to revive what was the most extraordinary branch of the applied arts of fashion.

Vivier's relationship with shoes goes far beyond adornment, and in his country years he has worked on sculptures of shoes and heels that are as surreal as anything else he has ever done. At the instigation of his adopted son, Gérard Benoit-Vivier, a workshop had been set up in a field where the peace is shattered by the occasional thunder of fighter jets from a nearby army base. Here, heels five feet high and shoe lasts that could be couches rise up from the stone floor, made of laminated wood, sanded by local workmen. There is a magic in the curve of an *(Continued on page 364)*

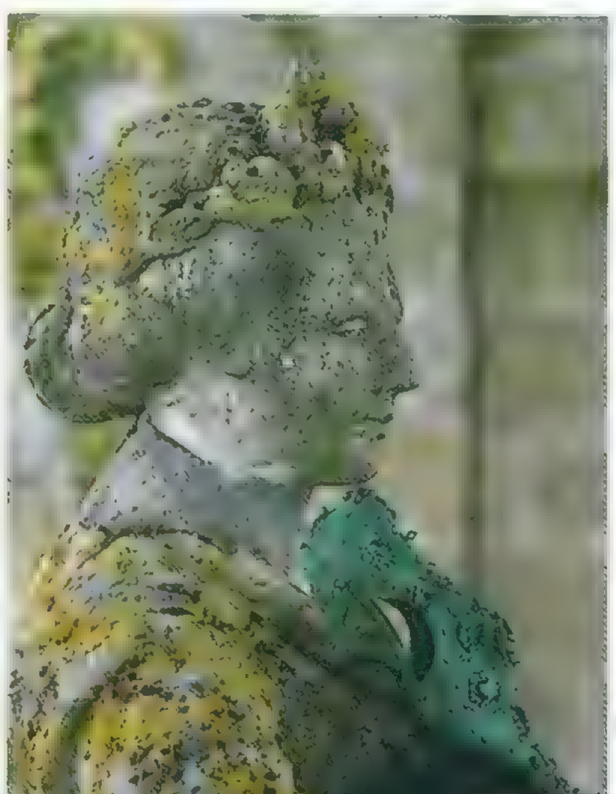
In a castle on a hill, the master at work: Roger Vivier, *left*, and his "mimosa" boot... *Opposite:* From dazzling crocodile boots to Dalmatian-heel pumps, the (literally) fantastic range of Vivier's art. Details, see last pages.

François Halard



Shoes that are works of art, brilliant dreams come

to life, "...a population of elves and bright spirits"



There was a young woman who lived on a shoe...

...And she lived happily ever after surrounded by fields of enchanted sunflowers. Wooden shoe sculpture, Gérard Benoit-Vivier. Fashion, Christian Lacroix couture. Hair, Bruno Weppe for Jean Louis David; makeup, Mary Greenwell. Details, last page.

FASHION '88

Perfect contrasts

Starting a new season ...with a look at a continuing contrast in fashion. On one side, a heightened style: colorful, romantic, strongly shaped, symbolized on these six pages by Emanuel Ungaro. On the other, a modern concept of minimalism, a lack of excess in line and detail, symbolized by Giorgio Armani. Here, the best of both...

Perfectly suited to day, *inset, left:* Armani's low-key, fast-moving style. Specifically: his new one-button jacket over softer trousers. . . . Perfection at Ungaro, *right:* brilliant color, brilliantly shaped. The poetic "tailcoat" jacket in shocking-pink silk organza and a skirt of pale pistachio leather. These six pages: hair, Julien D'Is, Paris; makeup, Stephane Marais. . . . *Beauty Note:* Evening make-up spark, *right*—Estée Lauder's Pink Meteor on lips. Details, last pages.

FASHION '88

The height of daytime style, of soft tailoring, *left:* Armani's pale-grey silk jacket—small at the waist. Over a schoolgirl-collared blouse in grey and yellow silk stripes, moss-green silky knit cardigan, cream wool trousers. . . .Going for high-key effects, *right:* Ungaro's delightful, colorful dinner dressing with the most curvaceous shaping. His small "carved" jacket in fuchsia jersey piped in black, with a high-waisted silk skirt, signature-draped to one side—of black-dotted lime-green silk—and a black knit tank top. Details, last pages.

Strong on charm! Ungaro's playful strapless silk taffeta dress, *left*—small-bodied, flower-printed, with a full-blown satin rose! . . . Close-up, *right*, "details" of Armani subtlety: the easy way the plaid jacket fits and slides over the small vest underneath. . . the soft textural mix in beiges and greys . . . the unexpected tilt of a hat. . . the straightforward impact. Details, see next to last pages.

Peter Lindbergh

...The season's free-spirited swim separates—body-baring components that are strong on color, shape, style!... The sleek, color-drenched cutout, *left*: Liza Bruce's striped/solid ''monokini'' swimdress, about $165. Bloomingdale's; Splash & Flash, Newport Beach and Century City CA.... *Right*: A double dose of real color—Andre Van Pier's one-shoulder bandeau over Anne Cole's hot-pink minidress. Bandeau, about $160. Bloomingdale's; Fred Hayman's Giorgio, Beverly Hills. Dress, about $42. Late December at Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field's; Foley's; Bullock's.... *Beauty Note:* Striking a color balance, *right*—Yves Saint Laurent's warm, neutral makeup. These four pages: hair by Oribe/Oribe at Parachute; makeup by Laura Mercier for Trish McEvoy, NYC. Details, see last pages.

Penn

making waves

making waves

Redefining "bare," *left*: Donna Karan's small-fitting off-the-shoulder cotton/Lycra top and shirred (sexy!) high-waisted brief. Donna Karan New York. Top, about $85; brief, about $80. January at Bergdorf Goodman; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; The Twenty-Four Collection, Bal Harbour FL; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. . . . Another provocative twist, *right*: Giorgio di Sant' Angelo's black Lycra dancer's wrap top with matching tanga and tube skirt, about $500. To order at Barneys New York; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. . . . *Beauty Note:* From Chanel, *right*, makeup that's smoky, sexy. Details, last pages.

Penn

Jump cut please. . . Lara on the sun-dappled terrace of the Villa Taylor. Personal touches: the weathered straw hat, good-luck necklace. Personal dressing: a silk V-neck top over a lacy bra. Zoran top, about $300. Zoran, NYC, Beverly Hills; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Ella Pryor, Houston TX; Miki, Mill Valley and Burlingame CA. Bra, Christian Dior Intimates, about $29. These six pages: hair, Suga/Suga salon, NYC; makeup, Andrea Paoletti. The Villa Taylor, courtesy of the Comtesse de Breteuil. Details, last pages.

Denis Piel

Taking it easy

...In Marrakech, Lara Naszinski, beautiful young actress-to-watch (all about her, next page)... And the prettiest new at-ease dressing that turns on lace-touched bits and pieces...a charming sense of personal style

lara naszinski

What strikes you about Lara Naszinski, beyond the obvious—the radiant good looks, the charming smile and equally engaging manner—is the international quality of her life. Acting may be an on-the-go profession, but Lara's travels started long before her career. Born in West Berlin, she accompanied her father (conductor for the Berlin Opera) and mother (opera and concert singer) on worldwide tours. As a result, she's at home in many cities, proficient in six languages (skills she's put to good use—as a translator—waiting for the right roles to come along).

Home now is a small seaside town near Rome where "life is very simple, very casual. Marrakech was a lot more elegant." Clothes, equally simple, very casual—"jeans, bikinis, things for sports. Sports all the time." Specifically: riding, sailing, windsurfing, along with a general love of being outdoors.

Working life centers on Rome. Since 1983, Lara has starred in six Italian-made movies, several successful television series. In one of the latter, her favorite role—that of Jessie White, English journalist and lover of Garibaldi. "She was one of the first emancipated women. I could easily identify with her."

Currently, Lara's completing another television series. Beyond that, she hopes to come to the United States as both first-time tourist and actress. A goal: to be in a Blake Edwards comedy or to do a musical (to that end, singing and dancing lessons). Meanwhile, in Marrakech...

Denis Piel

In a relaxed mood—Lara, *above*, enjoying the sensuous, sun-drenched feeling of Marrakech. Dressing in the mood: Mary McFadden's signature-pleated dancer's top—sleeveless, low-cut, small-fitting—with her sheer gold lace shorts. Top, about $600; shorts, about $950. Late January at Martha. To order at Suky Rosan, Ardmore PA; Balliet's; Frost Bros.; Mary V's, Tyler TX. For details, see next to last pages of this issue.

What influences Lara's own style of dressing: an easygoing charm and almost-barefoot by-the-sea living. That easygoing feeling, *left,* in a Degas-like pull-on skirt of mocha lace and wrap top in crinkled white viscose. Calvin Klein Collection skirt, about $775. At Bergdorf Goodman. Top, Ghost, Ltd., about $125. Charivari Workshop, NYC; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Blake, Chicago; Cotton Club, Houston; Ice, Los Angeles; Susan of Burlingame and San Francisco CA. . . . Blushing beauties, *right:* Lara and lace on lace—a long, sheer boatneck shirt over a matching blush-color camisole. Both, Calvin Klein Collection, about $780. Saks Fifth Avenue; Ruth Kishline's Country Clothes, Evansville IN. Details, last pages this issue.

Denis Piel

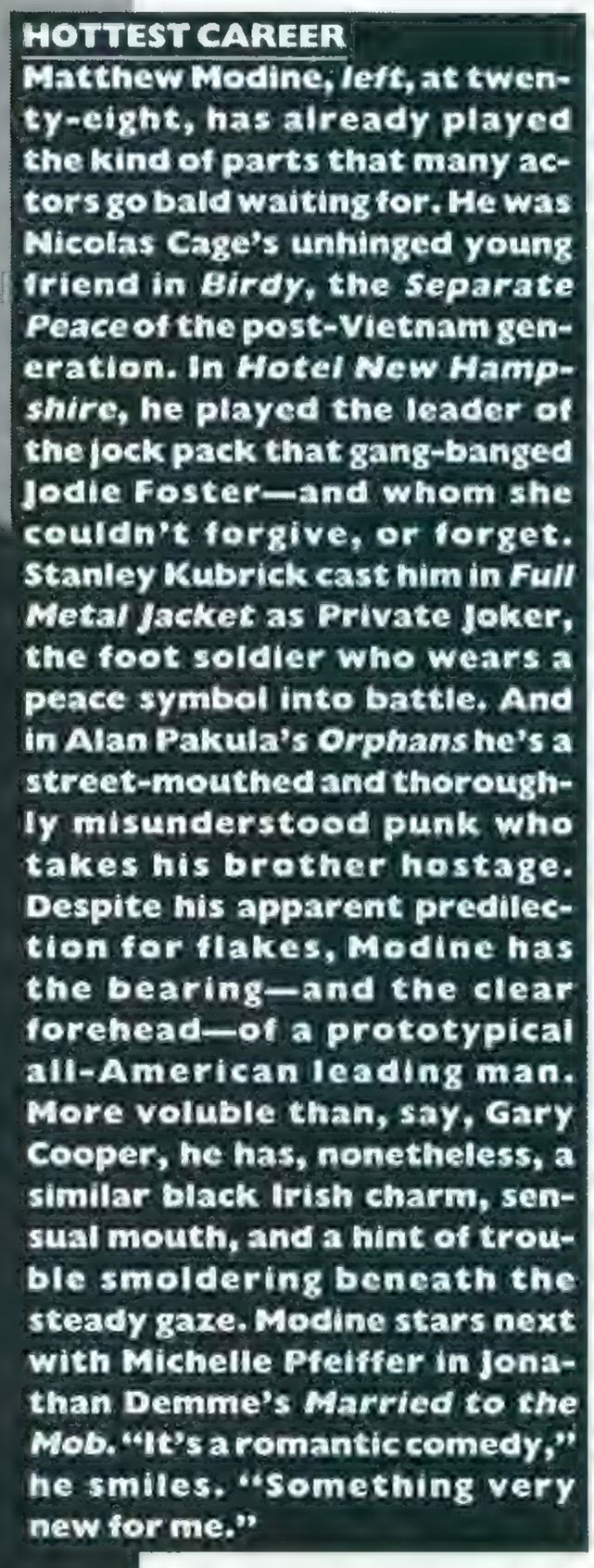
Opinions

If gossip is what passes for conversation these days, then opinions are the intellectual equivalent of fast food: part instinct, part bias, part mystery meat. But while everyone has opinions not everyone dares voice them. Here, an arbitrary look at 1987:

First the good news Garlic really *is* good for you, according to new studies investigating its potential as an antibacterial, antithrombotic and allergy-relieving agent. In Japan, garlic is recognized as a treatment for high blood pressure; at the NYU Medical Center, Sidney Belman, who is studying the use of garlic oil to prevent skin tumors in mice, has had encouraging findings. (So that's how mice order their pizza!)... **Now, the bad news** There is absolutely no evidence that healing crystals do any of the above.... **Women who love too much** Lee Hart and Bess Myerson. Women Who Love To Munch: Oprah Winfrey, who is even more emotional than Phil Donahue. Women Who Love To Mush: Susan Butcher, who won the Iditarod dog sled race in western Alaska this year.... **The Supremes** Worst Possible Nomination: Robert Bork to the Supreme Court. Best Exposé: Mary Wilson's book, *Dreamgirl: My Life as a Supreme*. Most Mediocre Album: Diana Ross's *Red Hot*. Most Pathetic Continuing Attempt To Look Exactly Like Diana Ross: A tie between Michael Jackson and any respectable drag queen who hangs out in Greenwich Village.... **Most unfair manifestation of fiscal insecurity** Yuppie bashing—especially when we have a real villain, like an absentee President. ... **Most over-art-directed movie** *Maurice*. Most Over-Art-Directed TV Show: *Private Eye*. Most Over-Art-Directed Body: Brigitte Nielsen's.... **Most flounce for the ounce** Christian Lacroix's couture debut—the runway controversy of the year. But will it play in Lake Forest?... **Best CD reissue** *Aretha Sings the Blues*. Best Dance Record: *The Indestructible Beat of Soweto*. Most Disappointing Second Album: Whitney Houston's *Whitney*. ... **Best-read best seller** Scott Turow's *Presumed Innocent*. Least-Read Best Seller: Allan Bloom's *The Closing of the American Mind*. Bookstore with the Best Sense of *(Continued on page 316)*

TRENDS WE'RE SICK AND TIRED OF Designer telephones (you can't hear on them)...Men with stubble (you can't touch them)... Liposuction (you can't stomach it).

HOTTEST CAREER



Jim Varriale

Matthew Modine, *left*, at twenty-eight, has already played the kind of parts that many actors go bald waiting for. He was Nicolas Cage's unhinged young friend in *Birdy*, the *Separate Peace* of the post-Vietnam generation. In *Hotel New Hampshire*, he played the leader of the jock pack that gang-banged Jodie Foster—and whom she couldn't forgive, or forget. Stanley Kubrick cast him in *Full Metal Jacket* as Private Joker, the foot soldier who wears a peace symbol into battle. And in Alan Pakula's *Orphans* he's a street-mouthed and thoroughly misunderstood punk who takes his brother hostage. Despite his apparent predilection for flakes, Modine has the bearing—and the clear forehead—of a prototypical all-American leading man. More voluble than, say, Gary Cooper, he has, nonetheless, a similar black Irish charm, sensual mouth, and a hint of trouble smoldering beneath the steady gaze. Modine stars next with Michelle Pfeiffer in Jonathan Demme's *Married to the Mob*. "It's a romantic comedy," he smiles. "Something very new for me."

'87's high points and low lives

opinions

(Continued from page 315) Humor: B. Dalton's, for displaying Robert Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* under "Self Help." . . . **Highest concept** *The American Way*, starring Dennis Hopper and Michael J. Pollard as two crazed Vietnam vets racing across the country in a souped-up B-29, broadcasting anarchy, and sabotaging the Presidential bid of an ultra-right-wing candidate! *Easy Flyer? Bomber and Clyde?* . . . **Back-to-the-future shocks** *Rolling Stone* was the retro magazine of the year because not only did its Top-100-Albums-of-the-Last-Twenty-Years list exclude Madonna, Whitney Houston, Tina Turner, and Cyndi Lauper, but its all-male panel of judges failed to consult the Simone de Beauvoir of rock crit, Ellen Willis. The best assessment of a retro trend, however, also came from *Rolling Stone:* its columnist William Greider nailed Allan Bloom (*The Closing of the American Mind*) for "peddling fundamentalism for high-brows." . . . **Best retro wardrobe on a media celebrity award** goes to Betsy (Mrs. Ollie) North, while Budweiser gets the gong for all that old-fashioned male bonding in its television advertising. . . and Cardinal O'Connor is awarded the retro-religion scepter for working so hard to keep the Catholic Church in the Middle Ages. . . . **Best part for an actress of a certain age making a comeback** The writer's moll in *Barfly*, played by Faye Dunaway. Best Actress of a Certain Age Making Her Debut as a Leading Lady: Sally Kirkland, who stole the show from the ravishing Paulina in *Anna*. The Sexiest Woman in the Movies: Kim Basinger. Best Acting by an Unknown Cute Young Man: Andy Garcia, in *The Untouchables*. The Actor's Actor: James Woods. . . . **The prematurely grey eminence award** Julian Schnabel for his memoirs. *C.V.J.* They Went from Very Hip to Very Annoying: Madonna and David Byrne. Best Blast from the 'Sixties: Civil disobedience. . . . **Faux pas of the year** Shirley MacLaine, at one of her lucrative "Higher Self" seminars, telling a member of the audience that AIDS patients benefit from their victimization and that "we are suffering more than they are." . . . **Best rumor** That "La Bamba!" means "condom" in barrio dialect. Souvenir of the Year: The "PopeScope," a periscope designed to help one see the pontiff over the heads of demonstrators. . . . **Most manipulative request for contributions** Oral Roberts' "I'll die if you don't." Most Prevalent Form of Child Abuse: American education. Worst Sin of Omission: Molly Yard, the President of NOW, refusing to reveal her age. . . . **Most charming marital rebuke** Betsy North scolding Ollie, "You old buffoon!" Most Visible New Careers: Panhandling and influence peddling. . . . **Basta!** Chic Italian restaurants.

BEST SEX SCENE IN A MOVIE Dennis Quaid and Ellen Barkin in *The Big Easy*...MOST IMPLAUSIBLE SEX SCENE IN A MOVIE Kevin Costner and Sean Young thrashing about in the backseat of a stretch limo in *No Way Out*...MOST OVERRATED SEX SCENES IN CONTEMPORARY FICTION Catherine Texier's *Love Me Tender*...STUPIDEST TITLE FOR A ROCK SONG "I Want Your Sex," by George Michael.

THE WORST NIGHT OF THE YEAR New Year's Eve...THE BEST PLACE TO SPEND THE WORST NIGHT OF THE YEAR NYC's renovated Rainbow Room...THE NEXT BEST PLACE TO SPEND THE WORST NIGHT OF THE YEAR Watching Sid Caesar perform *Die Fledermaus* with the Metropolitan Opera.

THE MOST TALKED-ABOUT PERFORMANCE OF THE YEAR

Bone-thin and lit from within by a crazy, possessed incandescence, the Glenn Close *(right)* of *Fatal Attraction* is not the luminous woman of *The Natural*, or *The World According to Garp*—certainly not *The Big Chill's* white-bread wife. As Alex, an aggressive, unmarried book editor who carries a weekend affair with a married man to pathological extremes, she is a woman you love to hate. But Close is no Faye Dunaway doing 'forties movie-star camp—she's relentlessly modern. *Fatal Attraction* was not the movie of the year (when the critics finished waxing sociological, most dismissed it as shallow) but Alex was evidently the most sought-after role, tempting everyone from Mimi Rogers to Melanie Griffith, with the notable exception of the ever-classy and sexy Debra Winger, who turned it down. Close, who's just finished shooting *Stones for Ibarra*, should be congratulated for making a great career swerve in a very dangerous vehicle.

Wayne Maser

Glitz!

Theater audiences want to gape now, not to think. Spectacle has finally won out over content. By DALE HARRIS

About halfway through the first act of the Paris Opera Ballet's *Cinderella* at New York City's Metropolitan Opera House last June, it suddenly became clear that the show was going to be a hit. At first the evening had hung fire. Faced with a dim kitchen interior, a handful of drably costumed dancers, and stuttering choreography by Nureyev, the audience sank into apathy. Then the scenery started to move, and everybody sat up.

What changed the mood completely was the sight of Cinderella's scullery being metamorphosed into a phantasmagoric cityscape. As soon as the lights went up on the scene, dominated by a beetling Hollywood studio and framed by three gigantic statues of Betty Grable outlined in flashing lights, the audience made appreciative noises. When the facade of the studio opened out to reveal an elaborate mechanical contraption, part clock, part flywheel, with all its components moving steadily in time to Prokofiev's music, the applause began in earnest.

No matter that the purpose of the contraption remained obscure, or that the scores of dancers now pouring onto the stage had nothing more interesting to do than model Hanae Mori's costumes. No matter that in the general hubbub Cinderella herself was forgotten, or that Nureyev's new story line, which set the tale in Hollywood during the 1930s, made little sense. By the end of act one, the audience had capitulated and was loudly acclaiming anything that moved, especially the decor. Once again, spectacle, the last refuge of contemporary showmanship, had won out over content.

The enthusiasm for *Cinderella,* which filled the Met to capacity for a week despite a sheaf of lukewarm reviews, is paradigmatic. Twenty years ago, a work of that kind could hardly have enjoyed the same success, especially at Lincoln Center—not because *(Continued on page 364)*

Today, a theatergoer finds (from near *left*) Zeffirelli's *Turandot,* with Eva Marton, as easy to enjoy as a Las Vegas weekend at Caesar's Palace, or watching Michael Crawford as the Phantom of the Opera, performing under a gilt proscenium.

Clive Barda

David Bailey

the look of glitz

is style without substance, luxury a millimeter deep. Today, our overstimulated eyes crave more and more, and every building has sprouted shoulder pads

By STEPHEN DRUCKER

San Simeon (*far right*) may have been seminal glitz, and Versailles (*below*) was definitely glitzy in its time, but Philip Johnson's "Lipstick" building (*left*) in NYC is something else altogether—shine without the luster.

Americans crave luxury. In good times and bad, we pursue it. With every generation, we refine and redefine its meaning. Some generations get carried away. Ours is almost certainly going to be remembered as one of them.

When the pursuit gets out of control, the result is something quite different from luxury. The result is glitz—style without substance, luxury that's a millimeter deep. Glitz is a high shine with no luster. It's the grandiose, the inappropriate, the contrived; it's theater in one's living room. Glitz is any object that asks too eagerly to be noticed or, worse, the room where everything competes for your attention.

In small sips, glitz isn't entirely bad. A little sassiness lifts a room, gives it some spin. The all-white rooms of Syrie Maugham and the Art Deco confections of Jacques-Emile Ruhlmann came as close as any to going over the top. But these two decorators were brilliant. They walked the edge.

Glitz should not be confused with camp. While camp is outrageous, deliberate bad taste, glitz is almost childish overexuberance. Liberace's sequined, gilded, ermine-trimmed world was high camp; he was putting us on all the way. Elvis' Graceland, on the other hand, was pure glitz; Elvis was a man who believed.

Now, preaching good taste is, admittedly, risky business. But this new wave of glitz is virulent. The world is growing too mauve too quickly. So, fair is fair: anything that asks to be noticed also begs to be judged.

Glitz is this peculiar 'eighties world

of "decorator" colors, tiny bathrooms clad with marble, and kitchens in the so-called Eurostyle, which seems to mean super-sleek and microwave-ready. It's a life style rather than a life—the language of a culture reading too many real-estate ads for too long. It's life imitating TV.

Glitz means tarting up a room for over-stimulated eyes that seem to tolerate more and more—a form of psychic numbing. It's the current penchant for a dining room with two tables, or the bed with ten down pillows arrayed in size order, plump at all times. Glitz is the sable throw on the ten-foot-wide bed in the sixteen Olympic Tower apartments that Adnan Khashoggi combined to form his *pied à terre*.

Glitz is an absurd emphasis on props. It's the accoutrements of a fox hunt in a Manhattan penthouse, or a restaurant stove in the kitchen of someone who never cooks. This year's symbol of inappropriateness is the Aga cooker, an expensive English stove designed to heat a damp cottage while it makes dinner, and now an increasingly common sight in steam-heated Manhattan apartments.

Strutting one's portfolio of art too aggressively can be glitzy: paintings matched to furniture; collections collected in a single buying trip. I recently saw in a magazine a photograph of a twenty-five-hundred-year-old gold crown, exquisitely wrought in the form of laurel leaves. It stood on a lacquered pedestal, lighted from below, encased in glass. This was in somebody's home.

Glitz is power decorating, be it nostalgia for the Raj, or the high-strung styles of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries that are once again à la mode. Proustian atmosphere, by the yard, is now available through architects and decorators only: Turkish corners; tables skirted like opening-night operagoers; $15,000 worth of paint on the walls; a certain $1,000-a-yard tiger-striped silk velvet that knowing eyes recognize, as they would a tank watch. And the most fashionable chairs of the last few years are dressed as if by couturiers, with $500 silk tassles and $200-a-yard bouillon fringe, and perhaps a tiny bow painstakingly hand-tied to each precious little tuft. Such chairs always remind me of the Madonnas that appear at Italian street festivals with hundred-dollar bills pinned to them by the faithful.

Ten years ago, when "naturals" were the favorite colors at home, such razzmatazz would have seemed unthinkable. Architecture, too, was then dominated by the New York Five—Graves, Stern, Meier, Hejduk, Eisenman—whose buildings were chaste, white, and very rational. At the time, the only big spenders seemed to be Arabs; the name of their game was petro-glitz and, in their hands, yachts started to grow helicopters.

Now, ten years into postmodernism, every building has shoulder pads, whether the jokey crenellations and Chippendale fanfare of Philip Johnson, or the revolving restaurants and light-studded glass elevators of John Portman's hotels. Glitz is any "luxury" building—one part hotel, one part office building, one part shopping mall, one part health club—wrapped in a name that's hard to live up to. Trump is the glitziest of names.

Glitz is the new emphasis on entrances, on arriving: the circular driveway that leads to the marble lobby that leads to the gimcrack condo, in which one can hear the neighbors' every move. The role model for Manhattan lobbies was surely Bloomingdale's, which redid its first floor to a disco beat—all black marble and brass and mirror—eight years ago. The store fell into perpetual night, perpetual fantasy; night is the glitziest time of day. The magic wasn't lost on real-estate developers. At the moment, there's such an epidemic of lobby fever in Manhattan that one begins to wonder how much marble can possibly be left in Italy.

New York City, which once looked upon the Sun Belt's glitzy streak as heat-induced, as proof that it wasn't a really serious place, is now quickly becoming the ultimate expression of glitz. The city of brick has given way to a new and brittle-looking city of glass. Its residents now find themselves taxiing along streets that look like Houston or Miami or Rio, from lobby to lobby, from atrium to atrium. Glitz is any building with an atrium.

On Times Square, John Portman's Marriott Marquis hotel has become the New York City landmark that New Yorkers try to avoid. Its fifty stories of razzle-dazzle atrium are topped with a revolving restaurant—a hermetically sealed New York, inspired by the Sun Belt, to comfort the wary tourist. This incredible hulk is, incredibly, considered the "inspiration" for a new Times Square, now in the planning stages.

Unfortunately, glitz is like junk food, not terribly satisfying. Our appetite for new styles has become voracious; they come so fast that even my local paint store now advertises a "*faux* expert" and sells patina in a bottle. We're binging on glamour. And at the rate we're going, in the future, everything is going to be stylish for fifteen minutes. ▽

GLITZY IN THEIR TIME
Versailles
Brighton Pavilion
Chrysler Building
Steamship *Normandie*
Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum
Lincoln Center

SEMINAL GLITZ
San Simeon (1919)
Fontainebleau Hotel (1952)
Cadillac fins at their peak (1959)
Caesar's Palace (1966)
Bloomingdale's, Manhattan, renovates first floor (1979)
Stewart Mott builds four-story penthouse atop Galleria on East 57th Street, NYC (mid-1970s)
Joan Collins' *Dynasty* penthouse (1981)
Trump Tower (1982)
Sheraton Great Wall Hotel, Beijing: first atrium in China (1983)

TOTALLY OUT-OF-CONTROL
The Edsel
Graceland
Marriott Marquis Hotel, NYC
Adnan Khashoggi's New York City *pied à terre*
State of Illinois Center, Chicago
Sultan of Brunei's palace
MGM Grand Airlines
Yachts with helicopters

GLITZY PLACES
Biscayne Boulevard, Miami
Hong Kong
Beverly Hills
Dallas
The new Manhattan

From left: Peter Mauss/EST0; Grant V. Faint/Image Bank; David Muench/Image Bank

chynna phillips

james wilder and
mimi rogers

joe holland and jami gertz

young hollywood

They are an ebullient fraternity of Pretty Young Things, making big splashes in next year's hottest films

They descend upon The Ivy, L.A.'s low-key chintz and wicker restaurant, in groups, greeting each other with exaggerated kisses and satirical bursts of Hollywood-ese: "Oh, hi d-a-w-l!" They are exceedingly cute and ambitious. Many have parents with famous names. And they've won leading roles in films that promise to define, like *The Big Chill*, a whole generation: *Less than Zero*, Bret Easton Ellis' tale of rich kids down and drugged-out in Hollywood; *Bright Lights, Big City*, Jay McInerney's story of Manhattan's coked-out yup-and-comers; *Promised Land* (from Robert Redford's Sundance Institute)—a fable, almost, about teens coming to terms with the false promise of the American Dream.

(Continued on page 325)

Matthew Rolston
Fashion details, last pages.

jason gedrick
and lisa bonet

james wilder

(Continued from page 323)

No one could be more the essence of the California dream than CHYNNA PHILLIPS (daughter of Michelle Phillips, one of the original Mamas and Papas) with her endless legs, sun-streaked hair. Next year she plans to release a music album she cut with Wendy and Carnie Wilson, daughters of California Beach Boy Brian Wilson, and she also begins filming *California Dreamin'*, the story of her mother's life. The choice of Chynna as lead was obvious: "We look alike and when I laugh, people say I sound completely like her." Growing up in L.A., "stepfathered" at different points by Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson, Chynna, nineteen, who still lives at home, landed her first big part only last year in John Hughes's *Some Kind of Wonderful*.

JAMI GERTZ, twenty-one, best known for her recent portrayal of a Beverly Hills girl born with a silver spoon up her nose in *Less Than Zero*, believes the movie represents Hollywood's significant and continued move away from vacuous teenybopper films. Adolescence is "much tougher" today, she says, so teens want to "see films about real people in real-life situations." Though comedy is clearly in her bones—Gertz starred in CBS's *Square Pegs*—she knows diversity breeds longevity. "In this business," she says, "one week you're the flavor of the month. The next, everyone's eating at a different ice-cream parlor."

"I like to play hoodlums," says JOE HOLLAND (HBO's *Hitchhiker; Back to the Beach*), who, with his Elvis Presley sideburns, motorcycle jacket, and a ring with a Maltese cross, looks the part. He's even writing a screenplay that casts himself as—surprise,

(Continued on page 326)

Matthew Rolston

mimi rogers

meg ryan

kiefer sutherland

(Continued from page 325)

surprise—"a small-time hoodlum who falls in love with a debutante." The reason for writing: as the pawn of producers, his best parts (in *Top Gun*, for example) "ended up on the editing room floor." Holland, the twenty-five-year-old son of Joanna (but not Johnny) Carson, finds acting comes naturally. "I grew up in Manhattan with no brothers or sisters; I pretended a lot."

Before shooting *Murder One*, the true story of three brothers who viciously kill six people in a trailer home, JAMES WILDER, who plays one of the brothers, visited his character on Georgia's Death Row and was "fascinated." But, when the prisoner invited him to the execution, Wilder, twenty-four, didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Intense, aloof, a cigarette forever clamped between fingers with nails nibbled into nubs, he seems to harbor some secret inner turmoil. "I never wanted to do anything else but be an entertainer," he says. To be involved with the right part "makes my heart sing."

MIMI ROGERS stars in Ridley Scott's *Someone To Watch Over Me* as a lonely, wealthy, accidental witness to a murder. Her intriguingly crooked jaw, her vulnerability, and her Playboy Bunny body draw Tom *(Continued on page 367)*

Matthew Rolston

robin wright

"I garden out of enthusiasm," says Maryll Lanvin, *below*, who created the château's splendid gardens virtually from scratch. "The passion takes hold of me, I work and work, and suddenly it's done, as if all at once." The eighteenth-century pavilion, *above*, will one day be restored as an orangerie.

A Ch

In the Ile de France, a splendid house and garden for people in love with light: Maryll and Bernard Lanvin

âteau in Bloom

Jacques Dirand

By ALICE GORDON

Maryll and Bernard Lanvin have playfully embroidered the uneventful history of their small château in the Île de France, giving the house a past that lives up to the spell in which it currently holds them. "Madame Maintenon," as Maryll tells it, "found Louis Quatorze *so* boring that she had to have a secret place built where she might slip away and meet her lovers—here, of course." This fabrication so delights Maryll's husband that he no longer allows that it is not true.

A twentieth-century sense of geniality infuses all the time the Lanvins spend at their château, which does, in truth, date to the Sun King's reign. Weekends with their two sons and close friends are antidotes to Maryll's Paris weekdays spent designing both the *prêt-à-porter* and *haute couture* collections for the House of Lanvin.

Maryll had been emphatic about *not* wanting a château at first, insisting on an informal country life. But once she had seen this *maison de la lanterne*—its windows aligned to let sunlight shine through—no other house could displace it in her affections. As for the life she envisioned there, the Lanvins have met their château halfway. By day, blue jeans and an old sweater are appropriate. But at night, people must change, "not to be grand," Maryll explains, "but to be beautiful. I think the house is pretty enough that we can make an effort for her."

Alice Gordon *is a writer living in New York City.*

"What the last owner saw as a castle, I see as a family house"

After breakfast in their bedrooms off the gallery, *opposite*, guests are given the morning to themselves, perhaps to read in a sunny window seat. *Above left*: Maryll's gardening necessities await her. *Above right*: Interior touches pay tribute to nature—trompe-l'oeil portraits of various parts of Maryll's garden enhance the dining room's outdoor views.

Jacques Dirand

For Maryll, "château" need not mean "stiff," thus the plump sofas in the living room, *above*, which were designed by François Catroux. *Left*: The park was executed in the eighteenth century after plans by Le Nôtre; the Lanvin boys, Jean-Yves and Hubert, play golf on its lawn. *Far right*: Colorful borders—"a little on the wild side," says Maryll—soften orderly French garden plots.

Jacques Dirand

"By day, blue jeans will do...
at night, the house is so pretty
we make an effort for her"

"If I see one friend reading, another at the piano, another walking in the garden, I'm happy—because the house is working as it should"

For the billiard room, *above*, Maryll commissioned a *faux-marbre* commode after an Italian model; the billiard table, covered with a Tree of Life cotton, is the ideal place to spread art books from the adjoining library, *left*. This room was redone in *faux marbre* after the *petit théâtre* at Versailles; throughout the house, decorative illusion has preference over the priceless. Scenes from the garden: *top left*, old-fashioned roses; *right*, a bed of stock.

Jacques Dirand

"Morning is a time to be alone outside"

The château's park, *above*, was designed "for people who are in love with light," says Maryll. Part of the carefully orchestrated spell: an eighteenth-century sphinx beckoning strollers into an *allée*. An enthusiastic gardener's bounty, *below*, stops first in the pantry, *left*, where Maryll does all the arranging. *Right*: A guest bedroom, splashed with a single garden cotton; the bedcovers stay turned down to show exceptionally pretty French lace on sheets.

Jacques Dirand

Beauty Note:
All-out eye appeal, *this page*, from Dior's Passion eye shadow palette. Hair, Oribe/ Oribe at Parachute; makeup, Laura Mercier for Trish McEvoy, NYC. Details, last pages.

all-out fur!

In a season studded with luxurious fur options, standout examples. What sets them apart: rich coloring, superb shaping, the best quality. . . . *Left*: The dash of a short topcoat—the season's star length/look—in Russian golden sable from Saks Jandel Design. Saks Jandel, Chevy Chase, Washington DC. . . . The flip side of short and sassy—long and roomy—*right*: Grosvenor Canada's racy great-coat in cognac-dyed New Zealand opossum. The Fur Galleria, Cedarhurst NY; Bensky Furs, Little Rock AR; Edwards-Lowell, Beverly Hills.

Penn

total WORKOUT

BROOKE SHIELDS: GETTING BACK ON THE FITNESS TRACK

It is every woman's fantasy: to be able to put everything on "hold" and devote all to getting in shape. Which is precisely what Brooke Shields did for a month in Sun Valley, Idaho. The full story on these eight pages...

These pages: Hair by Sam McKnight for La Coupe, NY; makeup by Mary Greenwell. Fashion details, last pages.

Patrick Demarchelier

Brooke Shields, seemingly, is everywhere—on magazine covers, at a party for fashion designer Stephen Sprouse, out and about with Michael Jackson, soon in new-movie *Brenda Starr*. In a sense, she is part of our culture. We've watched her grow up from dewy Ivory Soap infant to pre-adolescent beauty in *Pretty Baby*, and, now at twenty-two, a Princeton honors graduate, who—beyond the glamour image—has a healthy sense of herself.

After finishing college and her new film, for which she had to gain about ten pounds, Brooke decided to make a change in her fitness habits. Like many women who find it easier to reach physical goals away from home (usually in the regulated environment of a spa), Brooke opted to get in shape in Sun Valley, where she has a house, and near where Willy McCarty, an athlete and coach who trained Mariel Hemingway for *Personal Best*, lives. Not that Brooke wasn't "in shape"...But "fitness took a backseat," she admits, during college and filming. While not model-thin (she wears a size 8) nor obsessive about her weight, Brooke felt "I just wasn't in the physical condition I wanted to be in." Brooke wasn't interested in body-building or muscles. Her goals: leaner, stronger, more energetic.

Keeping in mind that future plans would inevitably include changing schedules and travel, McCarty's program was based on variety and change, taking advantage of Sun Valley's outdoor assets.

Another goal during her thirty-three-day training was, she says, to be capable of participating in a triathlon—sport's formidable swimming/cycling/running event. "I wanted to know I could do it."

The program consisted of at least two activities (choices: swimming, running, road biking, mountain biking, weight-training, hiking, or water skiing), done each day for four hours, six days a week. A typical training day: a thirty-five-lap swim, *(Continued on page 344)*

IN THREE WEEKS I BEGAN TO SEE A DIFFERENCE IN MY BODY

Brooke's shape-up program included running, *left*—with a focus on posture, breathing, pulling back...road biking with Willy McCarty, *opposite*, her favorite activity. Because the bike supports body weight, it allows for pedaling longer stretches—in Brooke's case, for as many as three or four hours, a fifty-mile stretch. *Above*, horseback riding—for pleasure—"I had a really good workout that day."

Fashion details, last pages.

Patrick Demarchelier

THE BEAUTY OF FITNESS: LEANER...STRONGER...CURVY

(Continued) followed by a gym session. Another day might begin with a six-to-eight mile run at 8:00 A.M. "We never did the same exercise twice in a row," says Brooke. Other activities included riding (for pleasure) and self-defense lessons.

Despite her daily four-hour workout, Brooke never felt she was overdoing it. One reason was that nothing was routine; there wasn't time to get tired, bored, or complacent. "Willy never pushed me to exercise; that's why I liked it," explains Brooke. (More on McCarty's thinking, next page.)

When it came to weight-training, Brooke found she had better results with *lighter* weights, *more* repetitions. An unexpected side benefit: the loss of eight pounds.

Of all the activities, Brooke liked cycling best. Her least favorite: running. "I'd get bored." These days, though, she can clock six to eight miles—uphill, downhill. What made a difference: learning *how* to run—"slower now, for much longer distances."

A good part of Brooke's training had as much to do with mental attitude as it did with physical workout. Most of all, she says, understanding that fitness is a lifetime process, that long-range fitness plans are more important than short-term goals took away some of the pressure. "Now I know if I don't do 'a great run,' there's always tomorrow. I also know, if I'm traveling, I can always do something. The important thing is getting the habit. Then, if I get off the track, I can get back on it."

—ALLISON KYLE LEOPOLD

Swimming laps—sometimes as many as thirty-five—was integral to Brooke's regimen, building stamina, strength—without bulk. Another gain: a positive attitude. "I now have real confidence in my physical abilities," says Brooke.

Fashion details, last pages.

Patrick Demarchelier

SELF-DEFENSE GOALS:
THRUST! POWER!

Patrick Demarchelier

exercise for life: new expert thinking

By ALLISON KYLE LEOPOLD

Like many other fitness experts, Brooke Shields's coach Willy McCarty once believed in training—*hard*: if you weren't hurting, you weren't doing yourself good. Over the years, though, fitness thinking has changed; and, like other experts today, McCarty says, "I've come to the conclusion that's not the way to do it. There's a much better way to go about exercising for the rest of your life."

McCarty believes in "training easy—*not* necessarily with the immediate goal to get in shape or because someone feels fat, but to establish a lifetime pattern." Here, his fitness thinking.

Q. *Why is an easier workout more beneficial than a tough one?*
A. In the long run, training-as-punishment—to work off an extra snack eaten the night before or whatever—works against a person, and does not motivate one to exercise. Each of us has to learn to exercise regularly.

Q. *How do you go about that?*
A. The trick is holding back a bit. Most people overexercise. If three miles of running feels good to them, they run four and one-half miles—until it starts feeling bad. Then, they stop. If a woman can do three miles, I might keep her to two and three-quarter miles, just so she feels she can do more. That's important. With Brooke, for example, by doing it this way, it became easier for her; she never thought that *(Continued on page 362)*

Awareness, attitude, and, when all else fails, technique—the three phases of Brooke's self-defense training, devised by karate expert Chuck Webb of the Sun Valley resort. *Left*: Brooke practices thrusting with open palm for extra force.

spas: the new HABIT-

Proving the impact fitness has had on our lives: Spas—and spa-goers—are everywhere. Five million reportedly checked into spas last year in search of revived spirits and trimmer bodies. Healthier ones, too, it turns out, as the effects—and the evidence—of diet and exercise continue to grow. Everything about spas is changing—from the experts to the expertise and the benefits derived, which are changing our lives as well as our shapes. Here, news, trends, top spas—and a look at one-on-one training...

THE HOT NEW '90S SPAS

By DOROTHY SCHEFER

Americans are fitter—or are they? In spite of serious evidence that diet and exercise can make a difference to health, only 35 percent of adults currently exercise regularly.

According to *Medicine in the Next Century*, a report sponsored by Bristol-Myers Company, based on interviews with 227 of the country's top medical experts, including Nobel Prize-winner James Watson, Ph.D., and Vincent DeVita, Jr., M.D., director of the National Cancer Institute: We are entering an Age of Prevention—centered on a "smokeless society" which exercises more, eats less. Reducing fat intake and lowering blood cholesterol levels—say experts—will be the biggest advances in preventing heart disease.

The U.S. Government's recently released *1990 Health Goals* documents exercise's effects on coronary heart disease, ideal weight, hypertension, osteoporosis, stress, depression, diabetes, anxiety. The U.S. Goals hope that by 1990:

- **More than half of adult Americans are engaged in regular exercise.**
- **Most of us can identify the exercise and the duration believed to promote cardiovascular fitness.**
- **The majority of primary-care physicians include a careful exercise history as part of their initial examination.**

The nutrition focus among experts has shifted from issues of nutritional deficiency to emphasis on nutrition's role in promoting health, preventing disease.

Among the 1990 U.S. goals:

- **The mean serum cholesterol level in the adult population should be at or below 200 milligrams/deciliter.**
- **The majority of adults should be able to identify the major foods that are: low in fat content, low in sodium content, high in calories, high in sugars, good sources of fiber.**
- **All packaged food labels should contain calorie and nutrient information.**

With the emphasis, by experts, on preventive health and the public's need to become more informed, spas are increasingly being looked at as a pivotal factor and, already, some are beginning to redefine their role. The most forward-thinking among them—Mel Zuckerman's Canyon Ranch in Tucson, Arizona, and Julie Anthony's Aspen Club in Aspen, Colorado—have abandoned the luxe approach to become more oriented to education and life-style change. The medically based state-of-the-art spa on which many of these changes are derived is Kenneth Cooper, M.D.'s Aerobics Center in Dallas.

With their new goals of prevention and life-style improvement, spas are evolving into centers for behavioral change. "The main thing we do," says The Aspen Club's Julie Anthony, a former pro tennis player with a Ph.D. in psychology, "is to inform and educate." Today, a spa's success is determined not by a client's week-long accomplishments, but by what goes home with her. At Deborah Szekely's Rancho La Puerta, for example, one can also learn cardiopulmonary resuscitation.

A woman's "goals"—to reduce fat, to feel more relaxed—are legitimate but may not be permanent. Anthony points out that weight loss does not always reduce body fat. The woman who hauls herself off to a spa twice a year to drop the five pounds she keeps putting on without changing the way she lives is not spending her money (spas now average about $1500 a week) or her *(Continued on page 363)*

FORMERS

IN SEARCH OF THE PERFECT SPA

By SHIRLEY LORD

One country in the world exceeds at providing spas where, with total confidence, you can—literally—put yourself in expert hands to reshape your body and refocus your mind to stay in shape. It's right here, the U.S.A., where a special kind of fitness guru you don't find anywhere else knows how to mobilize motivation along with muscles. These fitness crusaders have, in a sense, created a new profession. They are spa-makers—sought after by resort developers, often with multimillions to spend in order to create "the perfect spa."

Two of the best "spa-makers" are Chris Silkwood and Lisa Dobloug, fitness authorities of long experience, both of whom carry what is known in the spa world as "golden passports"—they were both once fitness directors at the Golden Door in Escondido, California.

Today, Chris Silkwood is president and executive director of the Phoenix Fitness Resort in Houston, Texas—which came into being totally under her supervision in 1980, for a maximum of fifteen guests. A major influence on many of the new spa resorts being built around the country, she works directly with architects in the utilization of space and design, with marketing and management in equipment selection, spa programming, and, finally, in staff selection and training.

"There are now more than sixty spas in the U.S., and new ones, spartan or sybaritic, are opening continuously," says Chris. "Because younger, active, often 'career' women are overtaking wealthy older women as spa devotees, there are new demands being made and new needs to fulfill. Spas are becoming not just 'vacations of choice,' but a normal part of living—like getting a checkup."

Chris recently added spa facilities to the Sans Souci Resort in Ocho Rios, Jamaica (see page 224), designing, she says, ". . .the most perfect Caribbean exercise pavilion in a two-level outdoor gazebo. Spa menus all have a tropical emphasis."

In 1988, Silkwood's "spa stamp" will be on show with the opening of the Blue Heron Spa, a new addition to Tops'l, the large Destin, Florida, tennis camp. From then on, apart from directing the Phoenix, Chris knows where she will be: crisscrossing from east to west, making her special contribution to many more spa facilities now being planned.

When Williams Island, an eighty-acre Florida luxury residential resort, completed its world-class marina, eighteen-hole championship golf course, and tennis club (under Wimbledon champ Roy Emerson's directorship), the next obvious addition was—a spa. Lisa Dobloug was approached to develop it four years ago. The spa opens this month.

When she opened Saga, her own fitness and health club in Washington, DC, in 1980, Lisa became fitness consultant to Nancy Reagan's White House staff as well as to many legislative leaders. "I believe strongly in the one-on-one approach," she says, "and for the spa at Williams Island, I wanted to provide a sense of embarking on a health and fitness journey—following a respected leader. Because of my experience in working with people on an individual basis, I believe it's very important that each program begins with a professional evaluation by an exercise physiologist. That way, needs can be assessed from the start and goals set that can be reached."

And then: Specially landscaped high and low terrain for hikes. . .t'ai chi exercise lawns. . .a cardiovascular training center with life *(Continued on page 362)*

one-on-one: the future of exercise?

By JANICE KAPLAN

Personal trainers have become increasingly popular all over the country among women who want to exercise, know they should, but need added incentive. Trainers acknowledge this and see themselves as motivators whose goals include pushing a client to her limits.

"A trainer makes you work harder," says Toni Beck, director of The Spa at the Crescent in Dallas. "He or she designs a program that fits your needs, then makes sure you stick with it." Whether making house calls (as many do), or working from a gym, personal trainers offer efficient workouts: There is no wasted time, no doubt whether an exercise is being done properly.

Michael O'Shea, Ph.D., one of the first to use one-on-one training at his Sports Training Institute in New York City, believes that most people "do about a third more exercise when they work with a trainer." More important: a good trainer knows how to develop a program, choose exercises that provide maximal results.

Some experts question the one-on-one concept, pointing out its limitations. "You have to exercise for yourself, not for your trainer," says Rod K. Dishman, Ph.D., director of Behavioral Fitness Laboratory, University of Georgia. "The point is to enjoy exercise." He advises individual instruction as a way of learning quickly, finding your specific exercise level. What won't work: enlisting a trainer to goad one to exercise when the internal desire is weak. "If you spend thirty years exercising for the sole purpose of adding two years to your life, you may have wasted your time and missed the point," says Dr. Dishman.

Brooke Shields's personal trainer, Willy McCarty, (see page 347) agrees, suggesting that it's a trainer's job to "teach a philosophy and a love of exercise. Your goal shouldn't be to get in shape or to lose fat but to learn how to use exercise for the rest of your life." He objects to spas and programs that encourage people to get in shape but don't help them establish exercise as a part of their lives. "We cannot get in shape in only one week. We want to look at training *(Continued on page 363)*

Just when you thought that no one had a new idea about dresses, here are four stars! Each with a charming new proportion, an appealing bareness, and a sense of the body revealed throughout. Perfect warm-weather day-to-dinner dressing. And...the prices are good. On these two pages: versions by Byblos with tops that pull off the shoulder if you want. *This page*, with stripes, long sleeves. About $260. Bergdorf Goodman; Bacci's, Canada....*Opposite*, cap-sleeved black-and-red. About $215. Betsey Bunky Nini, NYC; Ruth Shaw, Baltimore MD; Pompian, Chicago.... *Beauty Note:* To balance the impact of stripes, *right*, Avon's Cozy Mauve lipstick. Details, more stores, last pages.

Arthur Elgort

easy winners

easy winners

One of the best dresses around (when you see it, you want it!), *left:* it ties high on the bodice, has a short skirt, a charming bare neckline. By Byblos in cotton/spandex. About $265. Charivari, NYC; Tootsies, Houston; Theodore, Beverly Hills; Maxfield, Los Angeles. ...From Isaia, NYC, *right:* off-the-shoulder soft geometry in cotton/Lycra. About $280. To order at Isaia Boutique at Fiorucci, NYC. ...*Beauty Note:* The soft neutral makeup, *left,* by Cover Girl —Blushing Rose cheeks, Almost Nude lips. On these four pages: hair by Ronnie Stam; makeup by Sonia Kashuk. Details, last pages.

Arthur Elgort

VOGUE'S LAST WORD

ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

What works? Warm-weather dressing beyond the beach, beyond this season . . . the shoe of the moment—the hot sandal . . . update on the little black dress . . .

At this point, when we speak of the resort season, we're no longer thinking strictly in terms of beach or "cruise" dressing. More and more, resort is a fashion season in which to introduce new thoughts, new pieces—a time to stake out the coming spring and summer months. (In fact, some of the handiest warm-weather options can be found right now.) Where that trend is most apparent: in this season's new notion of city dressing. **Byblos' little cotton/spandex dress (2)—curvy, high-waisted, small-bodied, with a charming new neckline—is a strong signal of what's ahead for summer.** Take a good look at it—the shape, the fit, the ease, the proportion. This could well be the smartest dress to buy right now; similar versions will appear during the coming months.

And just as the scope of the resort season in general has changed, so has the notion of the cover-up. What's appealing now isn't a voluminous top; it's a short, stretchy, sexy add-on piece—skirt or dress—that could be worn away from the beach; even, at times, at night. More often than not, **the most appealing cover-ups are just as body-conscious, just as revealing as the swimsuits underneath.** Ideal example of this new thinking: Liza Bruce's striped/color-blocked "monokini" dress (4).

In terms of shoes, the resort choice (by day or night) is, without question, the flat sandal—be it the strappy crocodile thong from Ralph Lauren (5). . . . or, at night, Andrea Pfister's extravagant jewel-encrusted, silver-lined mule (3). Either way, **the revealing little sandal is the perfect foil for the season's barer looks; it's just as smart-looking with trousers and a jacket as it is with a short skirt.**

Coming on strong as the accent color of the season: chartreuse! For an idea of its singular impact, **look at Norma Kamali's chartreuse suit (5)—that's about as bold a color statement as can be made.** Chartreuse is an inherently demanding color—it tends to "soak up" any surrounding color—so you'll probably want to use it in smaller doses (say, a T-shirt, handkerchief, or belt). But it's a fun color to experiment with; it works well with everything from black and khaki to deep purple and blue-brown.

One reason Kamali's head-to-toe interpretation doesn't overwhelm: the jacket's strict tailoring—the expanse of neck that shows beneath the shirtless jacket keeps the intense color away from model Christy Turlington's face (the white handkerchief also helps dilute the effect). Another plus: her olive skin, which provides a good tonal balance and is further heightened by a touch of pink in her makeup.

Certain themes, like the little black dress, are appealing whatever the time of year. But it isn't just any black dress; there must be an unmistakable sense of style about it. The fabric must have some textural interest—for example, that of a heavier knit, a silk faille, an ottoman. And this season, **the real difference is a new bareness at the neckline.** Star example: Geoffrey Beene's black sponge-crepe cocktail dress (1). Notice the deeply squared neck (Romeo Gigli's necklines are equally exceptional), the superb overall shaping. Although the look is spare, there's nothing harsh about it; it's feminine, pretty (in part, because we kept the makeup soft and minimal; the hair, simple). It's a look that's most attractive when kept free of embellishments—with the exception, perhaps, of a pair of earrings or black fishnet stockings and high heels. Anything more could be too much.

1

2

3

4

5

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In olden days a glimpse of stocking,

Was looked on as something shocking.

Now heaven knows, anything goes.*

—Cole Porter

Hanes too! Anything goes.

health style

Beating winter blahs...do you eat too much protein?
...new thoughts on groupthink...the Pill vs. diet

If you feel more sluggish and blue in winter than at other times of the year, you're not alone. Experts say the spectrum of the "winter blahs" runs from mild fatigue and ennui to full-blown depression, weight gain, lessened productivity, and lethargy—a condition known as Seasonal Affective Disorder or SAD. The "cure" for all of these may well be light. "Increasing exposure to certain kinds of light can make people more energetic, sociable, and productive," says Norman E. Rosenthal, M.D., director of light therapy studies at the National Institute of Mental Health. Light exposure may even be a way to curb the slight weight gain that many people experience in winter. "In a preliminary study of people with SAD, subjects lost an average of 2.2 pounds over a week of exposure to at least two hours of extra light per day," says Dr. Rosenthal.

The light that's been proven to work? One that mimics spring sunlight (such as "Vita-Lite," available in lighting stores). Some experts theorize that this light increases production of certain mood-regulating brain chemicals that are reduced in winter. Studies are under way to determine whether upping the wattage of—or increasing one's exposure to—ordinary incandescent or fluorescent light will have the same effects.

Other strategies to combat winter blahs: go outside at least once every day, even for a brief walk; be alert to the tendency to exercise less and eat more in winter (which is why this may be the best season to join a health club); make sure that your "working" light is adequate to prevent eye strain, general fatigue (most experts recommend overhead fluorescent lights combined with a targeted incandescent desk lamp). If the winter blues overwhelm you, seek professional help.

the fitness testers...

Although women are now being encouraged to monitor their own health, the recent trend toward medical *testing* outside of a doctor's office may be a mixed blessing. For example, treadmill testing to check for cardiac abnormalities under stress is being conducted in a growing number of health clubs—theoretically, to protect against ill effects of exercise. But according to Kenneth Cooper, M.D., director of The Aerobics Center, Dallas, such testing is sometimes supervised by inadequately trained personnel, which may lead to inaccurate results. Many health clubs also offer standard blood tests (for cholesterol, hemoglobin, etc.) but results may be given directly to clients—without advice that a physician be consulted about potentially abnormal findings or trends...or even expert interpretation.

Self-testing of blood pressure—also on the rise—can be misleading unless the device has been checked against readings done in a physician's office. Experts say self-testing is useful only if a doctor has recorded high values and feels frequent retesting is needed.

POSITIVE TRENDS ON THE DIET FRONT? NEARLY THREE OUT OF FOUR ADULTS ARE REDUCING SALT INTAKE, ACCORDING TO A NEW GALLUP POLL....IN ANOTHER STUDY, TWO-THIRDS OF ADULT WOMEN SAID THEIR EATING HABITS ARE BETTER NOW THAN THEY WERE FIVE YEARS AGO; MANY NOTED A DECREASED FAT, SUGAR, AND CHOLESTEROL INTAKE.

Sterling silver cuff, Elsa Peretti for Tiffany & Co. ARTHUR ELGORT

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Your diet: high-protein promises

BY JUDITH S. STERN, Sc.D.

Americans generally eat more protein than they need, yet many are concerned about not getting enough—an obsession that could be called "protein fetish." Some people even claim to "crave" protein, though studies show that such cravings are usually unfounded. Labeling a product "high protein" or "protein enriched" can increase consumer appeal; but not only is such protein fortification unnecessary in most American diets, it may well be problematic.

Protein, one of the body's most abundant substances, is needed for the formation and maintenance of tissues and the synthesis of enzymes, some hormones, antibodies, and the B vitamin niacin. Every protein is comprised of a distinct pattern of amino acids (compounds containing carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen). Latest research shows that of twenty-two common amino acids, nine are "essential" and must be supplied by food; the rest (also found in food) are called "nonessential" because they can be synthesized by the body—primarily in the liver. Amino acids that are not needed by the body will be burned up for energy or converted to fat. (Protein cannot "burn up" or "melt" fat, as is proposed in some high-protein diets.) The waste products of protein metabolism are excreted in urine. The more protein you consume, the more water is needed to metabolize it. If you don't consume enough water, the body will take water from other tissues—which is why very-high-protein diets carry risks of dehydration.

When the body makes protein, all amino acids must be present; the more closely amino acids in food profile the body's need, the higher the protein quality of the food. If one food doesn't contain all necessary amino acids, combining foods over the course of a day (not necessarily at the same meal) can "complete" an amino acid pattern, raising a protein's quality. The protein quality of rice, for example, which is relatively low in the essential amino acid lysine, might be improved by eating beans (high in lysine).

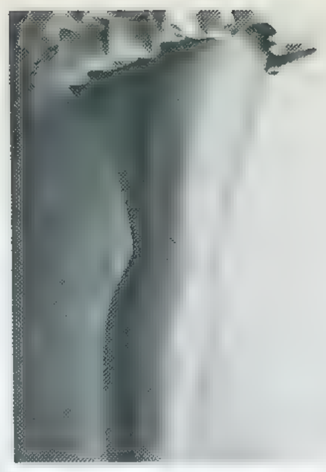
The recommended dietary allowance (RDA) for protein for adults is .8 grams/kg. body weight per day (44 grams for a 121 pound woman) or about 12 percent of a woman's total caloric intake. A woman can easily achieve this amount by consuming, for example, one turkey sandwich (4 oz. turkey breast) and an 8 oz. glass of skim milk.

Protein requirement is raised during pregnancy and lactation, at times of certain illnesses or recovery from surgery. Recent preliminary evidence indicates that other factors—such as increased exercise—may also increase protein need. Studies conducted at the Tufts University Human Nutrition Research Center on Aging found that men who exercised at least four hours per week had protein requirements above the RDA. However, according to research scientist Carol Meredith, Ph.D., more research is needed to determine whether such results apply to women. Another Tufts study found that amenorrheic women athletes (those whose menstrual periods had stopped) consumed an average of about 13 grams less protein (and fewer total calories) per day than normal female athletes of comparable height and weight—indicating that protein intake may be an unrecognized factor in amenorrhea.

Severely limiting animal protein intake can compromise the body's intake of other nutrients such as zinc (found often in protein-rich foods); but some studies have shown that consuming too much protein can cause *loss* of some nutrients—including calcium. Protein supplements—often touted as "cures" for symptoms including fatigue, malaise, loss of appetite and weight—are unproven as helps and, in addition, these symptoms may be early signs of kidney or liver failure—conditions that could be aggravated by taking protein supplements.

There is no formula for eating the right amount of protein; but, as illustrated by the turkey sandwich and skim milk, it's not difficult to get enough. To keep in mind: high-protein foods often also turn out to be high fat (as in fatty steaks) or vehicles for fat (as in fried fish and chicken). Whenever possible, choose lower-fat protein dishes (broiled fish or chicken, skim milk and cheese, lean beef) and consume them together with different kinds of foods—vegetables, pasta, salad—to ensure a varied diet that meets all your body's nutritional needs.

Judith S. Stern, Sc.D., *is professor of nutrition, University of California, Davis.*



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Your well-being

BY BARBARA LANG STERN

I didn't agree, but no one else was saying anything and I didn't want to spoil the plan. . . .''

Even the most independent thinker can turn conformer when subjected to the pressures of trying to reach a consensus in a group or committee—whether for political, social, charitable, or business purposes. ''Studies in group dynamics have shown that if the first three speakers support an idea that, for testing purposes, is intentionally ridiculous, the fourth speaker will follow along in about a third of the cases—a likelihood that is increased if the group leader also supports the proposal,'' says James B. Maas, Ph.D., chairman of the psychology department, Cornell University.

''In making group decisions, many people will override their better judgment with a rationalization such as that *esprit de corps* is more important than dissenting and appearing cantankerous. Yet if just *one* person takes up the cudgel of disobedience then usually somebody else who agrees with that person will speak out.''

But when open dissent is lacking, group members tend to censor their doubts in the mistaken belief that everyone else agrees with the consensus. The result may be bad decisions that members later regret. In a highly cohesive group whose members like and respect each other and are given little outside expertise, criticism, or encouragement for debate, members' eagerness to preserve unity can override their motivation to appraise risks and alternative courses of action realistically. The result is ''groupthink,'' a term coined by Yale professor of psychology Irving L. Janis to describe the agreement-seeking drive that fosters over-optimism, lack of vigilance, and view of the in-group as morally correct and invulnerable, the out-group as evil and weak. Groupthink, argues Janis in his book of the same name (Houghton Mifflin), brought us Pearl Harbor, the Bay of Pigs, the Watergate cover-up, and other fiascoes.

At every level, one of the best safeguards against groupthink is a leader who doesn't merely tolerate but insists upon critical examination of issues. It's reported that Alfred P. Sloan, a former chairman of General Motors, announced at a meeting of fellow policy-makers: ''Gentlemen, I take it we are all in agreement on the decision here. . . . Then I propose we postpone further discussion. . . to give ourselves time to develop disagreement and perhaps gain some understanding of what the decision is all about.''

Groupthink, rethink: speaking up—even against the majority

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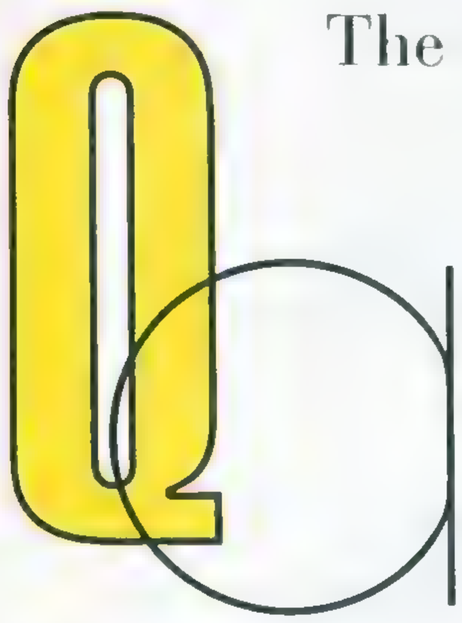
and if you want to stay around, you'd better do things the boss's way. Rubber-stamp committees do exist, sacrificing group wisdom that might counteract the inevitable limitations of any individual. But group pressure to conform doesn't have to draw its power from authoritarian threat. "What's at stake might not be your job but rather your social standing, which is important," says Dr. Maas. " 'What will people think of me if I think ill of them?' is the bottom line. 'How will my dissent affect my position in terms of status, being a team player, or going along with what the leader wants?' "

An individual's ability to speak out against the majority opinion depends on many factors, including responsiveness to social pressure. But understanding a situation and its unspoken influences can help. For example, canvassing individuals privately before a meeting lets you know who shares your viewpoint. Knowing *how* to dissent is crucial. Dr. Maas reports that dissent is most effective when it's made in a rational, unemotional manner, first acknowledging the validity of the opposition's view; presenting arguments against it, then one's own position and arguments for it.

An ideal attitude toward group decision-making, suggests Dr. Maas, is summed up by Cornell University president Frank Rhodes: "There are reasonable people on both sides of this issue and respectable positions to be taken on both sides. Now it's a question of determining which is better for society or for our group."

The Pill: is it hazardous to your diet? . . .



Q Can taking birth control pills decrease nutrient absorption?

A Yes, but probably not enough to affect a woman's health or to necessitate taking vitamin supplements, says William N. Spellacy, M.D., professor and head, department of obstetrics and gynecology, University of Illinois College of Medicine.

Concerns that the Pill could deplete B vitamins arose years ago with reports of depression (often associated with vitamin B_6 deficiency) among women taking pills that contained higher doses of estrogen and progesterone than prescribed today. "Studies have shown that these high-dose contraceptives produced decreases in blood levels of vitamins B_6, B_{12} and folic acid," says Dr. Spellacy. The reason for these fluctuations is not entirely understood, but, Dr. Spellacy explains, "increased levels of estrogen in Pill takers may cause the kidneys to excrete B vitamins at a slightly higher rate; similar changes in vitamin levels occur during pregnancy, when production of natural estrogen is increased. Also, the steroids in oral contraceptives may decrease nutrient absorption by the GI tract."

However, it's likely that any vitamin decreases are replenished by a balanced diet; "controlled studies have failed to show that the Pill produces any symptoms of vitamin deficiency other than depression," says Dr. Spellacy. In one way, the Pill may be a nutritional plus: because menstrual flow is decreased in Pill-takers, monthly iron losses are reduced and iron requirement is 50 percent less.

"Although blood nutrient levels have not been measured, modern low-dose pills probably have even less impact on nutrition," says Dr. Spellacy. A woman taking birth control pills who *does* experience depression or other symptoms should consult her physician.

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THE PERFECT SPA

(Continued from page 349)

rowers, treadmills, stationary bikes with color television screens . . . simple cotton robes, shorts, T-shirts, swimsuits . . . slippers, grooming and other basic toiletry items—all these and more Lisa insisted be part of spa life at Williams Island, all things that today's traveling fitness crusaders consider essential for any new spa to be successful.

It probably won't be long before spas and spa resorts will be graded on a star basis as hotels and/or restaurants are . . . and as the American fitness blueprint of success spreads around the world, there'll perhaps even be a Michelin spa guide, too—with scales and barbells as symbols to look for instead of knives and forks!

As much as spas might anticipate client needs, their success depends equally on the right program/client match-up. What, specifically, is that spa-goer looking for?

- To lose weight under expert supervision?
- To recharge stamina and willpower at the same time?
- To train for a marathon run, a mountain climb, a job promotion, a career switch?

There are spas with solutions for all these needs and much more. Soon, in the U.S., there will be more—and more—and still more spas to deal with them.

Weight Loss/Shape Up: From 1958—when Deborah Szekely founded the Golden Door in Escondido, California—to the present, few spas have produced on a continuing basis her solid record of results. No wonder there's usually a waiting list for Golden Door reservations and Deborah has been called the "mother of American spas." Many have copied her strict, "non-permissive" programs. Many have stolen away key personnel, but the Golden Door is still out in front.

In 1980, the Phoenix opened in Houston, Texas, to be run on similar, must-be-followed rules; and in 1986, only fifteen minutes away from the Door, Cal-a-Vie opened in Vista, California. These three spas emphasize that new eating habits and more movement (exercise) must go hand-in-hand for any weight loss/shape up program to succeed—and, more importantly, be maintained.

Elizabeth Arden's Maine Chance (opened in 1946) in Phoenix, Arizona, and The Greenhouse in Dallas, Texas (opened in 1965), are also "non-permissive": once through the front door, a client hands over entirely the responsibility for putting herself in better shape to a competent staff. In recent years, both great spas have increased the amount of exercise activity in their programs in a variety of ways, but beauty—skin care, makeup, hair, and scalp sessions—is also very much programmed into the "meant to be observed" daily itineraries.

Attitude is where results begin—and end. And although this handful of spas, which concentrate on non-deviation from carefully planned rules, work well for many women, the new spa-makers also recognize that options and program *choices* are what many others are looking for when they want to rev up their motors. The majority of new spas emphasize choice and freedom from programming—unless it's specifically asked for.

Two years ago, one of the great old American spas, Safety Harbor in Tampa, Florida, spent $11 million to create one of the most outstanding facilities in the country—with thirty fitness activities to choose from (low-impact aerobics to race walking, state-of-the-art aerobic equipment). Enormous attention was paid to details—to exercise-room floor surfaces, the rate of water flow in the many hydro-workout areas. With these renovations and the introduction of a new Lancôme Institute de Beauté, the Safety Harbor joined the ranks of Florida's super spas: Bonaventure in Ft. Lauderdale, Palm-Aire Hotel and Spa at Pompano Beach, and the new and lavish Doral Saturnia in Miami. It also joins the super spas of the country—two at the opposite end of the climate spectrum: the Snowbird Spa at the Cliff Lodge in Utah and the Rosario Resort and Spa on Orcas Island (the largest of Washington State's San Juan Islands, between Vancouver and Seattle).

In the West, from California's magnificent La Costa Hotel and Spa at Carlsbad to the Sonoma Mission Inn & Spa in Sonoma, the newly opened Marriott Desert Springs Resort and Spa in Palm Desert, to Canyon Ranch in Tucson, Arizona, to Gurney's Inn Resort & Spa in Montauk, at the tip of Long Island, there is no missing the message: Come here to improve yourself . . . with the finest facilities and staff in the world; if you want to work at it, it's up to you. If you don't, come and enjoy yourself anyway. It certainly can't hurt. ▽

EXERCISE FOR LIFE

(Continued from page 347)

she was doing too much. We never went "all out," and she never became exhausted. She tried a mock triathlon and didn't collapse at the finish line. In fact, two days later, we did a run considered tough, up in the mountains—seven-and-one-half miles, with a gain of almost one thousand feet—and Brooke did it easily.

Q. *What are your objections to training hard?*
A. First, being able to sustain it. One makes so many sacrifices that it simply can't be held onto for any length of time. Short-term goals are hard to maintain. Diet and exercise books that promise to get one in shape in six weeks, for example, are self-defeating. Most of those books don't help us to set up routines for the rest of our lives.

People also overdo and go to extremes. You become burned out and end up giving up running for the rest of your life. That's the problem: burning out instead of building up. If you work out gently, that doesn't happen. Instead, you build habits for a lifetime.

Q. *Does this approach also apply to weight training?*
A. Yes. Most people think that more is better. But the real question to ask yourself is not "Is the weight heavy enough?" but "Is it light enough?" Frequently, when people lift more weight, they have poorer form. When Brooke lifts a five-pound weight over her head, she can concentrate entirely on using her deltoid (shoulder) muscle. A lot of people would prefer lifting ten pounds, but after the fifth or sixth repetition, they start straining, using other muscles, even their legs, to help with the lift.

In reality, if you only lifted your hands up over your head and lowered them down, concentrating on your shoulder muscles, three times a week for a year, you'd have stronger arm and shoulder muscles by the end of that year without lifting any weight at all. Push-ups, sit-ups, chin-ups are great ways for a woman to build upper-body strength, too. You don't really need to lift weights.

Q. *What about running?*
A. The reason most people don't love running—and Brooke was one of them—is that they don't run properly and they push too hard. I've worked with a number of students who say to me, "I can't run six days a week; there must be something wrong with me." But I say to them, "I don't know anyone who really can—or should—run that much." Only people who are in training to compete should run six days a week. Others who do are usually motivated by guilt or feel they'll lose their willpower if they don't. These people believe that the only way to stay motivated is to work out daily.

If one's goal is to run a marathon, I suggest taking your time to train for it. Give yourself five years to get in shape; run five miles a week for the first six months. By building up gradually, you'll be really fit for the event.

Q. *How do you encourage someone to enjoy exercise they dislike?*
A. I don't. If someone says they hate a particular exercise, we do something else. There are lots of different exercises. But at some point, though, they usually want to try it.

Q. *How much time should a woman set aside for exercise?*
A. It doesn't take a whole day to be fit, but rather as little as fifteen minutes a day, three days a week. That's just forty-five minutes out of your week. In other words, not a whole lot of time. The important thing, though, is that fitness usually doesn't end there. Exercise affects one in a positive way, so, generally, one moves on from that minimal position. It is usually gradual, at one's own pace and over a period of months or even years; but sooner or later most people not only will be able to do more but will want to.

Q. *What about motivation?*
A. We don't have to discipline ourselves to do things that are fun: children don't have to be forced to go outside at recess and run—they want to. And I think that's what, ultimately, is important—making exercise joyful, so the reason you pursue it is not that you're disciplined but that it's fun. ▽

NEW '90s SPAS

(Continued from page 348)

time wisely. "The important thing is teaching a woman to make changes—even if they're small ones—that will be significant a year or two down the road, hopefully for life."

The Aspen Club program includes complete testing (which can range from a fitness assessment including endurance/pulmonary function/body fat/strength/flexibility tests to a blood workup to determine cholesterol levels or a full medical checkup); a nutritional consultation; and twelve one-on-one training sessions. (Another one-on-one spa is Toni Beck's Spa at the Crescent, page 349.) "Then we feel you can fly out of the nest," says Anthony. "We've determined that a dozen exercise classes move you beyond soreness into a phase where workouts start making you feel good. We compute the basal metabolic rate, determine individual caloric burnoff through daily activity, and balance that against calorie consumption." This is the science of fitness at work. "Spa-goers can lose one pound a week easily if they keep exercising and make small adjustments in dietary intake."

Spas that don't yet balance exercise with information make re-entry an uphill battle. Women come away from a week-long visit thinking it takes too much time to keep fit. "What we promote is exercise efficiency: how to have a healthier heart, stronger lungs, and less body fat with a minimum of exercise." At The Aspen Club, you not only exercise with your trainer but train to work out on your own. "If walking is all you can do, we develop a pace on the treadmill," says Anthony. "We even have a routine we teach you to do in a hotel room." At The Aspen Club—as at The Aerobics Center's Cooper Clinic—the spa staff includes doctors specializing in orthopedics, cardiology, and internal medicine, fitness experts, testing technicians.

But despite the scientific backup and the human support, responsibility ultimately lies with the spa-goer—not the spa. Studies reveal that people who take responsibility are more likely to change behavior. So are people who *understand* how exercise impacts physiology . . . "So," says Anthony, "we spend a lot of time explaining the body changes that occur when people start exercising and alter diet."

If people are beginning to understand that a life-style change is what they're after, spas now recognize that compliance at home is their ultimate goal and the measure of success. Aerobic power and flexibility diminish if not maintained. Women delude themselves if they think spa "results" last a long time. They don't. "Our thrust is to help people achieve personal goals."

The Club's nutrition approach is one example. At Aspen, there is no "diet" food. Eating habits are examined through a food diary—kept prior to arrival—that logs when you eat, what you eat, and how much. Habits worth breaking include eating too late in the day, eating red meat too frequently, eating too many calories or foods too high in fat. "We point out the link between diet, cancer and heart disease—and let people make their own choices. We provide alternatives."

Testing and training procedures are covered by most health insurance plans if prescribed by a doctor. The Pillsbury Company, among others, regularly pays for visits by their executives. The Aspen Club is coed and takes only ten to twenty people each week.

Kenneth Cooper, M.D., has put into practice the new preventive-health goals leading experts espouse. The first to identify the vital importance of aerobics to health, Dr. Cooper bases his beliefs on what he identifies as the components of wellness: proper weight and diet; proper exercise; elimination of tobacco, particularly cigarette smoking; control of alcohol; elimination of habit-forming drugs; stress management; regular physical exams.

The Aerobics Center—a twenty-eight acre complex of testing, research, and exercise facilities—now has nine staff physicians and a three-month waiting list. The addition of a lodge for out-of-town patients has already provided housing for members of the FBI and the Dallas Cowboys. And a sports-medicine clinic with a physiotherapy department was recently added.

In addition to a complete medical/fitness/nutrition workup in the Cooper Clinic, patients are scheduled for life-style workshops as well as exercise tracked on computer, which provides the research facility with a vital data base.

"My major objective with a patient is life-style change," says Dr. Cooper. He believes the future of medicine lies with a new preventive-medicine specialist, a primary-care physician who, he says, "is not only an outstanding diagnostician but well-qualified in the area of educating and motivating patients." Dr. Cooper feels strongly that preventive medicine is a specialty separate from acute care: "Its total objective is to diagnose disease early and to keep the patient healthy."

Cooper acknowledges that such a move will change medical-school training and says the W.K. Kellogg Foundation has awarded the University of Tennessee $1.6 million to explore this idea. At the University of Oklahoma's School of Medicine, Cooper's alma mater, a $12 million model of The Aerobics Center is planned to train medical students in the areas of wellness and exercise prescription, dietary evaluation, weight loss, stress management, quit-smoking programs, and alcohol control—subjects that are not being taught at many medical schools today.

Dr. Cooper receives numerous requests to build Aerobics Center "satellites"; but, other than a prototype facility he helped build in Japan, he has lent his expertise to only thirteen other fitness and wellness centers—six of them associated with hospitals.

All of which points the way towards the new spas of the '90s that will help us not to be just slimmer but healthier, too. ▽

ONE-ON-ONE

(Continued from page 349)

as something we're going to do for the rest of our lives."

While other trainers consider themselves successful if they can push a client to do one more sit-up or run an extra mile, McCarty's goal: "encouraging people to exercise gently to get in shape." He believes it's generally better to do too little than too much, since the point isn't to see exercise as a struggle.

Few personal trainers are totally successful at changing a client's perspective on exercise. Even though everyone at the Crescent is assigned a personal trainer, Toni Beck finds that many women "work really hard for three months, make progress and feel great—then quit."

She finds trainers important on a practical level: they prevent women from working out improperly and hurting themselves. "Posture is important in exercise," says Beck. "And you can't always tell by looking in the mirror what you're doing wrong. Many women put weight on their heels rather than on the balls of their feet. A trainer makes sure you stay straight, work the right muscle groups."

"Often, people let their coaches decide everything for them," says McCarty, "but if you're training for the rest of your life, you have to take responsibility for yourself." He never dictates an exercise program, preferring to let it evolve from an individual's needs and interests. "I think there's more light in a life that has exercise, but you want to beware of the tendency to be excessive."

"From the beginning, part of a trainer's job is educating," says O'Shea. "We include a tutorial in all our programs." Trainers talk about program goals, how to take one's own pulse, use an exercise bike or treadmill to reach a target heart rate. Later, they offer information on flexibility and strength, explain how to use equipment, determine training levels. "If ever you're without your trainer, you should know how to work out yourself," says O'Shea.

As with all exercise options, one-on-one training works for some people, not all. "Some people rebel against having someone watching over them," says Jack Wilmore, Ph.D., professor and chairman of the department of kinesiology and health education at the University of Texas, Austin. "For some, exercise is quiet time."

Many personal trainers are now certified—through the American College of Sports Medicine or the National Athletic Trainers Association. O'Shea warns that "some trainers get by on personality and don't know much about exercise physiology." While that may be fine for women looking for motivation, anyone with a history of injuries or health problems needs to be more careful.

Ideally, a trainer provides motivation, a sense of confidence about one's body and exercise skills. Good trainers can make one more aware of personal strengths and weaknesses. "Many people exercise out of guilt," says McCarty. "A personal trainer should show them that exercise can be a joy." ▽

A MAKER OF MAGIC

(Continued from page 294)

arch, the way the underside of a shoe rises up, at once strong and ethereal, to elevate the wearer. The wooden sculptures in the field abstract the inner core of Vivier's work, while each of the jeweled shoes in front of the chimney tells a different tale.

In his career, Vivier has "shod" prewar chiffons, the New Look, and the strong silhouettes of Yves Saint Laurent. His work has been complementary to the fashion of the last fifty years, and his point of view (expressed in a correspondence, such was the headiness of the shoes themselves that little conversation was possible) gives a clear and encyclopedic view of fashion itself. I asked whether each moment of fashion has a shoe that defines it. "Yes, because circumstances can favor, even as a reaction, a shoe that is a must. For instance, a dearth of materials at the beginning of the 'forties in the United States introduced a bow trimming that could adapt the 'slings' to different occasions. Same thing with the platform and wedge heels—because cork and felt replaced wood, which would have made those soles too heavy to wear."

He cites "events independent of fashion" that have an influence on shoes: "There is a run on jewels just after royal media weddings; an unusual richness in shoes just after Farah Diba married the then Shah of Iran." He mentions "Bardot's legs, which became a sociological phenomenon."

Enough has been written about the foot as an erotic element for me to hold back, especially as I have never found very much that is appealing about feet. But Vivier is demure when discussing the esthetic of the flesh-and-bone thing itself, advising gently that "everything can be beautiful in a foot, but it is rare to encounter perfection. If the toes lack prettiness, it is better to give up open sandals, and a too-prominent big toe can be well disguised in a shoe that has a buckle, or a ribbon tied in a bow."

The role of the shoe in fashion is secondary but important: "A shoe does not create fashion, but it can influence fashion. In the collections that I used to show, certain models gave designers the urge to create dresses that would go with them. The shoe depends more on the entire silhouette than on the hemline. Outside of those moments marked by a real innovation such as the stiletto heel, the 'cuissarde' (thigh-high boot), or the platform sole, there are fewer decisive moments for shoes than there are for clothes. And even though it's possible to give precise dates to these styles, most shoes are less datable. It's easier to date clothes, because until very recently shoes were not a privileged accessory."

The person who gave them that privileged rank was Vivier himself, whose imaginative shoes came to the fore in the 'sixties. "The New Look didn't have a shoe to itself. There isn't necessarily a connection between the big moments of fashion and shoes. Still, you can think of Catherine Deneuve as she was in *Belle de jour*: dressed in strict and specifically 'Parisian' clothes, paradoxically feminine in the simplest elements of masculine clothing, and shod with a simple patent pump with a buckle on it; that was a true connection between the end sought by Yves Saint Laurent and the shoe designer. Each of the elements was a direct reference to the other, and the clothes and shoes together defined a moment of fashion that was the birth of the modern, responsible, and determined woman.

"The explosion of different styles in the last fifteen years means that different looks coexist, cancel each other out, or goad each other on to greater excess. That means that you have to use different types of shoes, which has a double effect. The shoe becomes a simple accessory, but the shoe designer is allowed great fantasy because there is no longer one line that he has to follow. Long and short clothes condemn the shoe designer to innovation and invention."

In his answers, Vivier refers to himself as "le Bottier"—the shoemaker. He makes every part of his own shoes and has always been proud of his ability to come up with heels in new forms, set way back like horses refusing a jump, curved like commas, curled like upside-down question marks, or set so that a red ruby drop can dangle right under the foot. "Even if on the outside a shoe can look like a jewel, it must above all fulfill its function: that of helping a woman to walk in the best conditions of comfort and elegance."

Having handled his lace boot and held his jeweled and beaded shoes up to the light, I asked the inevitable question: These are objects to walk in and in the real world of New York City to scrape on subway gratings, befoul with dog leavings, dip into autumn gutters, stumble on stairs, crash into gesso walls, and subject to every inane movement that a woman in a hurry will inevitably make. So how can one wear such astounding objects there at the far end of one's legs?

"One can be shod without necessarily trampling or breaking one's shoes," he answered with remarkable poise. "To be carried by these shoes, winged by them. To wear dreams on one's feet is to begin to give a reality to one's dreams, and to nourish the hope that they will bring on other dreams."

In his letter from the château, he ended thus: "One word about Cinderella. The authors of fairy tales use prosaic details. Let's not forget that if the prince is able to find Cinderella again, it is because the glass slipper is of excellent quality, supple but resilient. It only fit the foot of its true owner, Cinderella." ▽

GLITZ

(Continued from page 318)

there wasn't a demand for easy entertainment in those days, but because the public didn't ordinarily look for it at the ballet, as it does now. Then, ballet, opera, and Broadway musicals each had distinct audiences. Today, they are all supported by the ordinary theatergoer, who finds *Cinderella* no more difficult to enjoy than *Cats* or Franco Zeffirelli's *La Bohème*. The old cultural distinctions—between highbrow and lowbrow, serious art and popular fare—have largely disappeared.

In all the performing arts, the main emphasis now falls on spectacle. While this is an age-old theatrical ingredient, it has never before been so ubiquitous. Even postmodern dance, formerly characterized by a daunting austerity, has taken to expressing itself primarily in terms of decorative ambience: Trisha Brown's *Lateral Pass* is inconceivable without the elaborate pictorial elements supplied by Nancy Graves; so is Lucinda Childs's *Calyx* without the designs of Tadashi Kawamata, and Karole Armitage's *The Mollino Room* without David Salle's overwhelming backcloths. In the avant-garde performance pieces of Robert Wilson, manner is matter. For the most part, the content is simply the artist's often elaborate scenic visions, the sequence of hallucinatory stage pictures through which he offers a sense of uncanny revelations to those willing to surrender themselves to his agonizingly protracted pacing.

On Broadway, more and more emphasis falls on pictorial diversion, mechanical marvels, gimmickry. The old Broadway musical, brilliant as its component parts so often were, was solidly based on personality. *Gypsy* had music by Jule Styne, staging by Jerome Robbins, and, above all, Ethel Merman. *Starlight Express* has music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, staging by Trevor Nunn, and a roller-skating derby. *Cats* has animal suits and a spaceship; *Les Misérables*, celestial lighting and a pile of debris that can turn itself inside out. *Sunday in the Park with George* was an animated jigsaw puzzle; the original *Dreamgirls*, a motorized Erector set.

Earlier last season, another *Cinderella* ballet, choreographed by Maguy Marin, employed the contrivance of masks, which turned all the dancers into dolls. Though the narrative was clearer than in the Nureyev version, the audience felt even less empathy for the characters. It's hard to identify with a heroine who lacks peripheral vision. That, however, didn't spoil anyone's pleasure: the production sold out completely during its initial engagement at New York's City Center, and almost repeated the feat when brought back for a second time a few months later. By the same token, the inability to feel kinship with Andrew Lloyd Webber's furry crew or his teams of uniform-clad roller skaters has done nothing to spoil the success of *Cats* and *Starlight Express*. And travelers' tales from London make clear that the lure of Webber's Broadway-bound *The Phantom of the Opera* is, yet again, the decor, reputed to be wondrous and in itself enough to ensure the show a triumph in this country.

Remoter than even the characters in *Cats* and *Starlight Express* are the downtrodden poor in *Les Misérables*. Indicative of the situation is the line engraving of a pathetic waif that serves as the show's identifying image: it isn't

derived from the musical itself, but from the illustrations to an early edition of the Victor Hugo novel. The poor may be the show's nominal subject, but they quickly get lost in the scenic activity. Though the audience arrives at the theater primed to shed a tear over the victims of society, it soon finds itself preoccupied by the ingenious decor. As Trevor Nunn so shrewdly recognizes, audiences go to the theater to gape, not to feel—least of all the pricks of social conscience. People possibly satisfy that need in front of the miniaturized reality of their television screens. In the live theater they want something different: to have their awareness of wonder restored by watching aggrandized ingenuity, the marvels of modern technology.

Trevor Nunn notwithstanding, the greatest master of scenic gigantism today is Franco Zeffirelli, who has almost single-handedly put opera within the reach of the ordinary theatergoer. No doubt audiences are delighted when a universally recognized star like Pavarotti or Domingo is cast as Cavaradossi in Zeffirelli's Met production of *Tosca.* What really excites them, though, is the staging. There's no mistaking the implications of those murmurs of astonishment and delight when, in act three, in defiance of Puccini's intentions, the entire stage begins to levitate, and the tenor is transported from a subterranean cell in the Castel Sant' Angelo to a platform on the roof, overlooking Rome. At such moments, when scenic diversion takes the place of dramatic coherence, it hardly matters who is singing or what Cavaradossi is supposed to be feeling.

For many years now, Zeffirelli has sought to make opera a dazzling, impersonal experience. For *La Bohème* at NYC's Metropolitan Opera, he created a two-tier townscape, which includes both the exterior and interior of the Café Momus, as well as the streets in its immediate neighborhood. The initial sight of this elaborate set, thronged with a smartly dressed chorus of about one hundred fifty—among which the leading characters are hardly noticeable—invariably elicits gasps of disbelief and an ovation sufficient to drown out the music. Zeffirelli was not always so successful. In 1966, the Met began its tenure at Lincoln Center with his opulent, not to say gaudy, staging of Samuel Barber's *Antony and Cleopatra,* a production so decoratively weighty, incidentally, that it put the turntable out of commission for the rest of the season. More important, it sank the opera, which, decisively rejected by both press and public as an empty spectacle, has never reappeared at the Met.

That was more than two decades ago. Today, Zeffirelli's *Antony and Cleopatra* could conceivably be as colossal a hit as *Turandot,* the success of which is surely traceable to the very qualities that scuttled Barber's opera: a single-minded determination to land the audience a succession of double whammies. Who among the thousands cheering the scenery of *Turandot,* I wonder, felt the slightest emotional identification with Turandot and her suitor, the Unknown Prince—or even with the poor slavegirl Liù, who kills herself for love of the latter? The staging, which reportedly cost more than $1.5 million, was deliberately designed to submerge the characters in decorative sumptuousness. In the finale of act three, as it happens, they are actually enveloped in a shower of gold. Much to the audience's delight, it must be said.

No operatic presentation at the Met since the company's move to Lincoln Center has aroused such enthusiasm or elicited so much media coverage as *Turandot,* a hotter ticket last season than *Les Misérables.* For that very reason, Zeffirelli's next Met assignment will have to be an even bigger hit. The standards of sensationalism, after all, are provisional, not absolute. Having convinced the world-at-large that opera is the most glamorous of the performing arts, he must pull off ever more stupefying feats of stagecraft, and induce bigger gasps and vaster storms of applause.

At the moment, though, Zeffirelli has been brought up short. Bruce Crawford, the Met's general manager, recently canceled his projected *Aïda,* on the grounds that its colossal scale would disrupt the company's day-to-day operations. But since any new Zeffirelli production is a guaranteed sellout, the setback is doubtless only temporary. In any case, he has probably been thinking about how his next project can eclipse *The Phantom of the Opera.* So, one imagines, has Andrew Lloyd Webber.

Dale Harris *lectures on the arts for NYC's Metropolitan Museum of Art, teaches at Sarah Lawrence College and Cooper Union, is the dance critic of "The Wall Street Journal," and writes about music for "The New York Post."*

EARTHLY DELIGHTS

(Continued from page 272)

kitchen is set into a huge plaster curve and covered with shards of broken mirror. In the bathroom, the tub is made of red glazed tiles and pieces of broken mirror encircled by a giant blue snake that raises itself as if to strike, but turns into a shower head spitting water instead of venom. Such a transformation from the terrifying and menacing to the innocuous and humorous is typical of Niki: the heroine of her own fairy tale, she slays her own dragons, domesticating dangerous monsters into playful companions.

Niki de Saint Phalle was born in Paris in 1930, one of five children of a noble French banking family. When she was two, the family moved to New York City, where she was sent to the Convent of the Sacred Heart and then to the Brearley School. She had no formal training as an artist; throughout her life she has painted and drawn, studying the work of artists she admired. All her art is psycho-autobiography, much of it reflecting the complex relationships between herself and her parents, such as her 1970 sculpture series *Verschlingde Mutter*, the devouring mother, or the 1973 film on the seductive father/hero, called *Daddy*, which she co-directed and starred in. She began to be known in the *(Continued on page 366)*

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7. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
(Signed) Verne Westerberg, Publisher

EARTHLY DELIGHTS

(Continued from page 365)

early 'sixties as the one woman in the Paris-based group Nouveaux Réalistes who had taken New York by storm.

I first met Niki in 1961 when she and Swiss kinetic sculptor Jean Tinguely lived and worked in the loft above Frank Stella's on Walker Street. In those days she was using a rifle to put bullet holes through her work, and the noise of her shooting through the night would occasionally keep me awake. Tinguely found a practical use for Niki's guns. I remember coming upon him perched on a stool in the middle of the loft, pointing a gun at the corner of the room. "As the rats come up for our garbage, I shoot them," he said. Both Tinguely and Niki were obsessed collectors; they haunted the stores of Canal Street and brought back bags of Halloween skeletons and machine parts for Tinguely's sculptures. Niki had a childlike love of scary things: weird plastic monsters, rubber dinosaurs, Godzillas, which she later made use of in her assemblage paintings.

Niki de Saint Phalle and Jean Tinguely are still married, though they have been separated for many years; Tinguely lives in Geneva, while Niki divides her time between the Tuscan coast and an ancient inn outside of Paris that they bought in 1963. She and Tinguely have been collaborators for the past twenty-seven years, and Niki is the first to admit that she could not accomplish her ambitious architectural sculptures, which require sophisticated structural engineering, without Tinguely's help. He has already contributed two kinetic sculptures to the Tarot garden. One is the Wheel of Fortune fountain, the other a bizarre contraption that appears to have collided with the Tower of the garden, toppling its upper story.

The structures are first conceived as drawings; then Niki makes plaster models that are enlarged full-scale as wire armatures; wire mesh and projected cement cover the armatures, which are finally "clothed" with broken mirror, glazed ceramics, and colored glass made in Murano according to Niki's design. After the Tower was built, Niki was frantic when she realized that it was out of scale with the rest of the works. Tinguely offered a solution: "I'll crash something into it," he said. At night, when the stained-glass windows of the Tower gleam through the dark, the jagged silhouette of the structure, sheared off by the crash landing of one of Tinguely's parodies of mechanistic disaster, is ghostly and mysterious. By day, the blunted Tower is more amusing than scary.

Recently, Tinguely underwent serious surgery. Niki rushed to Geneva to stay until his life was out of danger. Above her bed is a small Byzantine Madonna on a postcard. "When Jean was so sick," she says quietly, "I was desperate and prayed to that icon. I promised her that if she saved Jean, I would put her inside the next sculpture. Now he is well and I have made a chapel in her honor and a version of that icon for it." As we talk, she is constantly scribbling with colored pencils, pens, and crayons. The style of her sculpture has changed a great deal over the years, but her drawings have the same fresh, naïf quality—simplified, flat, decorative. "I always find it strange that though my personality, my accent, my attitudes are so American and I was raised in New York, no one thinks of me as an American artist, which is really what I am."

Niki was eighteen when she married writer Harry Mathews; in 1950, when she was twenty, their daughter, Laura, was born. With no money and a small baby, they traveled all through Italy and Spain. In 1954, they had a second child in Majorca. She left Mathews in 1960, and it was in Paris that Niki began shooting. She had broken up with a painter, and she was so angry she wanted to kill him, but instead she took his shirt, pinned it to a board, and made an assemblage out of shooting it, turning her rage into art. That same year she moved in with Tinguely, next door to Brancusi in the Impasse Ronsin, where they lived until she and Tinguely came back to New York with the Nouveaux Réalistes.

Niki's relationship with Tinguely is typical of how she lives, loves, and works. She never loses anything or anybody; she simply adds to her images or her circle of affection. Still on excellent terms with Mathews, she is constantly sending drawings and letters to old friends and past loves. They in turn send back presents, like the tape of laughter she listens to every morning before she starts her day. Laughing helps clear her lungs, which were badly burned by toxic polyester resins when she was making the bulbous, steatopygous "*nanas*" (French argot for "chicks," "hip girls") that first brought her fame. Her lung disfunction is serious enough to keep her from ever again living in the polluted air of cities. She suffers as well from rheumatoid arthritis and finds the Italian climate better for her than the damp French air.

Niki lives alone in the midst of her creation. Prince Charming does not seem to be necessary to her process of turning the nightmare into the sweet dream. But no one as charismatic as Niki de Saint Phalle suffers from lack of company. Her daughter, Laura, her son, Philip, and her sixteen-year-old granddaughter, Bloum, come to visit. She has a faithful circle of old friends—Clarice and Larry Rivers, Princess Marina and Prince Michael of Greece, French Academician and scientist Etienne Beaulieu, Dior designer Marc Bohan—many of whom find their way to the remote Tuscan village where the Tarot garden is taking form.

Niki focused on the Tarot when she was given land by the Caracciolo princes and discovered that the designs of several of the early Tuscan gardens appear to be related to the mysterious cards, and that these images, supposedly of Egyptian and cabalistic origin, also appear in the nearby Cathedral of Siena. Just when she was concerned with how to finance this fantastic venture, fate dealt her the card of good fortune and she was offered a contract to produce perfume. The revenues from the perfume named for her (the bottle bears the familiar serpent design that has become her signature) go to support the Tarot garden; her personal needs are very simple. When the gar-

den is finished, it will be given to the public and run by a foundation.

Because there is so much humor, fantasy, and gaiety in her work, many have overlooked how serious and innovative an artist Niki de Saint Phalle is. Her courage is exemplary. She has created a world of her own, as spontaneous as the homemade environments of two of her heroes, the French postman who built a palace of junk known as the Facteur Cheval and Simon Rodia, who created the overscaled Watts Towers in Los Angeles. In no way a pop artist, she has had the genius to mix the high-art influences of Catalan architect Gaudí's ornately decorative Güell Park in Barcelona and Picasso's bouncy leaping pagan bathing beauties from the late 'twenties with Miró's friendly monsters. She never wants to lose her sense of wonder or danger; on her drawing table she keeps a book on the great naïf painter, the Douanier Rousseau. In her notebooks, which are filled with deliberately childlike drawings, she has written: "My jealous lover (my work) is always there waiting for me. He is tall and elegant and like Count Dracula wears a long black cape. He whispers in my ear that there is not much time left for what I am meant to do." Uncensored, witty, and unconventional, Niki has based her art on the idea that women are heroic conquerers. Thus, in the Tarot garden, Beauty terrifies the Beast, and The Lovers, interpreted as Adam and Eve picnicking, are betrayed not by Eve but by Adam, who plucks the apple of knowledge and opens it to find a skull—death—as the price of consciousness.

Niki is very conscious of the effect on her own life of her work with the forces of the Tarot. Since she finished the chapel structure, crowned with a blue female guardian angel, Temperance, she feels her own strength returning. "I suppose my urge to exaggerate needed to be tempered," she muses. "And now I am afraid again, because the next piece we are supposed to do is the Devil."

On the side of the unfinished Tree of Life, whose branches become the twined snakes of the original matriarchal religious figure, the Minoan snake goddess, Niki has scrawled: "If life is a game of Tarot, we are born without knowing the rules; yet we must play our hand as well as we can." Now she is concerned about the Hanged Man, whose head she commissioned from sculptor Eva Aeppli, Tinguely's first wife and Niki's good friend. Niki is also inviting other artists to collaborate: English painter Alan Davies has already made symbolic frescoes inside the head of the Magician.

"I never know what is next," Niki says. "I change things as they go along. Nothing is really predictable. There was no preconceived plan. A famous Tarot card reader is coming to tell me the meaning of the cards I have thrown. I would love to know what I have done!"

EXHIBIT NOTE: *"Fantastic Vision: Works by Niki de Saint Phalle" will be shown through January 3 at the Nassau County Museum of Fine Art, Roslyn, NY.*

YOUNG HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 326)

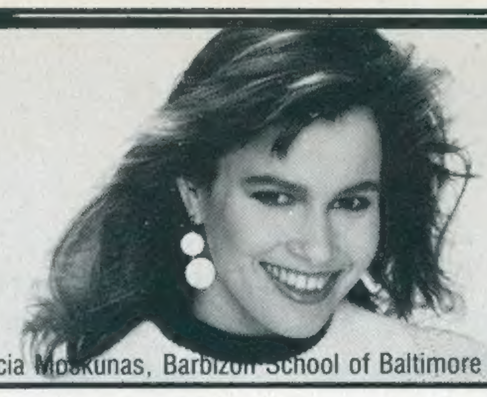
Berenger, the cop assigned to protect her, up and across the class barrier and into her bed. "Claire was a terrific character," she says. "There are not many roles that give a woman as much importance as the man." Strong, intelligent, Rogers knows what she wants. Last May, it was Tom Cruise; she married him.

If casting were needed for "the perfect cute guy," JASON GEDRICK, twenty-two, would get the part. Boyish charm alone won him his first part as "a glorified extra" in *Bad Boys*, playing a jailbird opposite Sean Penn. While he was working as a chef in Chicago, a friendly actor/waiter sent Gedrick to his first audition. This February, Gedrick appears as a live-for-the-moment high-school basketball star who finds himself ill-prepared for the future in *Promised Land*. He identifies with the part. In real life, "adults tell young people they don't have to plan their lives and so they don't," says Gedrick. "I'm a victim of that. If I didn't have acting I'd be sitting on a park bench drinking wine out of a paper bag."

When LISA BONET (*The Cosby Show; A Different World*) gives an interview, she's the one sitting behind the desk. At once imperious and shy, she uses it as shield and throne to ensure that journalists (some burned her with bad reviews after the semi-pornographic movie *Angel Heart*) keep an appropriate distance. "People think *Angel Heart* changed me," she says, "but I'm basically the same, just a little more cynical." When not filming, Bonet, twenty, writes music with her brother Romeo (they're inseparable). No longer pigeonholed as simply a television star, Bonet feels she's "overstepped" all media prejudice, including one that used to mean all interviews began with the line: "Black Lisa Bonet . . ."

The physical resemblance is unmistakable: the deep-set, penetrating eyes; the steep arches of the upper lip. And yet, KIEFER SUTHERLAND says, his father, Donald, had little impact on his acting career. "I lived with my mother all my life," the twenty-one-year old explains. "I saw my father's films, but never saw him much." Kiefer's range—from villainous bully in *Stand By Me* to coked-out advertising executive in *Bright Lights, Big City*—and screen presence (critics call it "cool") have insiders slating him for super stardom. Right now, however, he spends all his free time with his wife, Camelia, and her ten-year-old daughter, Michelle. The couple expects their own child in February.

Kiefer Sutherland calls best friend MEG RYAN "an angel," a woman "way beyond her years." They met on the set of *Promised Land* where Ryan plays a "sad," "dumb" soul, who ropes him into marriage after knowing him only three days in Las Vegas. For Ryan, whose *(Continued on page 368)*



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YOUNG HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 367)

biggest selling point has been her sense of humor (the press dubbed her "a young Goldie Hawn"), the role is "a real departure" from bubbly characters such as the wife of Tom Cruise's best friend in *Top Gun*, the crisis-wracked nymph on *As the World Turns*. This is her first "cathartic role." Ryan, twenty-six, grew up in Connecticut. Her mother, a casting agent, sent her on auditions so she could earn her mad money. She stars next with Dennis Quaid in *D.O.A.*

With her Pepsodent smile, Ten-O-Six skin, and Breck Girl hair, ROBIN WRIGHT was the perfect choice for Rob Reiner's *The Princess Bride*. Her character, Princess Buttercup, is just as perfect: running off into the sunset with a farm boy turned pirate, instead of with the evil prince who taps her to be his wife. On-screen Wright looks and sounds so convincingly British that it's startling to hear her natural Texan drawl. "I'm going to write a play about the Texas homeland," she says. "Texans are the funniest people on this earth because they're just backward." Wright, twenty-one, modeled until she landed her first part in the television soap, *Santa Barbara*, but rebels against the chauvinism in Hollywood. "It's a man's world and they turn all women into sex objects," she says. "I hope women take over one day." —PAUL SINCLAIRE, LESLEY JANE NONKIN.

FASHION INFORMATION

Page 32: Scarf at Bloomingdale's; Nordstrom. Necklace at Fred Leighton, Ltd., NYC. **110:** Jacket, Go Silk for L'Zinger. Glasses, Bercy. Morgenthal-Frederics Opticians, NYC. **130:** Rings, Verdura. Verdura New York. **136:** *Bottom photo:* Earrings, Joan Parcher. Artwear, NYC. Cuff, Tom Binns. Charivari 57, NYC. Bracelet, Joan Parcher. Artwear, NYC. **186:** Whistler, courtesy Freer Gallery of Art, Smithsonian Institution, Washington DC; Monet, Rijksmuseum Kröller-Müller, Otterlo, The Netherlands; Soviet artists, Abbeville Press; Matisse, Musée National d'Art Moderne, Paris; Davis, Abbeville Press; Brancusi photo, Brancusi. **187:** Twombly, collection of the artist; Kelly, collection of the artist; Kostabi, Abbeville Press; Richard II, collection of the Palace of Westminster. **242:** *Top left*: Earrings, Martha Sturdy, Canada. *Top right*: Bracelet, Tess Sholom for Tess Designs. Bag, Interleather Corp. *Center*: Earrings and bracelet, Bill Schiffer for Sally Hawkins Gallery. Bag, Anna Choï. *Bottom right*: Necklace, Barbini. **275:** Turnout also at Ruth Kishline's Country Clothes, Evansville IN. Jacket also at Polo/Ralph Lauren, New Orleans. Hat, see info. page 308. **276:** Dress also to order at Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. Sandals, Giorgio di Sant'Angelo. To order at Giorgio di Sant'Angelo Design Studio, NYC. **277:** Cuff, Wendy Gell. Mishon Mishon, NYC; Sparkles, Newtown PA; Gidding-Jenny. Sandals, Donna Karan New York. Bergdorf Goodman; Bob Ellis, Charleston SC; Bullock's. **278:** Zoran also to order at Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Ella Pryor, Houston; Zoran, Beverly Hills; Miki, Mill Valley and Burlingame CA. Bracelet, Tambaran Gallery, NYC. Wig, Jacqueline International. **279:** Dress at Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore. Also at Robbie Casey's, San Antonio TX. Bag, Rafael Sanchez. Portantina, NYC. Panty stockings, Geoffrey Beene for Bonnie Doon. Sandals, Geoffrey Beene for Fratelli Rossetti. Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. **280:** Earrings, Ted Muehling. Artwear, NYC. Bracelet, see info. page 281. Ring, Elizabeth Gage of London. Bag, Jill Stuart. Barneys New York; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia and Ardmore PA; Neiman-Marcus. Calvin Klein Hosiery. **281:** Dress, $3990. At Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore. Earrings and bracelet, Erwin Pearl. Bracelet at Saks Fifth Avenue; Garfinckel's. Bag, Renaud Pellegrino. Donna Karan Hosiery. Shoes, Calvin Klein. Both at Bloomingdale's. **282:** Pocket square, Polo/Ralph Lauren Scarfs. Ring, Elizabeth Gage of London. Bag, Rafael Sanchez. Sandals, see info. page 313. **284:** Poly/satin top. Dress, $2555. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. **286:** Coat, $14,000. Also at Furs by Weiss, Cleveland OH; York Furrier, Elmhurst IL; Cedrics Fur Salon, Edina MN; Julian Gold, Midland and San Antonio TX. To order at Meyerowitz Furs, Fair Lawn NJ; Sara Fredericks, Palm Beach FL. Cotton/polyester teddy, $120. AM/PM, NYC; Cecilia's, Philadelphia; Enchante, Chicago; Amourette, Carmel CA. Rayon/nylon shirt, $800. Barneys New York; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Silk satin sarong, $270. Zoran, NYC, Washington DC, Beverly Hills. Cuff, Tambaran Gallery, NYC. **287:** Finnish fox coat, $15,000. Also at Sara Fredericks, Boston. To order at Sara Fredericks, Palm Beach FL; Frost Bros. Paillette knit rayon/viscose dress, $1550. Linda Dresner, NYC, Troy MI; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; The Front Room, New Orleans LA. Earrings, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Cuff, Tambaran Gallery, NYC. Panty stockings, Leg Looks. Shoes, Stuart Weitzman. **288:** Silk/Lycra pants. Necklaces, Arthur Koby. To order at Accessoires, NYC; Panache, Millburn NJ; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Saks Jandel; Auers, Denver. Ring, Elizabeth Gage of London. Sandals, Andrea Pfister. See page 274. **289:** Dress, $4195. Also to order at Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Earrings, Ted Muehling. Artwear, NYC. Bag, Donna Karan New York. Rings: *Index finger*, Elizabeth Gage of London; *ring finger*, Kathryn Post. Panty stockings, Stuart Weitzman. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC. **290-291:** Turnout, Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore. Also at McClure's, Nashville TN; Roz & Sherm, Birmingham MI; Polly Berg, Minneapolis; Lisa Norman Lingerie, Santa Monica CA; Boudoir, Newport Beach CA, Phoenix AZ; Mercantile, Portland OR. Silk charmeuse and lace bra, Jeune Europe, $75. Ultima Lingerie, NYC. Sandals, Bernardo. **295:** Hair, Bruno Weppe for Jean Louis David. Makeup, Mary Greenwell and Thibault Vabre for Lancôme. Manicures, Elsa Deslande for Bruno, Paris. *Inset, below left:* Makeup, Thibault Vabre for Lancôme. Wooden heel sculpture fashioned by Gerard Benoit-Vivier. **297:** Accessories by Christian Lacroix. **298:** Accessories and shoes, Giorgio Armani. **299:** Accessories and shoes, Emanuel Ungaro. **300:** Accessories, Giorgio Armani. **301:** Accessories and shoes, Emanuel Ungaro. **302:** Accessories and shoes, Emanuel Ungaro. **303:** Accessories, Giorgio Armani. **304:** Tricel dress also at International Swimwear Collection, Pensacola Beach FL; Canyon Beachwear, Santa Monica CA. Earring, *model's right*, Beau Bibelot. Lord & Taylor; Cuoio, Boston; Sacha London, Chicago, Los Angeles. Earring, *model's left*, Martha Sturdy, Canada. Bloomingdale's; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Naomi Misle Gloves. Charles Jourdan, NYC; Dominique, Coral Gables FL; Panache, Chicago. **305:** Silk/spandex top also at Vikki's, Deal NJ; Evanne, Atlanta; Intrinsic, Chicago. Antron/Lycra dress also at Woodward & Lothrop; Bullock's, Costa Mesa CA. Ball earring, Kenneth Jay Lane. Rectangular earring, Jennifer Aronson for Almost Fuchsia. Gallery of Wearable Art, NYC; Finesse, Newton Centre MA; Ringolevio, Chicago. Rings, Martha Sturdy, Canada. Bloomingdale's. Gloves, see info. page 304. **306:** Earrings, Beau Bibelot. Pins, Robin Krauss-Urbania. Rogers-Tropea, NYC; Grand Jury, Bethesda MD; Museum of Contemporary Art Store, Chicago. Manicure, Elisabeth Drabinski. **307:** Earrings, Beau Bibelot. Lord & Taylor; Cuoio, Boston; Sacha London, Chicago, Los Angeles. Bracelets, Querelle, NYC. Manicure, Elisabeth Drabinski. **308:** Zoran also at Zoran, Washington DC. Nylon bra, Bloomingdale's; Bullock's. Hat, Vanessa Alssid/Conspiracy. Capezio in the Village, NYC; Fred Segal Fun, Santa Monica CA. **310-311:** Polyester/satin top. Perry Ellis Shoes. **312:** Nylon/rayon skirt. **313:** Nylon/rayon shirt and camisole. Ralph Lauren Footwear. Polo/Ralph Lauren, West Palm Beach FL. **314-315:** Grooming by Losi for Oribe at Parachute. **322-323:** *Large photo*: Sweater, Malo Tricot. Pants, British Khaki by Robert Lighton. Belt, Ralph Lauren Leathergoods. Shoes, Zoran. . . . *Inset left*: Dress, David Cameron. *Inset right*: Dress, Calvin Klein Collection. Shoes, Susan Bennis Warren Edwards. Man's pyjamas, Brooks Brothers. Hair, Michael Weeks; makeup, Paul Gobel. **324-325:** *Photo left:* Man's shirt, The Gap. Pants, Byblos. Belt, Cole-Haan. Shirt, Michael Kors. Skirt, Suzana Monacella. Earrings, Mark Spirito. *Center:* Shirt, tie, and cufflinks, Charvet at Bergdorf Goodman. Sweater, The Gap. Pants, Ruff Hewn. *Right:* Top and pants, Calvin Klein Collection. Scarf, Donna Karan New York. Earrings, Ted Muehling. Bracelets, Paloma Picasso for Tiffany & Co. Hair, Michael Weeks; makeup, Paul Gobel. **326-327:** *Left:* Body suit, Norma Kamali. Earrings, Roxanne Assoulin. Bracelets, Harry Winston Jewelers of New York and Beverly Hills. Man's shirt, Polo by Ralph Lauren. Tie, Paul Smith, NYC. *Center:* Shirt, tie, see info. above. Towel, Descamps, NYC. *Right:* Shirt, Agnès B. Skirt, Isaia, NYC. Earrings, Ted Muehling. Hair, Michael Weeks; makeup, Paul Gobel. **338:** Coat, $45,000. Earrings, Debra Fine Yohai. Macy's, Herald Square; Float, Brookline MA; Bullock's. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. **339:** Coat, $7500. Also at Gartenhaus Furs, Chevy Chase MD; Kriegsman Furs, Greensboro NC; Szor-Diener Furs, Dallas; Roberts Furs, San Francisco; Pappas Furs Designers Ltd., British Columbia, Canada. Dress, Rubher Wear NY. *Top earring*, Martha Sturdy, Canada. Bloomingdale's. *Two bottom earrings*, Debra Fine Yohai. Macy's, Herald Square; Float, Brookline MA; Bullock's. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. **340-341:** Leotard, Dance Basics. Headband, Torso. Taffy's, NYC, Boston, Dallas. **342:** *Left photo:* Giorgio di Sant'Angelo spandex top, $100; pants, $260. Barneys New York; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour FL. To order at Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. *Inset:* Cotton shirt, Agnès B., $80. Agnès B., NYC, Los Angeles. Cotton pants, British Khaki by Robert Lighton, $64. British Khaki, Costa Mesa CA. **343:** Cotton/spandex tank top by Nike, $20. Super Runner Shop, NYC. Cotton/spandex shorts, Gilda Marx, $18. Taffy's, NYC, Boston, Dallas. Accessories, City Cycles, NYC. **344:** *Inset, above left*: Cotton terry robe, Hammacher Schlemmer, $93. Hammacher Schlemmer, NYC, Chicago, Beverly Hills. Swim cap, Speedo America. Sweatbands, Torso. Taffy's, NYC, Boston, Dallas. Watch, Rolex. Towel, Descamps, NYC. Glasses, Sanford Hutton for Colors in Optics. Shoes, Capezio In The Village, NYC. *Inset, above right*: Swimsuit, Speedo America. See info. page 345. *Large photo*: Goggles, watch, Speedo America. Goggles at Richard's Acqualung, NYC. Towel, Descamps, NYC. Sweatband, Torso. For stores, see info. above. **345:** Antron/Lycra swimsuit, Speedo America, $44. Macy's; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; G. Fox, Hartford CT; Burdines (February); Nordstrom, Seattle WA, Utah. Watch around ankle, Speedo America. Watch on wrist, Rolex. Sunglasses, Ray-Ban Drifter by Bausch & Lomb. Macy's; Marshall Field's. Towel, Descamps, NYC. **350:** Cotton/spandex dress. Also at Toby Lerner, Philadelphia and Ardmore PA; Frances Kahn, Lynchburg and Roanoke VA. Bracelets, Martha Sturdy, Canada. Both at Bloomingdale's; Fragments at Ground Zero Gallery, Miami Beach FL. Pink bracelet at Neiman-Marcus. Panty stockings, Givenchy. **351:** Cotton/spandex dress. Also at Sekai, Ontario, Canada. Earrings, Pinguino. Barneys New York; Burdines. Panty stockings, Givenchy. **352:** Earrings, Querelle, NYC. Bag, Didi Accessories. Didi The Store, NYC. Evan-Picone Opaque Panty Hose. **353:** Earrings, Martha Sturdy, Canada. Earring on model's right ear at Bloomingdale's. Bag, Philippe Model. 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